DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

5¢ a copy
September 19, 1931

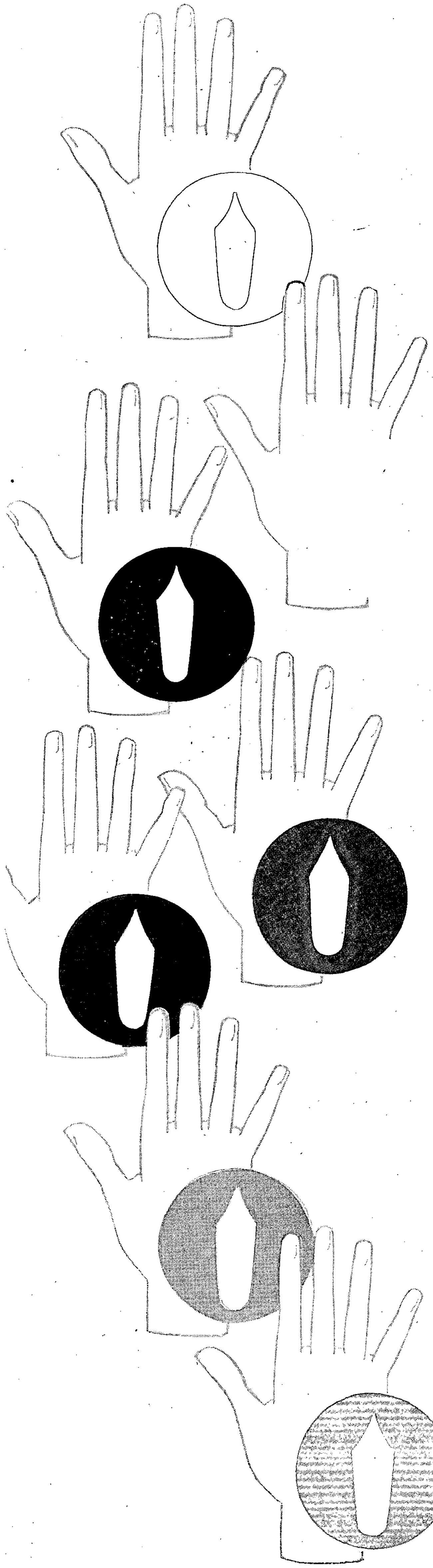
Collier's

TH KLY

SMITH
U.S. NAVY
M·HELDMAN

Lucian Cary
Alan Le May
Grantland Rice
Hugh MacNair Kahler
William G. Shepherd

Ten Minutes in a Barroom - *By* DON MARQUIS



The whole point in a pen is to have the RIGHT point

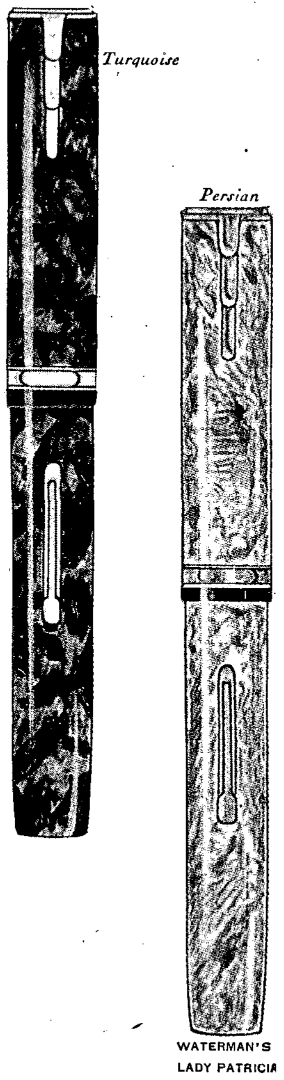
It's important to get the right pen-point—one that *exactly* suits *your* hand. And now it's so easy. Just ask for the Waterman's Point Selection Tray. Find *your* point by a minute's test in actual use.

After forty-eight years of practical pen experience in serving the public, we have shaped and ground seven certain pen-points which cover every type of handwriting. You can always find the point you want, in the pen you want, at the price you want—for the pen-point you select is available in every Waterman's model whatever its price.

This is our famous Waterman's seven-point feature—and ours alone. When you buy a Waterman's pen—whether you pay $2.75 or $10—you get the finest looking, finest writing fountain pen in the color, size, and pen-point you prefer. Plus a greater ink capacity, and a regulated uniformity of flow that no other pen offers you.

$5

And Waterman's is the *perfect gift pen.* You can be certain the recipient will enjoy it because every Waterman's pen-point may be exchanged until the owner is thoroughly satisfied. Any Waterman's dealer will gladly serve you.



The famous Waterman's Points:

(Each distinguished by a color marking)

1. PURPLE: *A stiff fine point for accurate figures and a clear line.*
2. PINK: *Finely tapered resilient point; will shade at any angle.*
3. GREEN: *A rigid point, tempered to armor-plate hardness. Excellent for carbon work.*
4. RED: *A medium flexible point, for home use and general correspondence.*
5. YELLOW: *Ball-shaped point, writes smoothly on any paper, in any direction. Good for "southpaws".*
6. BLUE: *An improved stub writing broad or fine. Many rapid writers like this point.*
7. GREY: *Oblique or slanting stub, for those who hold pen at an angle.*

L. E. WATERMAN COMPANY
191 BROADWAY, NEW YORK • 609 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO • 40 SCHOOL ST., BOSTON • 129 SO. STATE ST., CHICAGO • 263 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL, CANADA

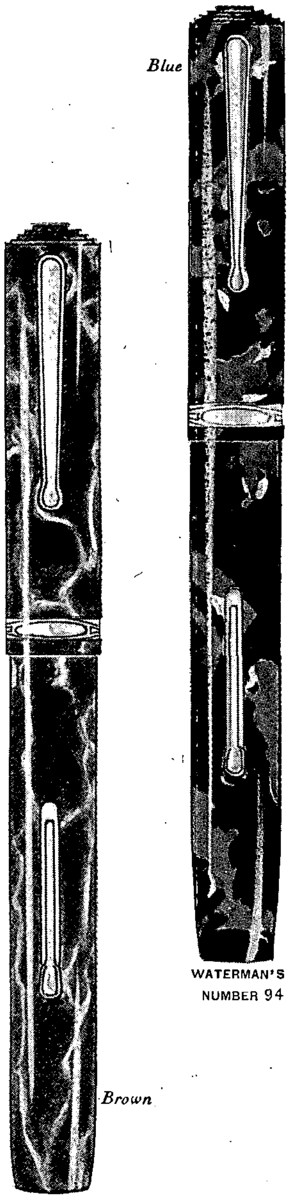
THERE'S A POINT FOR EVERY HAND AT EVERY PRICE

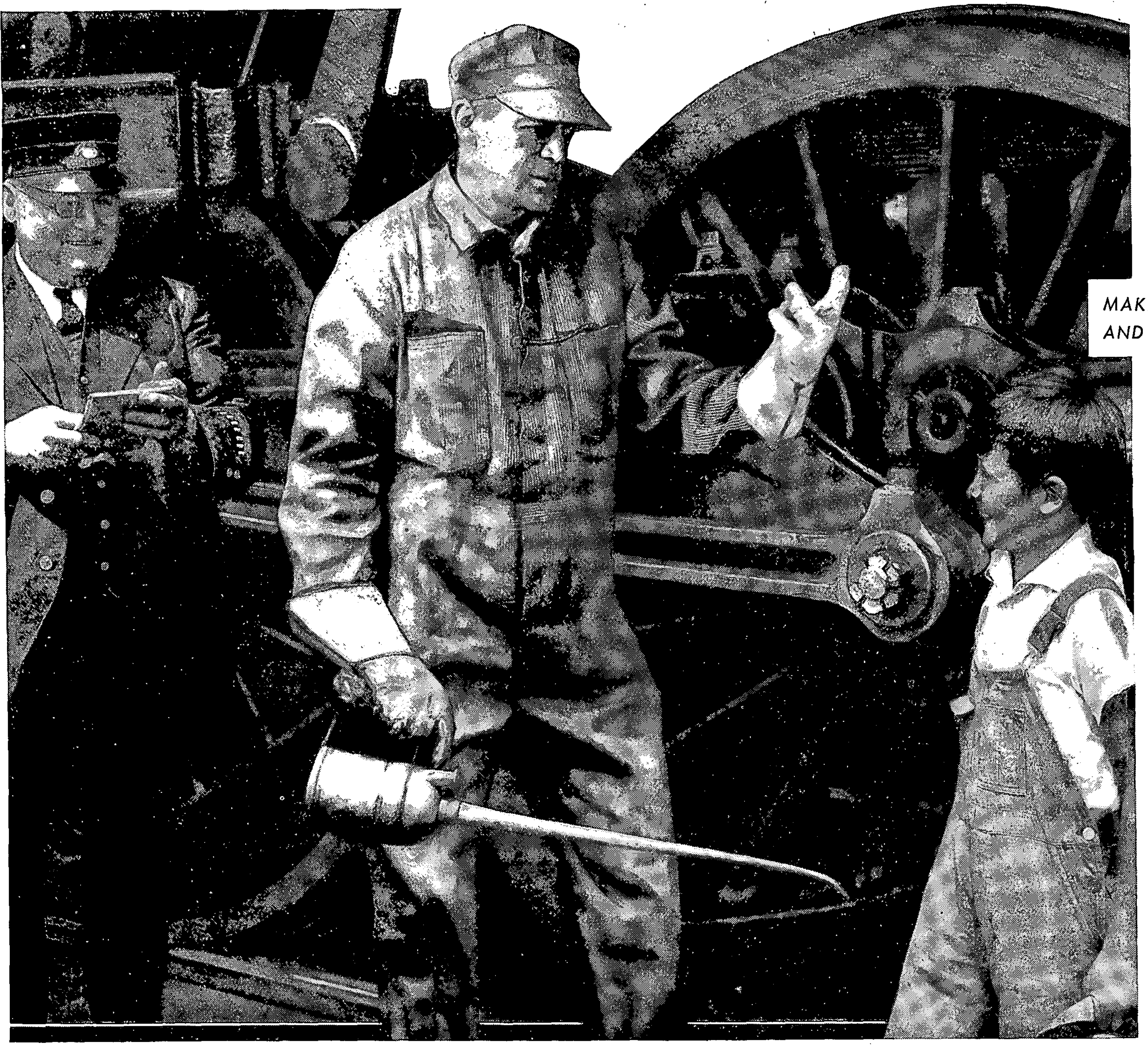
Waterman's

PENS FROM $2.75 TO $10—PENCILS FROM $1 TO $5

Waterman's Pens, Pencils and Inks are sold by dealers everywhere, and are *guaranteed forever against defects.* Service Stations are maintained at the addresses above for the purpose of making good our guarantee, and for servicing our merchandise as required.

$5





An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request — Oakland Motor Car Co., 198 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

YES, YOU CAN DEPEND ON IT . . .

The man who speeds the 'limited' knows well he can depend not only on his engine but also on the men who guard his course. Seldom does he meet these men who mean so much to him. Perhaps just the flash of a face as a block tower looms and is gone . . . a lonely figure along the track . . . the blur of an eyeshade at a station window . . . but he knows they are there, doing their part.

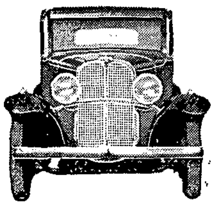
Isn't it true *everywhere* that success depends on how well each man does his job? We know it is true at Oakland. We know that our plants and engineering are as fine as any in the industry. But they gain their fullest usefulness only through the skillful hands of careful men.

In fact, our system is based upon their painstaking care. As each part comes along to a man, he first makes sure it is all right before he starts work on it. Then he does his job, and checks that, too. When it leaves his hands, he's responsible for it in every way.

Besides this, of course, we have hundreds of inspectors who do nothing else but make sure our cars are built exactly right. Over them is a chief who has authority such as you'll seldom find anywhere. His only superior is the president himself. If necessary, the chief inspector can stop the plant. *It all amounts to double protection for you . . .* first, the watchfulness of many workers; second, the supervision of men responsible for quality alone.

We think you'll see in our cars what all this care can mean. Not only good design . . . but care in every detail. And, after driving your Oakland or Pontiac thousands of miles, we think you will know that it was made by men you can depend upon.

OAKLAND 8



PONTIAC 6

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

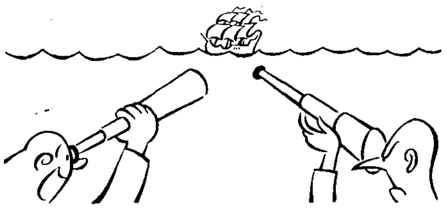
Bodies by Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IN THE next five years American merchants are going to have to move mountains of merchandise amounting in value to more than 260 billions of dollars. There are merchants everywhere who will sell more next year, just as they are selling more this year than in 1930.

John T. Flynn lately visited some of these merchants. He journeyed to every section of the country to do so. He tells how successful retailers are increasing sales and why you like to do business with them in his article "Business Is What You Make It"—about which we grow almost lyrical on page 20 of this issue.



THE business known to its practitioners as "snatching," is the vocation which you would call—not being on intimate terms with the underworld—kidnapping. That name, however, is repugnant to the modern exponents of this ancient method of earning one's cakes. It connotes a slap-dash spontaneity which is completely lacking in highly organized and thoughtfully directed industry of today. Artists like Harry the Horse and Spanish John would be deeply offended if you were to call them kidnappers. The complicated planning of their business is described by Damon Runyon in his latest short story, "The Snatching of Bookie Bob."

It proves that snatching calls for brain work of a high caliber and perhaps that is why Harry and the boys are looking around for something else.

WHAT little sentimental romance there is in Mr. Runyon's story is that which concerns Bookie Bob and his wife, but when we reached the end of the story we were so shocked that we decided to say nothing about it.

For that wholesome and highly desirable commodity we give you "An Evening's Entertainment," a Western story by Ernest Haycox. It's about Ann Fentress, who was looking for a foreman, and the setting is that watchful country in which no man is taken on faith.

TRUE love is also triumphant, as it should be, in "Sure Thing," by Elmer Davis—the obstacles being the stock market, malicious gossips and what we feared would turn out to be incompatibility. But what are they, even when combined, against a power which conquers all?

JOHN B. KENNEDY tells the story of Jane Thurston, daughter of the great Thurston, and herself an accomplished magician. George Creel tells, in a short story, of a missionary's fear of gold; E. Phillips Oppenheim and Kathleen Norris keep up their fast serial pace; the Short Short Story, Uncle Henry, Grantland Rice, Professor Work, The Gentleman at the Keyhole, Freling Foster and, as you might expect, others.

THIS WEEK

September 19, 1931

Cover—M. Heldman

Page 7—Alan LeMay
Delayed Action: Romance in the Frying Pan country.

Page 10—Edward L. McKenna
Shadowy Ways: A poignant story of loyalty and love.

Page 12—William G. Shepherd
The Big Black Spot: What makes the coal business act that way.

Page 14—Lucian Cary
Practically Perfect: But not too perfect—it's a love story.

Page 16—The Short Short Story
Hindsight: By Hugh MacNair Kahler

Page 17—Marie Beynon Ray
The Ends of Fashion: Tallulah Bankhead talks about smartness.

Page 18—John B. Kennedy
Pillars of Sport: Jack Curley, mover of mountains.

Page 21—Don Marquis
Ten Minutes in a Barroom: The dear, dead days, thank Heaven!

Page 22—Kathleen Norris
Irish Eyes, Part VIII: Sheila's mother changes her mind.

Page 24—Rube Goldberg
The Inventions of Prof. Lucifer G. Butts, A. K.

Page 25—Grantland Rice
Foreign Exchange: The current movement in crowns.

Page 26—E. Phillips Oppenheim
The Man from Sing Sing, Part IV: Argels sets a trap.

Page 42—Freling Foster
Keep Up with the World: A little at a time.

Page 57—The Gentleman at the Keyhole
Platform Steps: Political analyzing cheerfully done.

Page 68—Milton C. Work
How Would You Play It? Better than this?

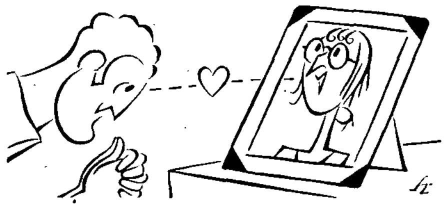
Page 70—Editorial
When Winter Comes.

Any Week

FOR the benefit of those who live in New York and Chicago and may therefore, he fears, have been deafened by the "stutter of machine guns," Mr. O. L. Steensland of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, reports that a penetrating raspberry greeted our recent editorial wherein it was declared that if one wants a *safe* life let one obey the law.

WE HAVE just notified our staff to be on the alert for an opportunity to make Miss Peggy Hobbs of Cleveland happy. It is her ambition to read a story wherein the heroine hasn't "lovely eyes, curling eyelashes, a warm moist mouth and a halo of hair drawn down to the back of the neck where it lies in a cluster of ringlets and curls."

"Aren't there any stories," demands Miss Hobbs, "about girls with horn-rim glasses and blue-boned noses?"



EMERGING from a headlock which was generally believed to be permanent, Mr. Cyclone Van Sickle of Dallas, Texas, writes that he is not a writer "but a wrestler and I have read Mr. Don Marquis' article about 'Does the Wrestler Feel Pain?' and I wish to state that a wrestler, especially a wrestler like I, does feel pain. I know because his article gave me a pain."

SOME time ago Mr. N. B. McPeak of Dothan, Alabama, protested as a lawyer that we were ignoring his state, and his town, when we did not mention them in our comments on liberal divorce laws. And now Mr. B. W. Smith of Samson, Alabama, another lawyer, writes to deny that no residence in his state is necessary for divorce. All of which would impress us more if we were contemplating divorcing anybody.

FIGURE this one out for yourself. Mr. H. V. Sutherland of Philadelphia writes: "I have just finished reading Romain Rolland's 'Jean Christophe' which Edmond Gosse proclaims 'the noblest work of fiction of the twentieth century.' All I have to say is I hope Collier's comes out next Friday as usual."

AND Mr. Monville Schwartz of St. Louis announces that he liked our story of Hot Springs, Arkansas—"Sin Takes a Hot Bath."

"Personally," says he, "I'm in favor of scandals—both kinds—those I hear about and those I'm in."

LEAVING just room enough to report that Mr. Louis Tonto of Buffalo, New York, lays all our political and economic tribulations to the newspapers. If it weren't for the newspapers, he says, we wouldn't know we had problems. And if we didn't know we had them we wouldn't bother about them.

Vol. 88, No. 12. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1931, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; George J. Kennedy, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted should be accompanied by return postage. The Publisher is not responsible for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

$2.00 a year in the United States; $4.00 a year in foreign countries.

Biggest news of the year!

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
A NEW LOW PRICE

An unprecedented reduction from the standard price of the Britannica is now publicly announced.

This reduction is possible because long before the regular fall printing went to press, a careful study was made of a plan to meet the conditions of this unusual year boldly and successfully—a plan based upon a faith in the essential soundness of the American economic structure.

After weeks of investigation and thoughtful planning, it was found that the manufacturers could make substantial savings in the cost of paper, binding material, printing and overhead, provided we ordered a printing equal to the largest single printing ever made by the Britannica.

Day and night since early summer, therefore, giant presses have been turning out thousands of volumes and we have now completed a printing equal to the biggest single impression of the new Britannica ever made.

The resulting economies are passed on to you. *You pay less, because we printed more.*

We believe that many thousands of keen, progressive and prudent people, who have always wanted the Britannica, will now buy it.

We believe that this printing—large as it is—will be sold out in a comparatively short time, but we frankly don't know whether business conditions will ever make it possible to duplicate this unusually low price again. *You can't afford to delay.*

Send at once for particulars. Now is the time to get full details about the new low prices.

Tear out the corner blank below and you will *receive* by return mail a large, beautiful, 56-page booklet, rich with color plates, maps and sample pages. It contains a full description of the Britannica and how you can make it your most useful possession. *Send the coupon for the large booklet today.*

$5 down and only $5 a month

Our Thrift Plan of purchase favors the pocketbook. Only $5 down is required to bring the set to your home for immediate use. Balance is payable in a few monthly installments of $5 or more, as you wish.

Owners Say:

No modern American home can afford to be without this valuable reference work.

Gen. Harbord

It is the ideal encyclopaedia for a home with children—indeed, for any home.

Willis A. Sutton,
Recent President Nat'l Education Ass'n.

The homemaker needs this new Britannica.

Emily Newell Blair

Your Money's Worth

The most for the money of anything I ever bought.

Nathan Abbott
La Jolla, Calif.

What You Get

The 24 large volumes carry 35,000,000 words written by 3,500 authorities and are richly illustrated with 15,000 pictures, many in full color, and with 500 maps—the whole, indexed with 500,000 separate entries.

1 COL.—A1

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA, Inc.
342 Madison Avenue • New York City

Please send me, by return mail, your 56-page illustrated booklet with color plates and maps from the new Britannica, together with low-price offer, etc., without any obligation on my part.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... *State* ....

SEND FOR FREE NEW BOOKLET TODAY!

Remodeling Made Easy

Gold Bond makes a complete line of money-saving remodeling materials Gold Bond Color Textures, Gold Bond Mineral Wallboard, Gold Bond Grain Board, Gold Bond Plasters, Lime, Gypsum Lath, also Gold Bond Maftex Insulation Board. Let our experts advise most suitable materials.

NATIONAL GYPSUM CO., 415 Jackson Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.
Please send me free (check items wanted):
☐ Full details Gold Bond Grain Board ....
☐ Free copy, Lucy D. Taylor's "101 Money Saving Ways" ....
☐ Full details Gold Bond Mineral Wallboard ....

NAME ....

STREET ....

CITY .... STATE ....

FREE TO HOME OWNERS

HELPFUL BOOK

gives complete home check-up, including dozens of money-saving shortcuts on fall remodeling. Written by Lucy D. Taylor, Author "Your Home Beautiful," Lecturer on Home Planning, New York School of Interior Decoration.

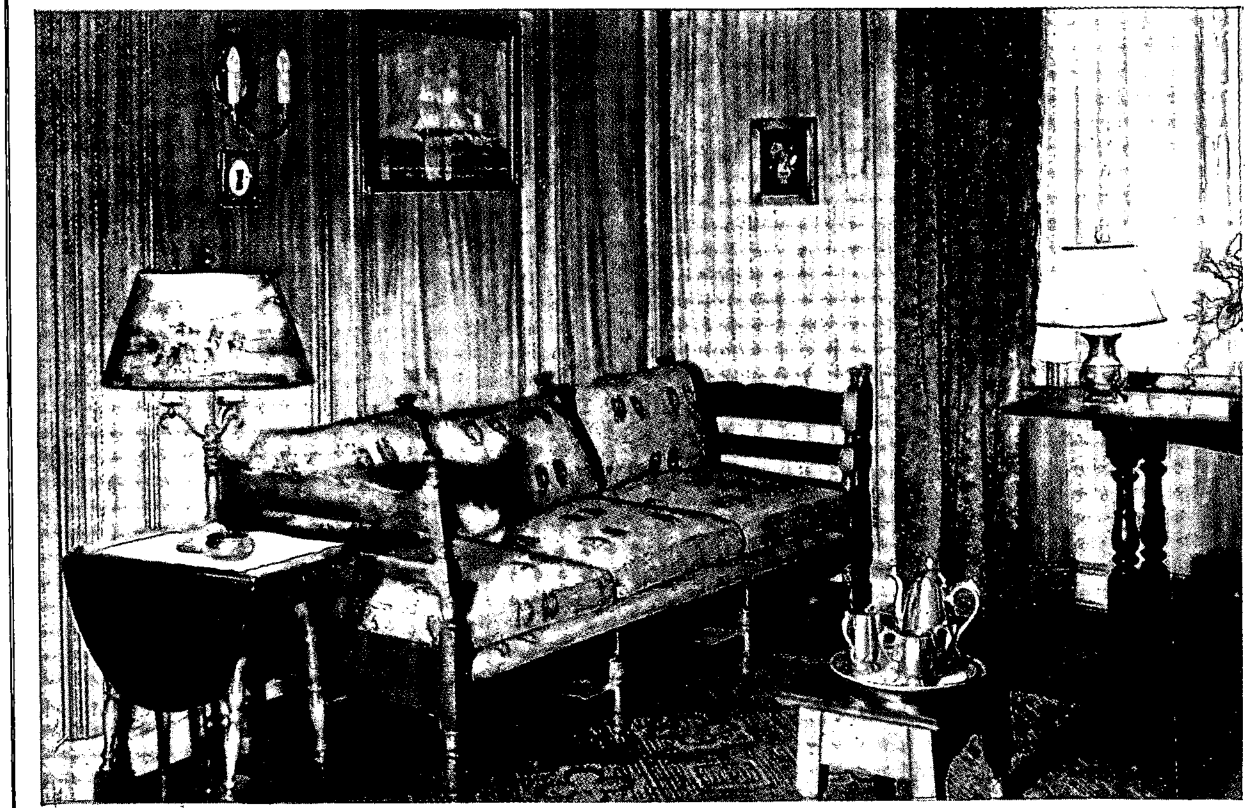
101
Money Saving Ways
to improve your home this fall!

LOOK! Costly panelled effects at Wallboard PRICES

Coupon above brings full details amazing new wallboard discovery ... expensive wood paneled effects now within reach of every pocketbook ... send for facts

DON'T envy those costly wood paneled interiors that you see in elaborate homes or fine buildings. A new wallboard invention—Gold Bond Grain Board—enables you to duplicate all the beauty of natural wood finishes, at *wallboard* prices.

Gold Bond Grain Board is a patented, *fireproof*, non-warping wallboard, with the surface already finished in the expensive textures of gumwood, whitewood, or mahogany—with all the natural variation of wood panels. Your carpenter applies it, right over the old plaster—direct to studs in new construction. Wax, shellac, lacquer, or leave untouched, and your home, office, store, factory, restaurant, or fine hotel is permanently beautified. Mail the coupon above for samples and details.



The Gold Bond Grain Board in this room came already finished in this distinctive gumwood graining. A carpenter applied it in big panels, right over old plaster.

* * *

Gold Bond Grain Board is the newest patented development in Gold Bond Mineral Wallboard, the wallboard that in five short years has completely revolutionized wallboard standards.

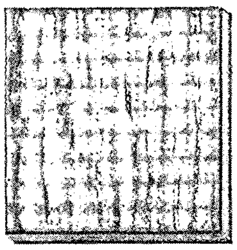
By a patented, exclusive process, all Gold Bond Wallboards are from 25% to 100% stronger than old-fashioned plaster wallboards, thus reducing breakage and saving material costs. They are also lighter—a big factor in reducing labor charges.

There's a Gold Bond Wallboard to meet every requirement. Gold Bond Mineral Wallboard, fireproof, with a smooth, flat surface that you paint, paper, texture, or panel. Gold Bond Grain Board—with natural wood finishes at wallboard prices.

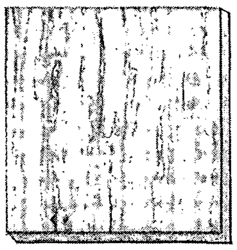
With all their advantages, Gold Bond Wallboards cost no more. That is one reason why, in five years, more than 300,000 Gold Bond installations have been made; why more than 3,800 of America's leading lumber dealers endorse and enthusiastically recommend Gold Bond Wallboards (700 since January 1); why 38,000 carpenters use them regularly.

Use the coupon now and get Lucy D. Taylor's helpful new booklet on remodeling, showing the most practical ways of transforming old rooms at lowest cost. National Gypsum Company, 415 Jackson Building, Buffalo, New York.

Mahogany finish



Gumwood finish

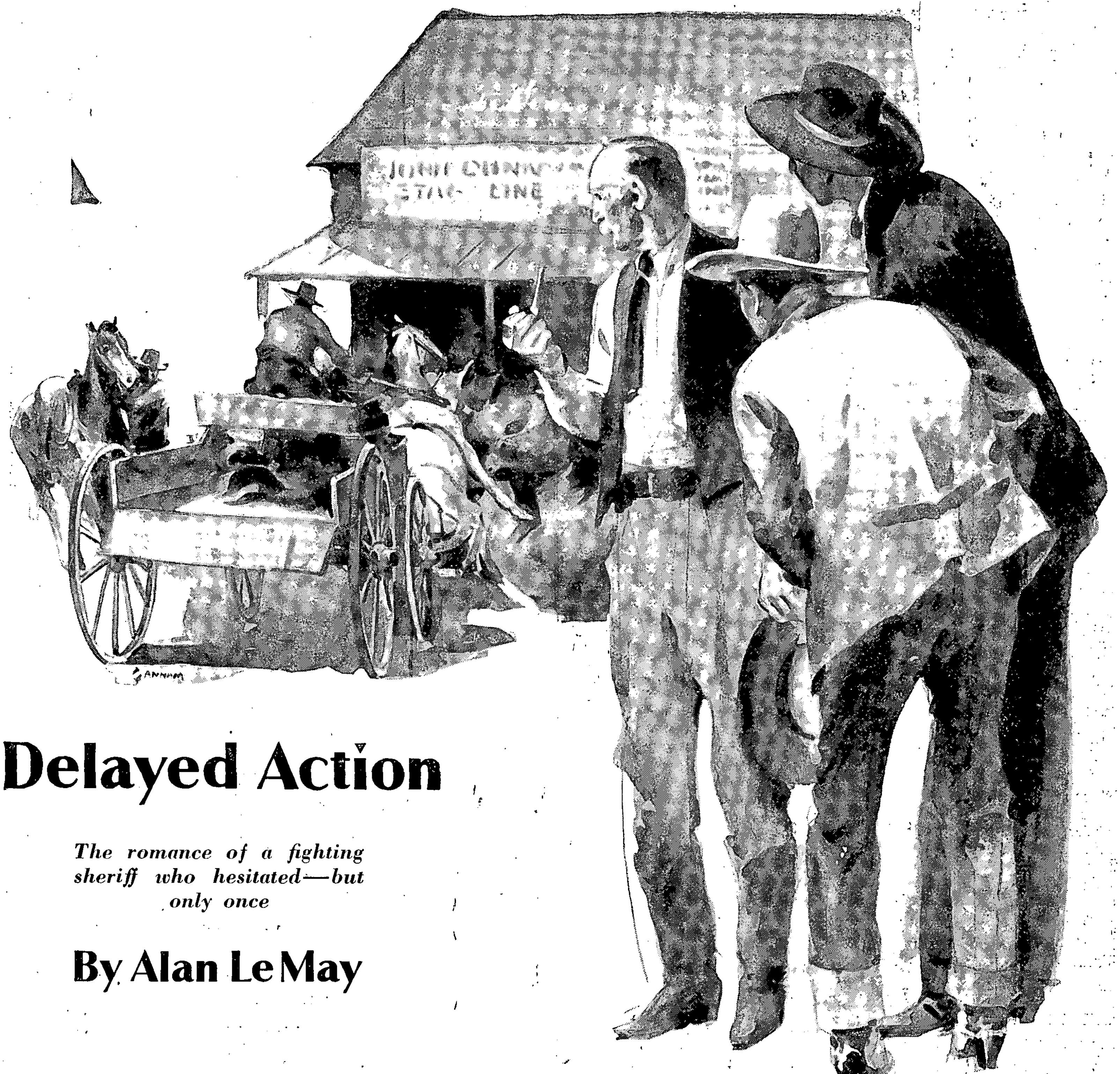


Whitewood finish

Gold Bond Grain Board

Made by the makers of famous Gold Bond Wallboard, Plasters, Lime, Gypsum Lath, Maftex Insulation Board, and Texture Finishes

Illustrated by
John
Gannam



Old Johnny Hall came rack-wheeling up to the hitch rack and shoved in; the pony whirled and let fly at his horse

Delayed Action

The romance of a fighting sheriff who hesitated—but only once

By Alan Le May

THAT was the time Pete Crabtree, the Frying Pan country sheriff, got backed down into his hole and recommended to pull the hole in after him, which he done. And what made it so bad, this here was on a late Saturday afternoon in the hot, slack season, so that pretty near everybody was in McTarnahan to see it. Even yours truly, Old Man Coffee, was there; which was unusual, because lion hunting for bounty leaves me very little time to fool away in towns.

But the thing that made it the toughest for Pete Crabtree, sheriff of the Frying Pan country, was that Edith Prescott was there, too, and saw it all.

A buckaroo name of Homer Chamberlain had rode in from over by Lordstown on a zebra dun that was easy the best horse there that day; and it kind of looked like to me, when the rider got off this horse, that maybe he figured he had some extra rights too, by reason of being the best man. I saw him two-three times in the course of the afternoon; and he was drunker every time. And it was an ugly drunk, the kind where a man goes quiet and kind of stiff, but means to stand on his rights against man, mule or automobile.

And then I seen him the fourth time, and that was the time he brung himself to the attention of all of McTarnahan, and all those fellers gathered there, and most especial to the attention of Pete Crabtree.

I WAS standing in front of Crosby's store talking to Art Dwyer and Doc Garrett. Art Dwyer was a little bow-legged feller with a kind of a hatchety face, and an eye to politics. So far he was only deputy sheriff, but he was always trying to soap somebody up, with a view to laying aside a vote, and that's how come he was talking to me. Doc Garrett was more of a refined, sad-looking sort of feller, with a long horse face—one of the few fellers called "Doc" because he was a doctor.

As we was standing there, old Johnny Hall come rack-wheeling up to the hitch rack on a slattery buckboard and shoved in next to Homer Chamberlain's horse; and one of those wobbling wheels tipped the dun on the hock. The dun pony whirled and let fly both heels at old Johnny's horse, and Johnny let go with a rope end that made fur fly on the dun, taking most of the gunpowder out of him thereby.

Then, as Johnny climbed down over the wheel, Homer Chamberlain had him by the scruff of the shirt. "You blank, blank, blank," Chamberlain said, "I seen that. Who give you leave to run down my horse? You get that buckboard out of here and you keep it out!" With that he heaved old Johnny aboard.

"Now get gone," Chamberlain says; and old Johnny, who hasn't worn a gun in fifteen years, just backed out and drove away, looking a whole lot like a turkey in the rain.

I looked at Art Dwyer. He was watching Chamberlain so green-eyed that it come to me that maybe Art had tangled with Chamberlain himself, someplace. Doc Garrett was looking pretty ugly, too; about the ugliest I had seen him look, which was plenty ugly, he being a sour cuss. Still, nobody did anything; and after a minute Art Dwyer kind of growled and drifted off through the crowd.

BUT now Pete Crabtree come forward through the ring of folks that had gathered round. Pete's real job was that of sheriff; but old Tim Wiley, the regular town marshal, had busted a leg, and Pete was filling in for him. He was looking uneasy and red in the face, like he always did whenever he tackled somebody.

"I don't know," he said, "but what you're going to cause trouble, acting thataway around here. Come to think of it," he said, "I don't know but what you better let me take that gun, and check it aside where you can get it when you leave."

Hardly anybody ever wears any guns any more, unless they just happen to be riding along with one in hopes of shooting a coyote or a snake. But every once in a while the law officers was accustomed to take a gun off a drunk.

Chamberlain turned slowly, and he looked Pete up and down with an eye like a cold fried egg. Pete Crabtree was a good big strapping boy with very quick-working hands and a straight eye; but this Homer Chamberlain was not impressed. "God bless my soul," he said at last; and the way he said it, it was the most insulting darn' thing I ever heard.

"I'll take that gun," said Pete again, very stubborn.

Chamberlain kind of showed the edge of his teeth in a little smile, like a stallion that's fixing to reach for you; and there was quiet for quite a little minute more.

"Go ahead and open it up," said Chamberlain at last. "Do you want to fight or not?"

"No," said Pete. "All I—"

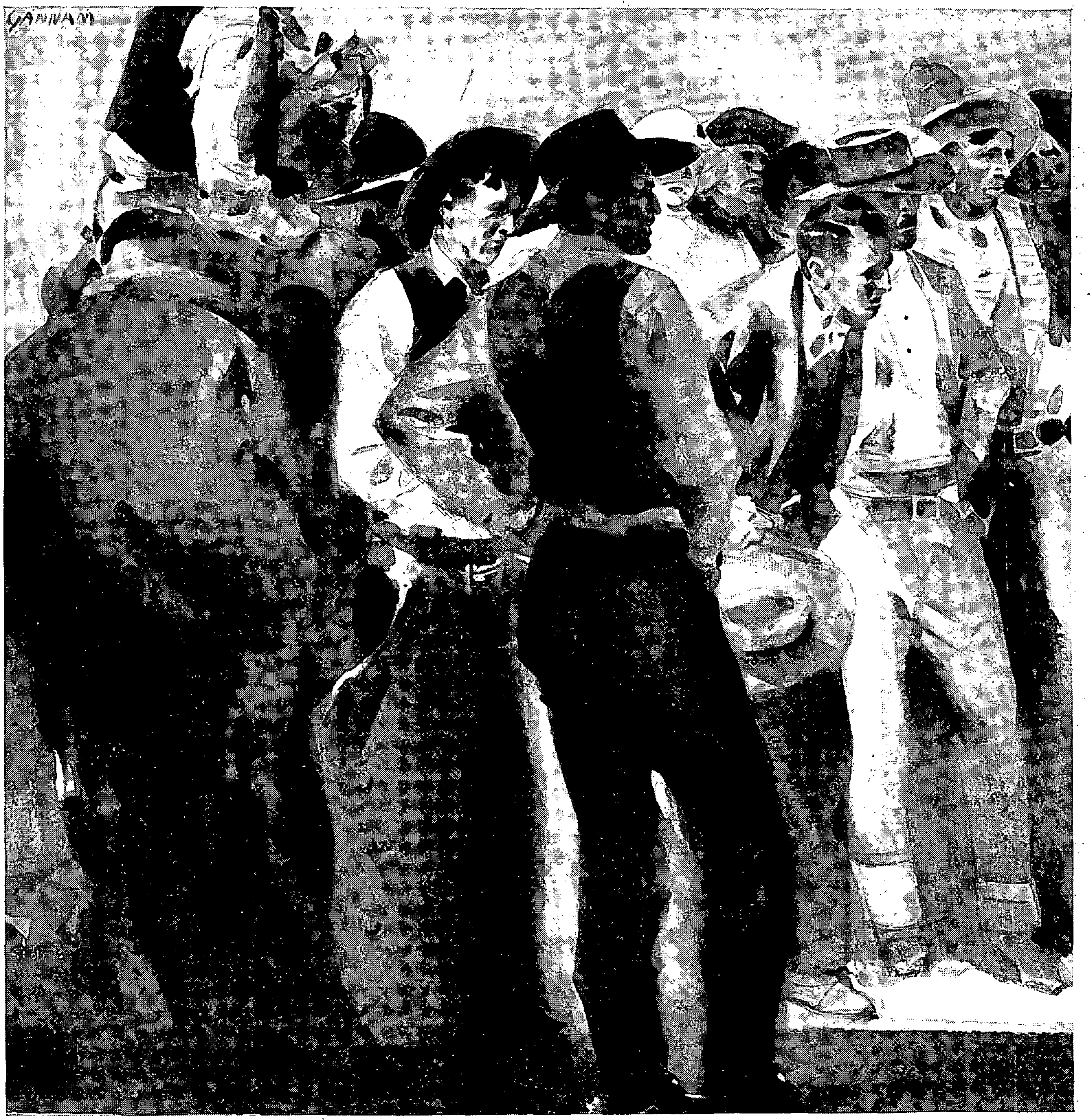
"Then reach up your hands," Chamberlain said.

I don't think Pete Crabtree was scared. He was no more than a youngster, a big rope-and-saddle type of kid, but already he had made somewhat of a reputation for himself. Especially when he went out and took the two Gormson brothers, the time they killed the three men breaking jail; and again when he walked two hundred yards across the open floor of Blanket Cut, with Walt Hanrahan shooting at him all the way, and buffaloed Walt with the barrel of his gun when he got to the other side. Only, for all that, Pete was none too fast in the head; and in Chamberlain's case, it may be Pete first figured it wasn't right to kill a man just because that man was drunk.

"Reach, I said," Chamberlain told him again, and Pete Crabtree's hands come up, real slow.

Pete's gun was in his waistband, and now Chamberlain jerked it out and stuck it in his own. "Now stick your tail between your legs and get out of here," Chamberlain said.

PETE turned and went, walking slow through all that half-drunk crowd that had gathered round. He was looking dazed and flabbergasted. I believe it was only then that he was beginning to see what he had done and how tough it was going to be for him to recover the ground he had lost with the people of McTarnahan. The crowd yelled and cheered and whooped, taking the side of the top man, like they'll always do if the under dog turns tail. And when I looked around, there was Edith Prescott standing in the doorway of Crosby's store.



The main thing was that the mob could see now they wasn't tackling the spirit-busted man

Edith Prescott was a kind of a tall slender girl, with a lot of black hair, and eyes as blue as ever I see. The first time I ever saw her she was a mighty scared, lost-looking youngster who had landed in McTarnahan, God knows how, except that something seems to keep pushing these Irish-looking people all over the world, whether they like it or not. To look at her then, you wouldn't have thought that she could take hold of things and run them like a man. Old Mrs. Hepmeyer gave her a job washing dishes, out of sympathy. And the next thing I heard, Edith Prescott was up at the Crown King, contracting the feeding of more than eighty men and making a pile of dough!

She had also made a lot of changes in Pete's life, such as causing him to sweep out his office, and wear a necktie on week days; though I hadn't heard whether he had made any special impression upon her thereby. But now as I looked at Edith Prescott's face, I saw that maybe he had; for she looked as if she had just seen one of her main landmarks come down, one that she had counted on and marked her trail by.

I walked over to her. "Things don't always mean what they look like they mean," I told her.

After a minute or two she glanced at me as if she hadn't heard what I said, and didn't give a hoot either. "Mr. Coffee," she said, "I can't hardly believe my own eyes." There was a quiver in her mouth, and you could hardly hear her voice at all.

"There's times when it's a mistake to believe your own eyes," I said. And then suddenly she pushed past me and got away.

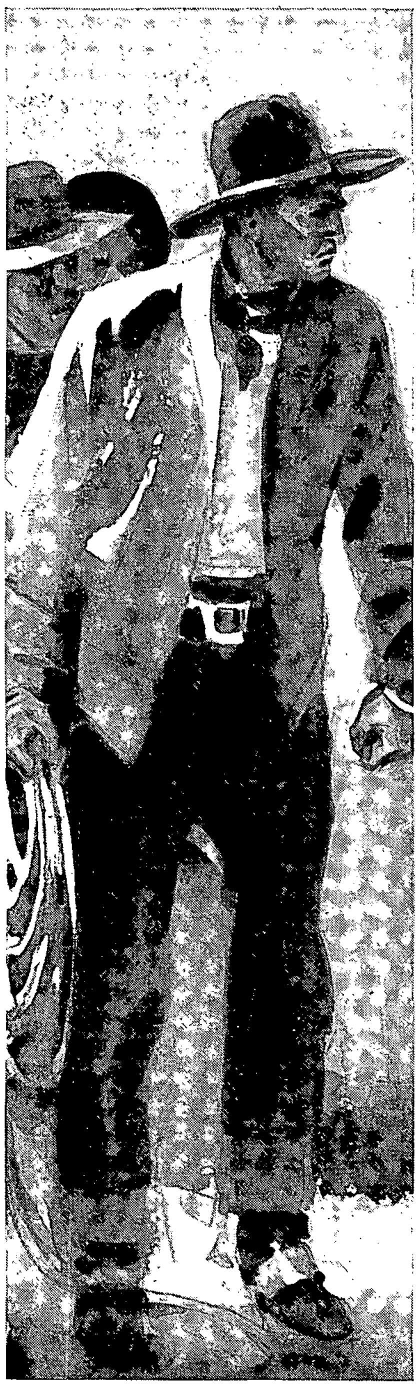
IT WAS getting dusk by this time, and I went and had supper, meaning to find Pete afterward and point out to him the ways of the righteous. Near as I could see, the one thing left for him to do was to get another gun and then go and get Homer Chamberlain, dead or alive, drunk or sober. But after supper I met Art Dwyer, Pete's deputy, and found out that advice from me wasn't going to be any use.

It seems while I was eating supper Pete Crabtree had set out to get Chamberlain, all right. Only, he had met Edith Prescott on the way. Art Dwyer didn't know what was said. He didn't know even if Edith had spoke to him at all. But anyway, all Pete Crabtree's good intentions had flopped like a calf hitting the end of the rope, so that he just let Chamberlain slide. Having seen Edith with all the life and color gone out of her face, but still the loveliest thing in the Frying Pan country, I could understand what had folded Pete up. It must have been an awful thing for Pete when it finally soaked through his head how bad his play had looked to everybody. And when he found out that not even Edith believed in him, I guess it took the starch out of him altogether, so that he wasn't the same man he had been when he took Walt Hanrahan, at all.

I didn't know at the time where Pete Crabtree spent the next two hours. Afterward I found out that he'd just been skulking around, drinking fairly steady, and keeping out of people's way.

But at about ten o'clock a gun spoke somewhere in McTarnahan, and most of the town stopped to listen; and as they listened the gun spoke three times more, fast as a man could pull. And it wasn't fifteen minutes before the whole town had word of what had happened. Homer Chamberlain was dead.

I walked up the street toward Old Man Hepmeyer's rooming house, where Homer Chamberlain had been killed. There was a considerable crowd out in front by the time I got there. This house was a one-story affair, and people was tramping all around it and trying to look in the windows, and the room where Homer Chamberlain had been killed was all lighted up and full of men. And some was saying that any officer of the law who would shoot a man in the back through a window deserved to be strung up, and that if McTarnahan had any men in it any more, by God, he *would* be strung up, and before sun-up at that.



they thought they was

There was quite a lot of liquor in that crowd and an ugly temper, too; but what I didn't like about it was the way everybody was believing everything he heard. By this time a rumor had took solid root that it was Sheriff Pete Crabtree had shot Chamberlain in the back; and there was going to be mighty few who asked who the witnesses was before taking the whole thing as a fact.

I RAN into Rollie Marshall. Marshall has been one of the biggest cattlemen in the Frying Pan country for a long time, and is looked up to and believed in by everybody. If anybody could turn that mob around from the way they were thinking, it was him. "Rollie," I said, "you better move around and talk to people. This crowd will hang that boy if we don't look out."

Rollie was looking mighty black. "We ought to hang him," he said, very short, and turned his back on me.

Art Dwyer, him that was Pete Crabtree's deputy, come shoving up and caught me by the arm and pulled me aside. "Come here with me a minute," he said. "I want to ask you something."

We walked down the street to where we wasn't all moiled up in the crowd. "Look here, Coffee," Art said. "This looks like it might turn out a kind of a bad night, maybe."

"That is a very astute remark," I agreed.

"We got to get to work on this quick," he said. "If things keep on, we're going to have another lynching on our hands."

"The best thing you can do," I said, "is get your Sheriff Crabtree out of town, very quiet and sudden. Nothing is so good for a lynching candidate as distance," I said.

"I've already tried that," Art Dwyer said. "Pete won't budge an inch."

"Is he drunk?"

"He seems sober enough now. But he's fighting mad, which is worse. And he's bulldozing around trying to get information that ain't to be got. Either we got to get some facts on our side pretty quick, or fix to fight."

"Who's got to fix to fight?"

"Us," said Art Dwyer. "I can't swing this thing alone. You got to swing with me, Coffee."

"I don't know," said I, "as I like all this reference to swinging, especially with that crowd already talking about rope. Even if I am going to swing, I don't know as I want to swing with you. After all, a feller has to draw the line someplace, even on the gallows," I said.

Art Dwyer looked astonished, and sore; but finally he just said, "All right," and walked away.

I haven't hunted lions up and down this country more than twenty years without learning not to fly in the face of a cross between a cow camp and a mining town. But just then I happened to think of the way Edith Prescott's violet-colored eyes had looked when she had seen Pete back down; and it come to me that I wouldn't be wanting to look at her face if and when she saw Pete Crabtree hanging by the neck, higher than a kite in a tree. So I changed my mind, and called Art Dwyer back.

"HERE," I said, "don't walk off like that when a man's talking to you. I suppose some right-thinking party has to get your thick-headed sheriff out of trouble."

"All right," said he.

"In the first place," I said, "what actually happened here? Providing you know?"

"Well," he said, "Homer Chamberlain was standing in his room shaving, and somebody stood outside and plugged him between the shoulders; and then reached in and plugged him three times more where he'd fell."

"Very thoroughgoing and vindictive," I said. "This is a sordid case. Where was Pete Crabtree?"

"Pete? He had went to his room just a little while before. His room is the second room down the hall from what Homer Chamberlain had. Old Man Hepmeyer went and called him from there about two minutes after the murder."

"What was Pete doing in his room?"

"He said he went to get a handkerchief."

"Oh, Lord," I moaned. "It's a wonder he wouldn't say he had went to pick himself some violets."

"You make me sick," said Art Dwyer. "What would he say a thing like that for?"

"What happened then?"

"Doc Garrett came a-running, and Pete kept everybody from crowding in there while Doc made a thorough examination."

"Naturally," I said, "there wasn't anything Doc could do."

"Well—one thing. Come here a minute," he said. He turned and led off, and we walked a block and a half, as far as the assayer's office. Art unlocked the door, and when him and me was inside he slammed it in the face of the crowd that had trailed along, and locked it again.

"What's all this for?" I asked him.

He took a little hunk of lead out of his pocket. "You see this, Coffee? This here is a clue," he said. "It's one of the bullets that killed Homer Chamberlain. I got it off of Doc Garrett."

I took the slug and hefted it in my hand, then I tossed it onto one of the assayer's scales and weighed it up. "This here is a .38," I said.

"That's what I thought. Now look, Coffee. There's very darn few .38's in the Frying Pan country. Does that suggest anything to you?"

"NO," I said. "You got a plan?"

"Sure, I got a plan," he admitted. "All we got to do is round up all the .38's in McTarnahan, which there can't possibly be more than half a bushel. I suppose you ain't up on all the late methods, but at least I suppose you know this much: no two bullets out of no two guns come out alike. You stick a bullet under a microscope, or something, and you can tell what gun it come out of, every time, easy."

"So they tell me," I said, "though I've got a doubt about the 'easy' part. But look what you run into. In the first place, among other guns, Pete Crabtree has got a .38 himself. Nobody is going to let loose his .38 unless you check up Pete Crabtree's first of all. And if you got an idee I'm going to go and ask—"

Right there Art Dwyer surprised me. "I foreseen all that," he said. He dug a nice long, blue-barreled, ivory-gripped .38 out of his waistband, and it was a very pretty gun, too. "There's Pete's .38," said he. "I rustled it out of his room."

It was Pete's gun, all right. I took it and looked at it. It was fully loaded, and if it had been fired recent it had been cleaned since.

"Fire a bullet into something," said Art Dwyer, "and we'll dig it out and compare it to this here clue."

I looked around and found the assayer's sawdust box, and let go a shot with the .38. A bunch of fellers came running and looked in the window, real scary and cautious; but they see that Art and me wasn't fighting and they went away again, disappointed. After that it took us near ten minutes to sift out all that sawdust, trying to find where that darn bullet had got to. I finally found it sticking in the floor. It was some bunged up, but I looked at the two bullets and thought maybe we could make them do.

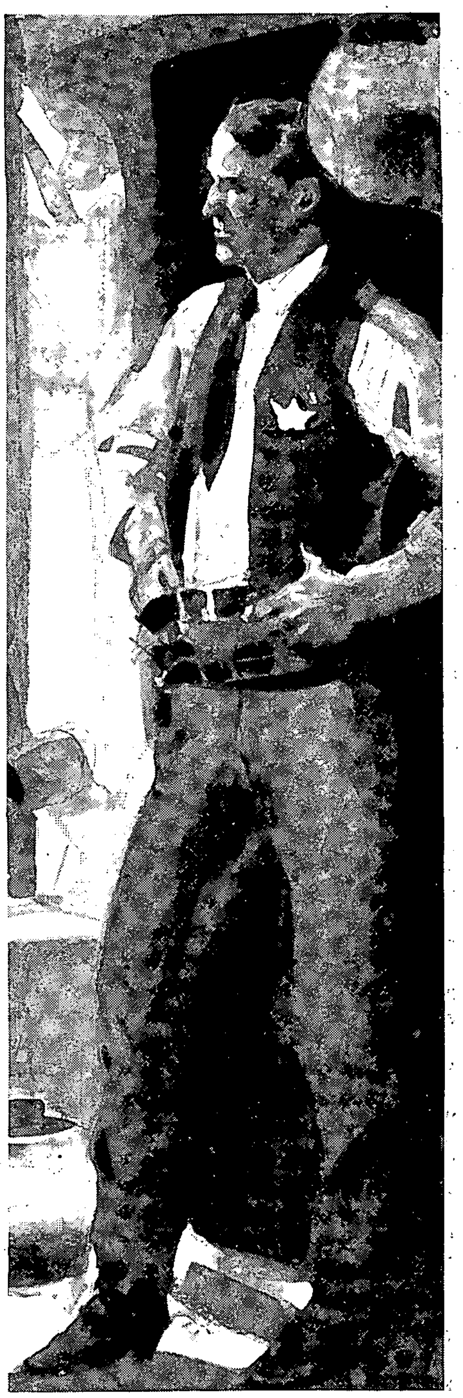
I picked out a big microscope the assayer had there, and I fiddled around for quite some little time.

"The trouble with this microscope," I finally figured out, "is this little mirror down here where you twist. It throws the light on the back side of the bullet, instead of on the side you're looking at. As fool an arrangement as ever I see."

"You just don't know how to use it," said Art Dwyer.

"I'll show you how to use it." I took down the gas lantern and shielded the light around so it shone on the bullet more from the top. Then I washed both bullets in alcohol, and begun shifting first one and then the other under the lens, trying to find the same side of both, which is much like locating the bottom of an egg. And it took some little time, what with Art Dwyer having to take a squint for himself every couple of minutes, the same as a kid.

AND nobody was more surprised than me when I did find out something through that microscope, after all. I was looking at a kind of long shoulder on one of the bullets, where the land of the .38 rifling had made its mark. The microscope made that shoulder stand up to look as high as a box of matches; and alongside it I made out some little fine lines, spaced in just a certain way. And pretty soon I found that same combination of little lines on the other one. I could hardly believe it. But when I was done, I was dead positive in my own mind that those two bullets was from the same gun.



First thing, I hunted around through the assayer's things and found me a .45 gun, loaded, and I stuck it in my waistband. That was my reaction to *that.*

AFTER that I had to go all over it with Art Dwyer and make him see the same thing, too. When finally he saw it same as me he just flopped down on a stool with both elbows hooked on the bench behind him, just as limp a man as ever you see. Then suddenly he perked up.

"I've got it! Old Johnny Hall swiped this gun to kill Chamberlain, then snuck it back!"

"Just a minute," I said. "By the time Old Man Hepmeyer called Pete from his room there must have been quite a few fellers gathered around, both in the hallway and outside by the windows?"

"Yes, I told you that."

"No man," I said, "who was so scary he had to shoot from behind would take the chance of sneaking this gun back into that room that was in plain sight of everybody."

For a little bit Art just stared straight ahead of him, not looking at anything, and what he appeared to be seeing was the end of the world.

"Why, damn his eyes," he said at last. "Who'd have thought Pete would shoot a man right in the back?"

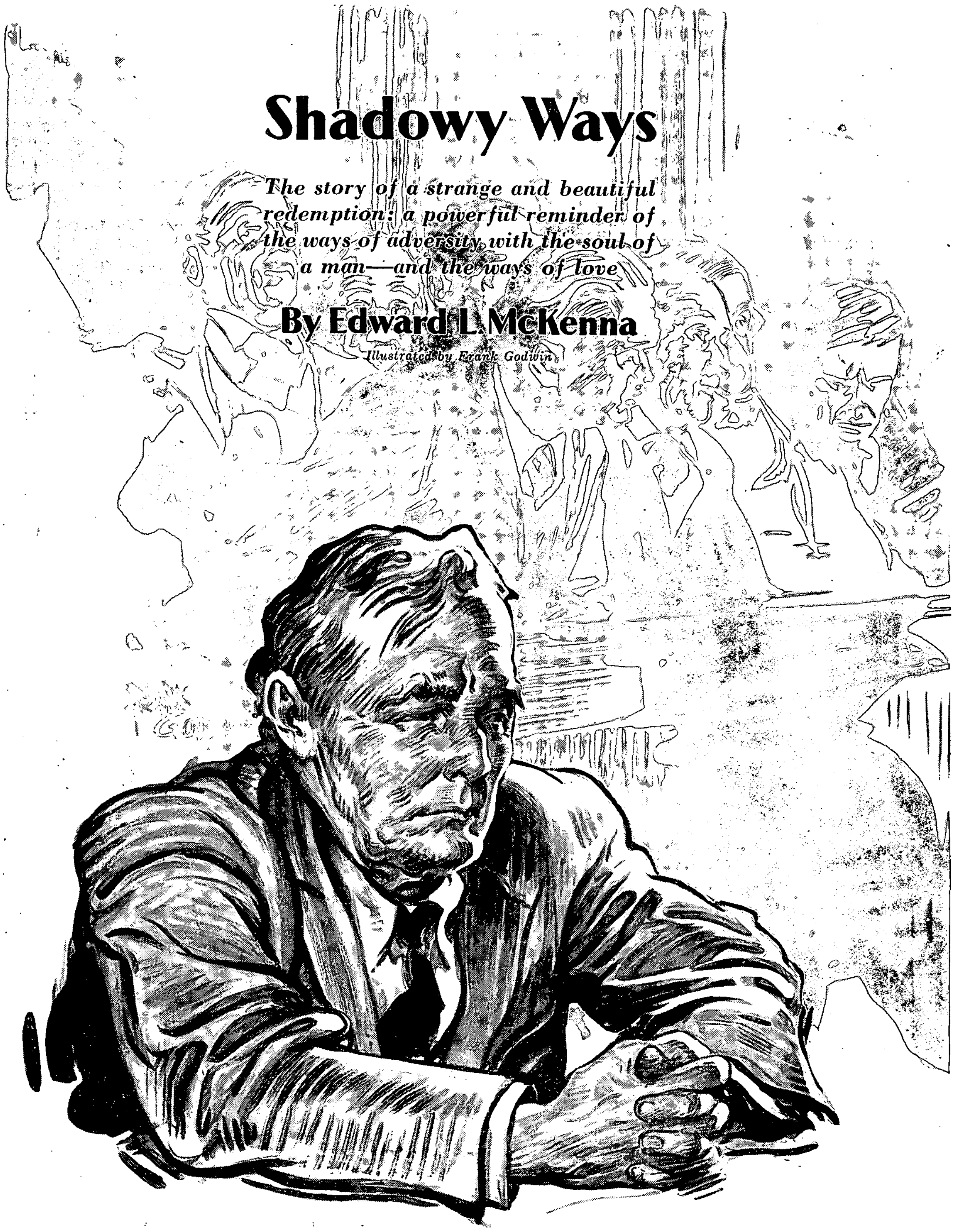
(Continued on page 38)

Shadowy Ways

The story of a strange and beautiful redemption: a powerful reminder of the ways of adversity with the soul of a man—and the ways of love

By Edward L. McKenna

Illustrated by Frank Godwin



SOME time about 1883 or 1884, another Westerner came to New York in search of fortune. Willis Bartley Holden his name was, and he was a member of the Bar in a state whose requirements are still genial and gentlemanly. The New York examinations were still in his path and he had a wife and child; nevertheless, he made his fortune.

At first he didn't see the method. He had a quasi-legal job with a firm which was making title abstracts; then, after he was licensed to practice, one of the new bonding companies employed him in the fidelity department. That's the branch of the business which concerns itself with violations of the law of larceny and embezzlement. In his professional capacity, Holden began to know some dubious people somewhat intimately, and to regard their infractions with the indulgent eyes of a connoisseur.

He was a queer person to be a professional thief catcher and prosecutor, and doubtless his heart wasn't in it. At no time did he ever appear to be an enthusiastic person; his manner was dry and cold and he lacked color. His work was well done; his efficiency seemed almost to be an instinct.

Some said he was worrying about his wife, whose health was failing. One of the girls in the office reported that she'd seen them together, and that Mrs. Holden was beautiful, not at all the kind you'd expect to marry him; sort of delicate-looking, though. Few people knew he had a wife, and almost no one cared.

After three years in the bonding company—and very lean years, too—Holden began the private practice of law. Private practice is a misnomer; it was public practice from the very beginning, and his clients were drawn from his old acquaintances, the forgers, pilferers and shady bookkeepers. He defended them; he did, indeed; lost a case or two, but attracted new customers, and became a thorn in the side of the district attorney. Took a partner, one Thomas W. Heany, a florid, eloquent courtroom lawyer.

Holden himself, so it was said, disliked public appearances. Louis Pastoli, the sheet-passer, who's now either in Moyamensing prison or dead, had a story about them. Some excited unfortunate, perhaps only one jump ahead of the police, came bursting into Holden's private office. "Where's the mouthpiece? I wanna see the mouthpiece." Holden frowned and jerked his thumb toward his partner's door. "There! There's the mouthpiece," he said, and chuckled.

THEY were a good team, he and Heany, and they had a good act. Holden would talk to the witnesses and rehearse them in his own peculiar way. He boasted that he'd never given any witness or any defendant set lines to speak. That probably was a lie. He'd disappear with the culprit, and they'd lock themselves in Holden's office. By and by, and it took hours and days sometimes, Holden would press a buzzer, and in would come Heany. "Tell the counselor your story," Holden would say, and tilt back in his chair with the mild detachment of a satisfied impresario.

"By golly, it almost sounds as if it was true," said Heany more than once, and boomed out his too-hearty laugh for emphasis. "It seems more true to him than it does to you now." And Holden laughed too, and his laugh wasn't hearty enough.

Doubtless their practice wasn't exclusively of one sort. Innocent men do, perhaps, get themselves tried for felony, and there is no record of Heany and Holden ever turning down a case simply because the accused was innocent. That's just the difficulty; the books kept by the firm were brief and many an enlightening entry simply was not made. What curiosities in the way of unenforceable contracts may have passed between them and their sinister customers, what escrow agreements concerning hidden plunder, what peculiar contingent-fee arrangements!

Prisoners needed counsel, too, then as now. They labored under queer difficulties, themselves—overzealous district attorneys with an eye to the governor's chair, exorbitant bondsmen, political feuds, gang troubles, stool pigeons, fences and receivers prodded into mendacious recollection. Holden could tell his stories about unfair competition. Not that he did. "There are two things a cheap performer does," he told Heany, with malicious sententiousness. "One of them is to cry 'Unprofessional' and the other is to protest the purity of his own motives." Heany did both, frequently, but then he was more of a public man, and much self-deceived.

Just when the firm was beginning to get itself well established—after the failure of the case of the People *vs.* Jones, the teller of the Forty-fifth National, to be exact—Holden's wife died.

THE night before she was buried, Heany came over to see him. Being used to other customs, he was startled *a little to find that Holden was alone* with his dead.

"What am I going to do, Tommy?" said Holden. "How am I going to take care of the kid? If I—if anything happens to the kid. . . ."

"The kid?" asked Heany. And they'd been partners a long time.

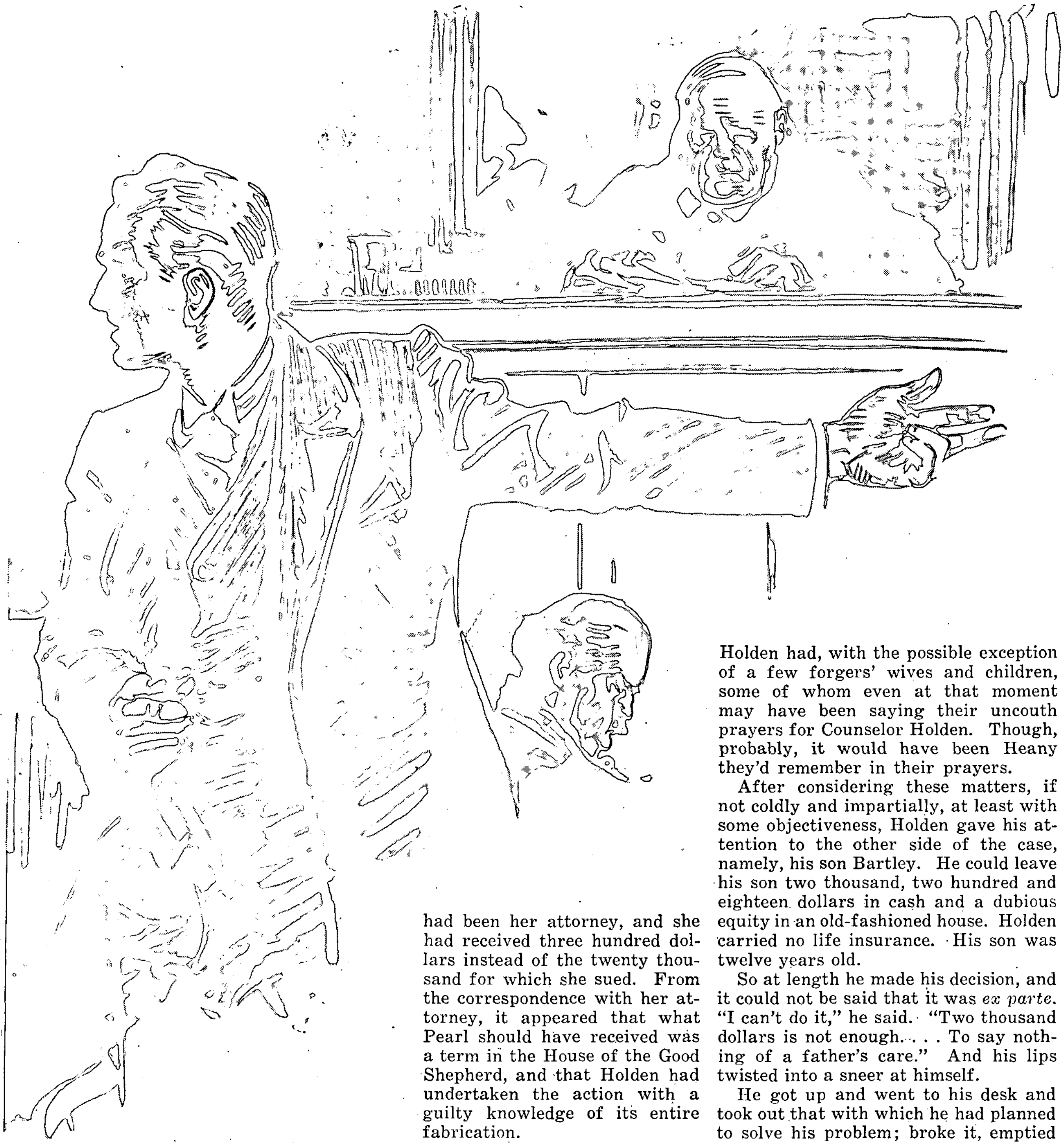
"Yes. My son. Nine years old."

"Send him away to school. Send him to a good school. Best thing in the world. Sure, you send him now, W—Willis—"

So Willis Bartley Holden, Junior, was sent to a good private school in Philadelphia.

For the next three years, Holden's habits were not good, even for a young widower. He had plenty of money and he speculated with it. He drank more than a little, in a joyless, businesslike fashion. As a matter of fact, he took all his pleasures palely; he'd be off to the races, but no one ever saw a binocular case swinging from his shoulder, no one ever saw him in a bright necktie, or with a raincoat, or a festive suitcase or bag. What made it more remarkable was that his female companion would usually look like a sunflower, and the color of her hair would be considered at once a reflection and an advertisement of her character.

But when his son Bartley was home for the holidays, which wasn't often, for he was in camp all summer, Holden was very careful. No one could say that



But his son didn't belong on the bench. Belonged on the floor, fighting, battling, using his courage and enthusiasm

he ever let the boy see anything evil. It was generally admitted that Bartley was handsome and attractive; to his father he was beautiful. And it was plain that he regarded his father as young boys do unless positive brutality discourages them.

In the year 1893, two discouraging things happened to Willis B. Holden, Sr. The first of these was the panic, which took from him the paper profits of speculation, as well as the grimy dollars for which his clients had fought and in some cases bled. He had a house up on Lexington Avenue, with two big mortgages encumbering it, and that was about all the panic left him.

The second was that he was disbarred.

THEY'D been after him a long time, and tried it once before. This time they got him. The principal evidence was two letters of his to Pearl Lally, who had brought suit some months before against the yachtsman, William Soames, for breach of promise. Holden had been her attorney, and she had received three hundred dollars instead of the twenty thousand for which she sued. From the correspondence with her attorney, it appeared that what Pearl should have received was a term in the House of the Good Shepherd, and that Holden had undertaken the action with a guilty knowledge of its entire fabrication.

Pearl always claimed that the letters were stolen from her apartment. Some said she got five thousand dollars for them from an indignant citizen who, solely in the interest of reform, laid the matter before the Bar Association. Some said that this disinterested person was a bank president, and some that he was a former assistant district attorney. At this late date, all that is of no consequence.

So, when it was all over, Holden went home to his brownstone house and considered his affairs. Before he began his meditations, he went to a cupboard and took out a bottle of Old Crow, and shook it, gravely; then he put it back and locked the door. He had decided that since this might possibly be one of his last cases, he would spare himself the artificial melancholia of liquor.

He gave his own affairs the same exact analysis that he sold to all his clients, great and small. His most recent sweetheart (and he must have been much smitten with her ever to have produced such letters as were read before the Bar Association) had shown a disheartening lack of solicitude concerning his welfare. Tom Heany, well, Tom's main concern had seemed to be to convince the world that he had neither hand, act nor part in Pearl Lally's action for breach of promise. His contentions were based on fact. Still, Tom was about the only friend Holden had, with the possible exception of a few forgers' wives and children, some of whom even at that moment may have been saying their uncouth prayers for Counselor Holden. Though, probably, it would have been Heany they'd remember in their prayers.

After considering these matters, if not coldly and impartially, at least with some objectiveness, Holden gave his attention to the other side of the case, namely, his son Bartley. He could leave his son two thousand, two hundred and eighteen dollars in cash and a dubious equity in an old-fashioned house. Holden carried no life insurance. His son was twelve years old.

So at length he made his decision, and it could not be said that it was *ex parte.* "I can't do it," he said. "Two thousand dollars is not enough. . . . To say nothing of a father's care." And his lips twisted into a sneer at himself.

He got up and went to his desk and took out that with which he had planned to solve his problem; broke it, emptied its contents into his hand; opened a window and shook them out; they tinkled in the courtyard below. Then Mr. Holden got the whisky bottle and had one of the last debauches of his career.

ONE of the last. For the next day he went to Philadelphia for his son. It wouldn't be right, he thought, to leave him in a good school, where he might hear things about his father's misfortunes.

Holden never knew whether his son was surprised to see him or not. He speculated about that matter, now and then, in his later years. Their greeting was as usual, but the kid hadn't said, "How'd you get in, Pop?" or anything of that sort, only sat there staring at him.

"Bartley, I—I wonder if you'd like to come back to New York with me."

"Sure thing," said Bartley. "To stay, Pop?"

"Yes. To stay."

"Gee! Sure thing, Pop."

"I—I've had a little trouble in my business, Bartley. Nothing to amount to anything. I'll have to cut down expenses for a while."

"That's all right. Sure. How's the pup, Pop?"

"Oh. All right. Sure, he's all right."

"You think he'll know me, Pop? He get over that mange all right? . . . You said he did, in your letter. How big is he, Pop?"

"Oh, he's a tough dog now. . . . You—ah—I'm sorry to—"

"Say, Pop, I hear the Orioles are gonna play a series in New York. Gee! The Orioles! . . . This is an awful slow town, Pop."

"Yes. Well, now, I'll tell you. Might be able to get off Saturday afternoons—uh, that is—some Saturday afternoons. . . ."

Holden was thinking to himself that it mightn't be so easy to get off Saturday afternoons any more. He also thought of another matter—Pimlico in May, and horses' hoofs going pum-per-i-pum per-i-pum. . . . No more of that, either. Well, baseball was a sport, too, no doubt.

They went back to New York and Bartley went to a school where to most of the pupils a bar would mean something made of mahogany. And Holden got himself a job.

He went to the Pyramid Life Insurance Company, and he called on the president. That wasn't hard. The president of the company had many peculiar ideas, one of which was that at certain hours of the day he'd see people.

"I'm Willis Bartley Holden."

"The name is—familiar."

"You know anything about me? Then I'll have to tell you. . . ."

He told him.

"Now, you see, the case is this: I'm a disbarred lawyer. My reputation is bad. On the other hand, I have—pressing needs. I have a boy to educate."

"Yes?"

"YOU can look wherever you like for evidence that I ever sold out a client. That I don't do."

Silence.

"Just what sort of—work—do you think you can do, Mr. Holden?"

"This. I'm a fair mathematician. I can keep books. . . . I'm a good—lawyer. Legal work I won't do. I'm not going to do that again, not ever, not in any way, surreptitiously, or otherwise. With my reputation, you wouldn't want me to keep books—I suppose. . . ."

Silence.

"Don't you need men here who can handle figures? Figures that haven't anything to do with money? Death statistics and so on?"

"Yes, we do."

"Well—the truth is, I'm pretty sick of people. I'd like to get something to do with abstractions"—here his lips curled—"abstractions, hah—it's a little difficult to make myself plain. . . . But I don't steal. From—clients, let's put it that way. Making protests in this way is, I assure you—very—very painful to me."

"Hum . . . it might clear up things a bit if we admitted all that. I do not wish to—insult you—Mr. Holden, by too-facile acceptance of your honesty." The president gave him an owl-eyed stare, to see how he took this. "Hah! That's better. How old are you?"

"Thirty-four."

"How old is the boy?"

"Twelve."

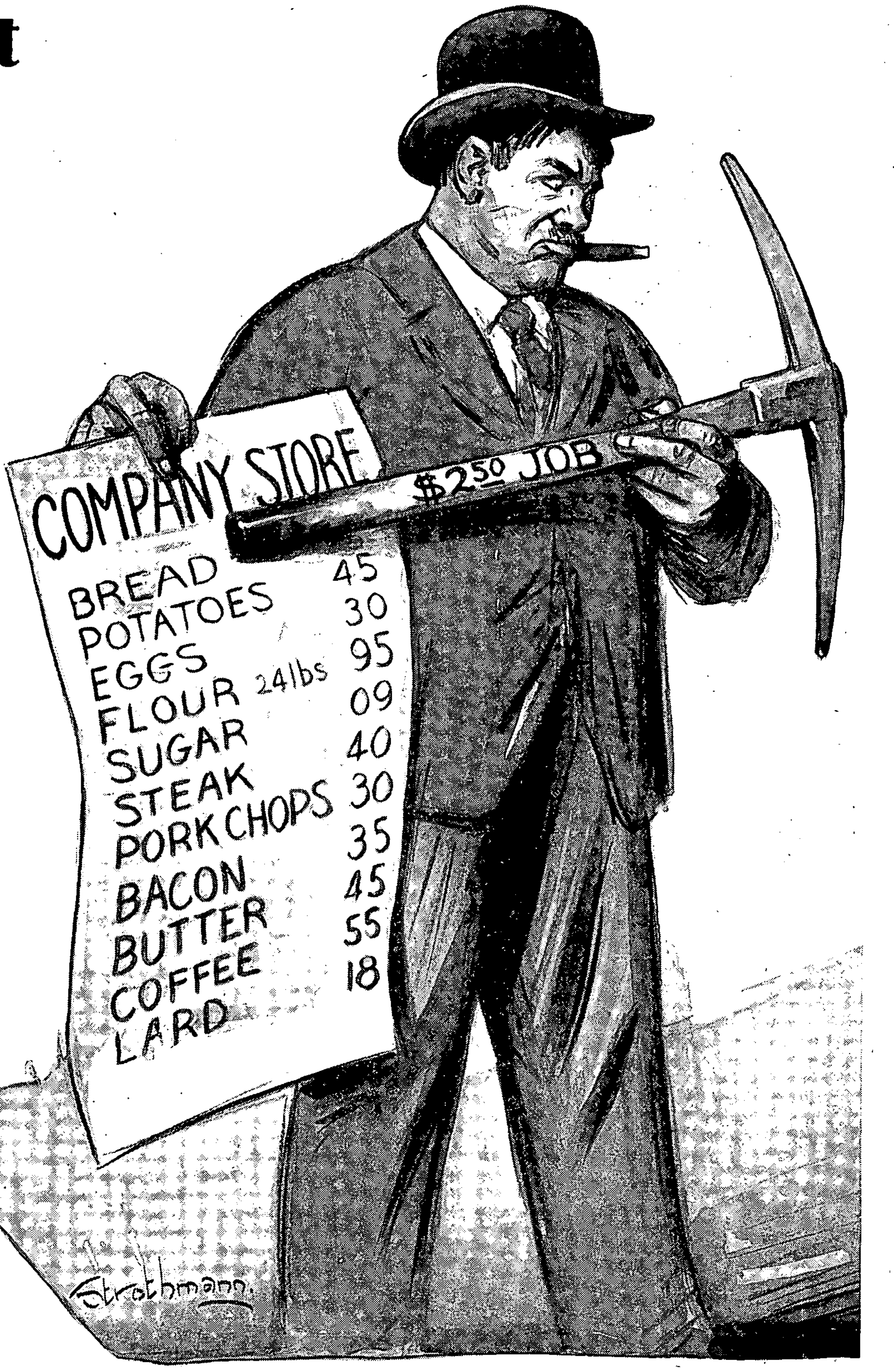
"Um. . . . Early start. Doesn't always work out. Got three boys myself, one older than you. . . . Now then. You've been under something of a strain. This idea about people—morbid. Best thing I could do for you, send you out, sell life insurance. . . . Wait a minute, *wait* a minute. You wouldn't be worth a nickel to anybody, selling anything. You don't let yourself *go.* How much mathematics you had?"

(Continued on page 64)

The Big Black Spot

Collier's asked Mr. Shepherd to go into the West Virginia coal fields and talk to miners, their families and the mine operators. Trouble is nothing new in this business which still remains the big black spot in American industry. But Mr. Shepherd's story will give you a new view of the conditions under which soft-coal miners live and work in a pathetic backwater of progress

By William G. Shepherd



He won't hire men who buy

JAMES OLIPHANT BLAKELY was sitting on the grass in the hot sun in the midst of a meeting of West Virginia coal-mine strikers. When he got up, during a change of speakers, and picked his way over to a shady spot under a tree on the far edge of the meeting, I circled around the crowd of men, women and children and sat down beside him.

Mr. Blakely, a soft-coal miner, was plainly worried.

"Yes, sir," he said, "we sure are going to stick out this strike, even if the soldiers come. They can't send them Baldwin detectives here any more like they used to in other strikes. The state law is against it."

The singsong drone of a strike speaker came to us. He was a mountaineer preacher as well as a coal miner. All the people gathered in the circle about him were mountaineers; Americans for generations back.

Did you ever hear a *mountaineer* preacher at his best?

He draws in a huge chestful of air; his words come forth as his lungs empty themselves. He fills again; and as he does so, he makes the sound, "uh"—long drawn out. Every few words or so, you hear this "uh." It comes rhythmically, at spaced intervals. His listeners are pleased by the sway of it; in the group on the grass that June day, I saw men and women swinging their bodies to the rhythm of this preacher's breathing.

"And I say unto you—uh—" we heard him droning—"that any man in this gathering today—uh—who does not join this strike and stand by it—uh—even until death—uh—for the sake of our children—uh—is not worthy—uh—to call himself a Christian—uh—because he is not willing—uh—to stand up for the Kingdom of Heaven—uh . . . The children—uh—are the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Amen! Amen! Hallelujah! Amen! God will help us."

We heard these shouts from the listeners.

"Yes, sir, hear that!" said Mr. Blakely. "We're going to strike all right. But the fellow who owns this mine is sure in a hell of a money fix. Don't know whether he can help us much, even if he wants to."

"Would he want to?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. A lot of us think he would, if he could. He's told us so and I kinder believe him.

"The other day he signed a contract with a big railroad to sell 'em a good deal of coal. He had to bid low. There wasn't much he could cut here at the *mine except our wages.*

"The only folks he could naturally get to mine the coal were the men and boys in the hundred families in this settlement. We're ten or a dozen miles from the nearest town and we all live in his houses and have to buy at his store.

"What's going to be done? I dunno. I'll bet he don't know either. We can't live on the $2.50 a day he's paying us, when we used to get $7.50; and he can't sell coal, he says, if he pays more'n $2.50 a day.

"And if he can't sell some coal, somewhere, he'll drop the mine and we won't even have the $2.50 a day, to say nothing of our houses. Striking against a big miner who has plenty of machinery in his mines with plenty of contracts and fightin' against a strugglin' little fellow who hasn't any machinery and grabs at contracts as he can get 'em are two different things.

"If we win the strike for higher wages he'll have to close up, 'cause I don't think he can pay 'em. And if we lose the strike, he can't give us enough money to live on. I can't figure out more hell of a fix than both sides of us are in; can you, stranger?"

In the center of the circle the preacher-miner swung along with his speech. Listen! He had been a horse trader, too, in his time. In these mountains many miners rode to work on horses or mules, sometimes with a rabbit gun hanging from their saddles.

"I can look any man in the face here—uh—" he shouted, "and he'll tell you I never—uh—cheated him—uh—in a horse trade. Look how it used to be—uh—. Why I couldn't start out—uh—on a mountain trail—uh—on a mule or a horse—uh—without one of you miners—uh—coming along and buying him right out from underneath me. I used to have to walk home—uh—with a hundred-dollar bill—uh—in my pocket to get out another animal—uh—to ride to town."

Ready for Anything

They all laughed loudly.

"We want—uh—those days back again."

"Amen! Amen!"

"Never get 'em at a little mine like this," undertoned Blakely.

On a long trail to get to the bottom of this tangled American coal situation, I got the most sense from Jim Blakely, soft-coal miner, in that lovely West Virginia valley that day.

A boy with a New York accent touched by a foreign inflection, straight from the Communistic soap boxes of Union Square in New York City, spoke next.

They "amened" him, too, and that made him stutter and repeat himself. These Communist boys from the big cities aren't accustomed to amens.

But the folks were taking in what he said.

Communism? What's the difference, to a person who doesn't read and whose family is hungry and who works for a very hard-boiled little mine owner, who barely gets along himself, even when children *are* going hungry—what's the difference between Communism and Progressivism or Populism or free silver or direct election of United States senators or the recall and referendum or any other new thing that we try in America, now and then, to make things better? Of course these new things don't always do it. Well, you can try something else. Whatever you try, the mine owners will be against it, of course. Of course they're against Communism, but why not take a try at it?

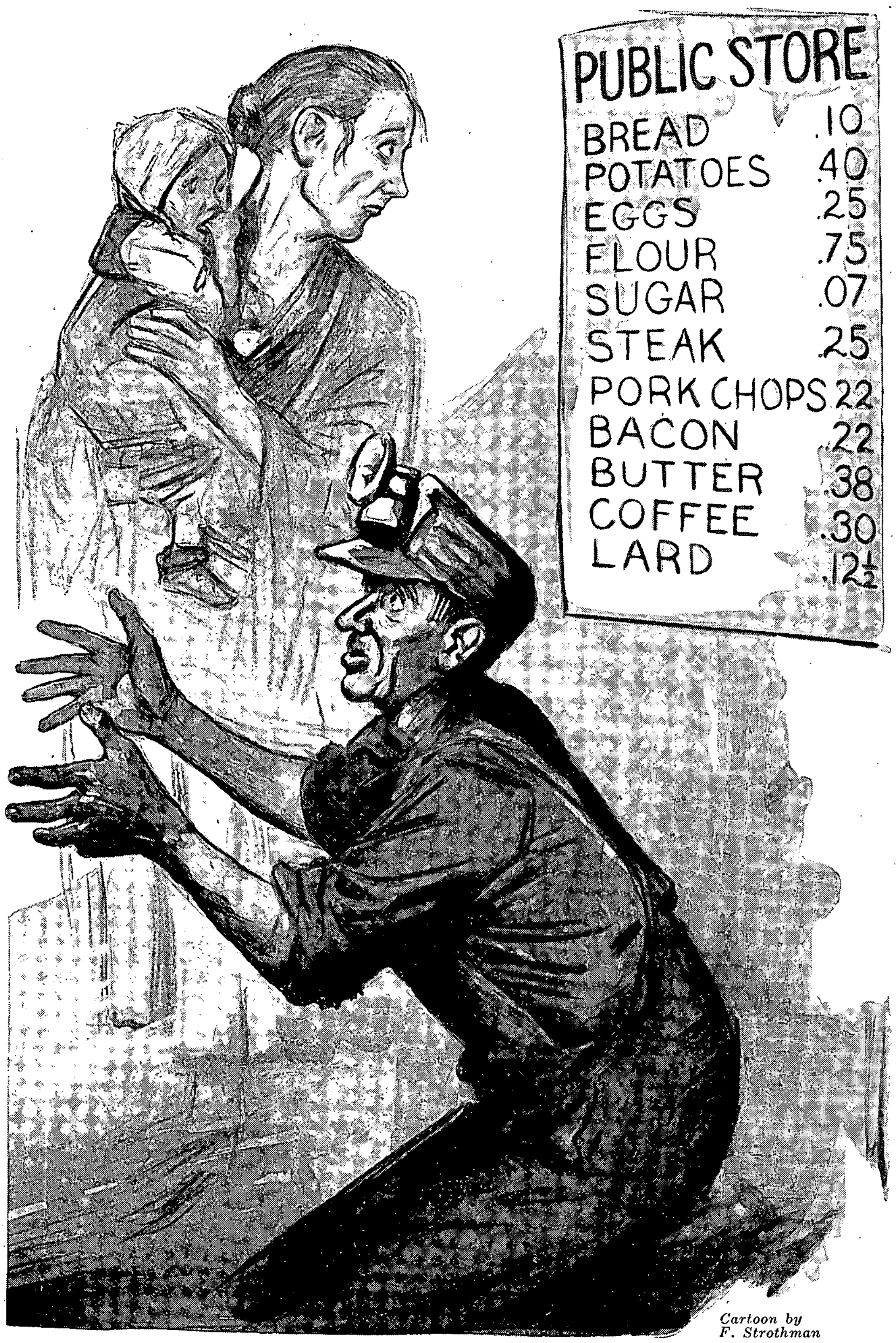
"Capitalism has failed. Capitalism has failed." You hear that phrase, repeated parrot-like, hundreds of times a day in the soft-coal districts.

Back in the good times when Preacher-Miner-Horse-trader Mitchell couldn't get to town on a mule without having it bought out from underneath him, these miners, who, in many cases were Klansmen and haters of foreign accents, would have driven a "Red" speaker from their midst.

The Controlling Minority

Today the man who owns their mine has driven them—and very often he has been forced to do so—to a point of desperation where they will listen to words of hope from any "ism" on earth.

Now, of course, Jim Blakely knew only his own corner of the West Virginia coal fields. He probably doesn't know that soft coal is mined in thirty-one of our states and that each coal district has its own problems of strata, ease or difficulty of mining, quality of coal, freight rates to the nearest market and so forth.



Cartoon by F. Strothman

elsewhere than in his store

But this fact he had worked out for himself down in the darkness of the mines: *There's a difference between the big mine owner and the little one.*

Jim Blakely and his crowd on the grass were out of luck because they were marooned in the hands of a little mine owner.

"Yes," he said hesitatingly, answering a question, "they treat you better over in the big Mellon mines, but not any too good. Better houses, they got; better schools and better preachers. And things don't cost so much in the company stores and they let you buy somewhere besides the mine store. Some pay you in real money instead of scrip."

If Jim Blakely, that day, could have told me this fact he would have been telling me the whole story: *Most of the soft-coal mines in the United States are little mines, surviving almost from hand to mouth, and even with desperate wage-cutting are not as profitable as a grocery store or a butcher's shop.*

I had to go elsewhere to discover how many soft-coal mines there are like Jim's; to Washington, in fact.

And here, in speech very unlike Jim's, and in sedate figures, we have it: *Mines under large companies produce over 80 per cent of our soft coal.*

There are only about 1,500 of them.

Small owners produce the remaining twenty per cent.

There are over 4,500 of them!

And here's the biggest fact of all: *The twenty per cent produced by small owners to a great extent fixes wages, prices and many other factors of the 80 per cent body of production.*

Nothing to Cut But Wages

In other words, the practices prevailing in 4,500 small mines establish the practices in our grand total of 6,000 soft-coal mines.

There's a slang name in the industry for a certain type of small mine owner. He's called a "snow bird." With many "snow birds" cruelty appears to be part of mining methods. Your average "snow bird" opens his small mine when coal prices are going up and when he can afford, by paying fair wages, to attract miners and fill his shabby cabins with their families and household goods.

While his mine is open he scurries around bidding on coal contracts, in a sort of hit-or-miss fashion. He's the chief underbidder in the industry.

As prices go down and he lowers his bids to secure contracts he cuts wages. Wages, indeed, are about all he has to cut, in the way of expenses.

"How long will the families in my shacks endure wage cuts?" That's the sole question in the mind of a mine owner of this type.

He opens his mine when prices rise. He closes it when human endurance among his miners and their families reaches its limit. Then he notifies those with whom he has made ridiculously low contracts that on account of strike conditions he cannot fulfill the contracts, and proceeds placidly to close his mine. Miners and their families move out or are evicted from the mine cabins and the "snow bird" of this type does not open again until prices rise and he can repeat the operation.

This process, however, does not apply to the small mines—many of them called "wagon mines"—which serve some one locality. Nor does it apply to small mines which, on account of expensive long railroad hauls from other mining districts, have little competition.

But one chief ailment of the coal industry lies among the little mines.

What are these little mines like? Some of them, it is true, are owned by the larger companies. But most of them are owned by individuals who, perhaps, do not even live in the district, but hire a manager to make profits at any cost.

"It takes a pretty hard-boiled fellow to run some of these little coal mines." I was talking to a Federal official in Washington who is constantly inspecting the coal districts. "Lots of little owners have been dropping out of the business. Two thousand out of a total of over 8,000 mines have closed in the last few years. We used to have 750,000 coal miners. Now there are only half a million.

"If you went around the mines with me you'd find that some small mine owners are real good fellows. But, oh boy! Some of them are hard-boiled. They have to be to keep going. And they'll keep on going as long as the people who work for them will stand the pressure."

That's the sort of mine that produces miners who think that perhaps Communism—which they know little about—might solve their problems.

It's tough business; the small mine owner must snatch his profits where he can. He must underbid the big fellows, who have heavy overheads. And he does. One of the largest soft-coal mining concerns in the country, two years ago, publicly announced that it attempted, desperately, to pay decent wages to its miners but that it could not continue to do so and survive. It made the cut.

About the only place where a coal-mine operator can reduce his overhead is in cutting wages.

His raw material—coal in the ground—costs little.

The small miner has little machinery. With him seventy per cent, or even more, of his costs will be for labor. He can't cut into the remaining thirty per cent of costs without almost closing the mine. He must cut into labor costs, if he wants to get a good contract by underbidding.

As coal prices go down, only the hardest-boiled among the small mine owners try to keep going. Owners who try to be decent citizens close up until prices get better. The hard-boiled owner or manager plays along the edge.

A Game That Can't Be Beaten

He'll go so far as to pay as little wages as men will endure and then take the money back into the company store for food and clothes. He won't hire men who buy elsewhere than in his store. He charges far too much for what he sells. He permits miners to get into debt to the store. The man who owes only a little is laid off in lax spells; the man who owes more is given a job until he has caught up with his store debt.

Prices were like this in one soft-coal district on the same day:

	PUBLIC STORE	CAMP STORE
Lard	$ .12½	$ .18
Coffee	.30	.55
Butter	.38	.45
Bacon	.22	.35
Steak	.25	.40
Pork Chops	.22	.30
Sugar	.07	.09
Flour (24 lbs.)	.75	.95
Navy Beans	.06¼	.10
Lettuce	.15	.25
Dried Peaches	.12½	.20
Eggs	.25	.30
Potatoes (peck)	.40	.45
Bread	.10	.15
Canned Milk	3 for .25	.10

In this camp, where all land and houses were owned by the company, a dairyman was not allowed to deliver milk from house to house. Instead, he was forced by the mine owner to take his milk to the store. There it was sold at a profit to the store of four cents a quart.

An Adjunct to Storekeeping

Miners in this camp—and this rule is not uncommon in the small mine districts—were not allowed to have gardens on company property, raise chickens or keep cows. That's why we saw so many goats running about. Babies will cry for milk of some sort, even if parents can't afford it.

Why charge such outrageous prices? Perfectly simple. The average small coal mine is lucky at present prices, with a ton of coal bringing in not much more than a $1.75 steak, to show a profit of $10,000 a year. That means a fifty-thousand-ton mine, by Federal statistical averages. It means a community of about 100 families, by the same averages.

The small mine owner who by high prices in his store can squeeze an excess of $10 a month above fair profits in his general store, from each family, for its clothes, milk, shoes and so forth, is adding $1,000 a month profit to his mining income.

This is a higher profit than the mine yields! Twelve thousand dollars a year from the store; ten thousand dollars from the mine.

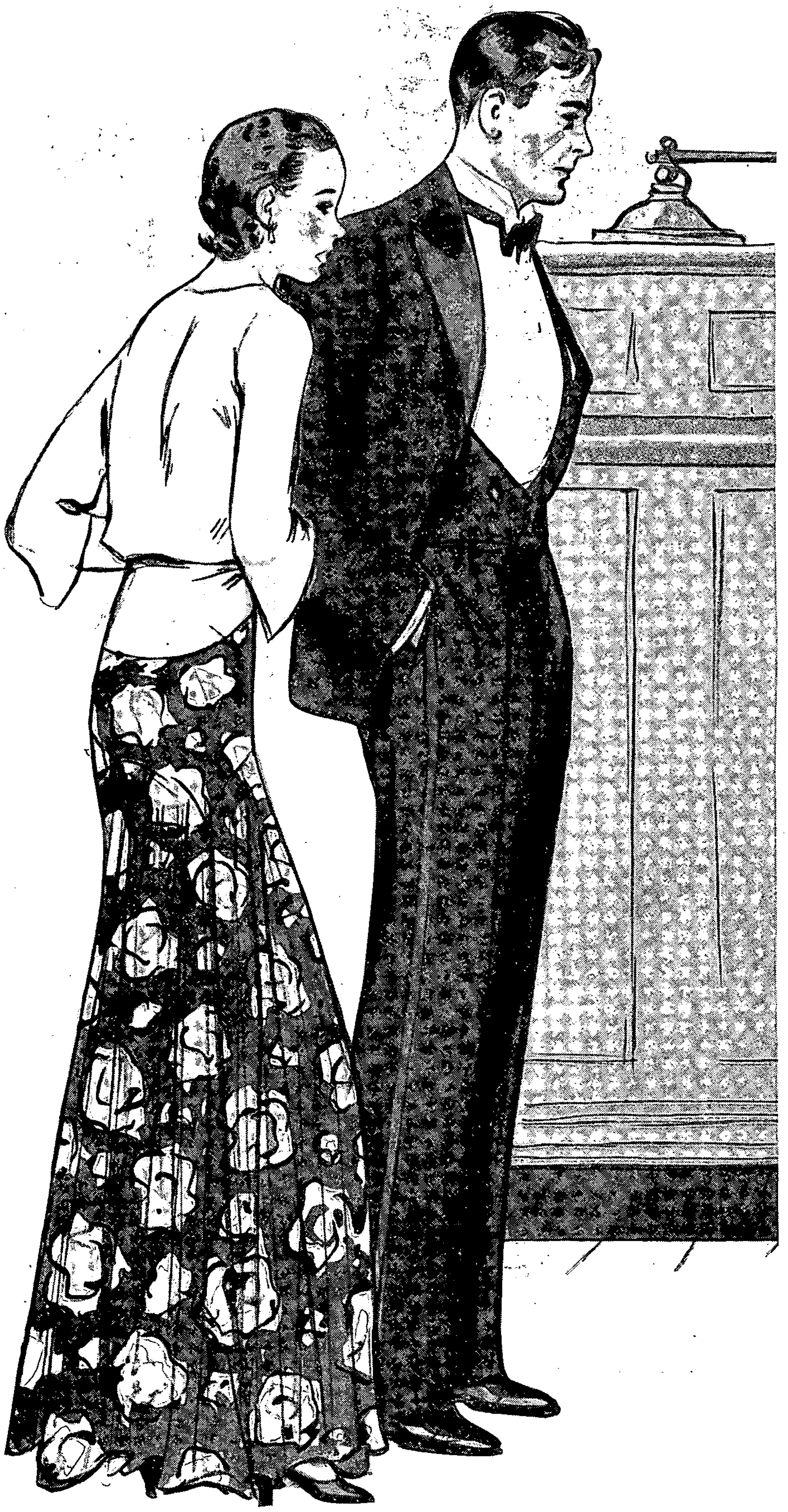
It looks like running a mine in order

(*Continued on page 34*)

Practically Perfect

Hurl a girl at a boy's head—and what happens? Are you sure of that?

By Lucian Cary



IF YOU drive out Crawford Avenue you come, a mile from the center of Winchester, to the top of Brown's Hill.

On the right, set well back from the street, is a big square house with a mansard roof and a cupola and long French windows with iron balconies. In the middle of the broad lawn is a pool. In the middle of the pool stands a life-size lady of iron, a lady with the voluptuous curves that were fashionable when she was cast. With one hand the lady gathers to her person a cast-iron garment and with the other she pours water from a cast-iron sea shell.

That is Judge Brown's place.

On the left, set well back from the street, is another big square house with a mansard roof and a cupola and long French windows with iron balconies. In the middle of the broad lawn is a cast-iron deer, probably one of the red deer of the Scotch highlands, since he is a good deal bigger than our native deer but not as big as an elk. The stag has been brought to bay at long last by six cast-iron hounds.

That is Colonel Crawford's place.

Judge Brown and Colonel Crawford inherited mansard roofs and broad lawns with cast-iron decorations and copper beeches and weeping birches and gracefully drooping hemlocks. But men who inherit money do not always go in for dissipation. Sometimes they go in for rectitude and that unconscious superiority which so often accompanies conscious rectitude. Ordinary people grew ashamed of cast-iron statuary twenty or thirty years ago, and got rid of it. But not the Browns and the Crawfords. They smiled at their cast iron before anybody else did—and kept it. They were sophisticated; or at any rate they were as sophisticated as very superior people ever can be.

Their attitude produced some resentment, especially among those who were neither so rich nor so right as Judge Brown and Colonel Crawford. When the town awoke one morning after Halloween to find that somebody had painted Colonel Crawford's stag with red, white and blue stripes, and other touches, so that he looked like an elderly zebra who had been out the night before, the town snickered.

WHEN, the following morning, it was discovered that somebody had dressed Judge Brown's cast-iron lady in a large velvet hat with an ostrich plume and rouged her lips and her cheeks and painted her legs red, so that she looked as if she were no better than she should be, the town laughed.

But that was a long time ago. That was ten years before the bright summer noon when a slim and elegant young man in immaculate gray flannels sat at lunch with his father and mother in the big square house with the marble mantels and the crystal chandeliers inside and the cast-iron stag outside.

Thomas Crawford the Third had never done anything to arouse his parents' anxiety. Some young men rebel against their fathers' interests. But not young Tom. His father was president of the Winchester Light and Power Company. Young Tom began to play with electricity at the age of six and when he finished the course in electrical engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the top of his class he refused a vacation. He went at once to Pittsburgh and the drafting rooms of a builder of generators where he lived with a slide rule in one hand and a pencil in the other through a long hot summer and a long dark winter.

Most boys do annoying things; even things intended to be annoying. Thomas Crawford the Third never did. He probably passed through a period of trying to come to lunch with dirty hands but it was so brief that his mother could not remember it. He came home to dinner one winter evening with two black eyes that he quietly and stubbornly refused to explain. But, as his mother often said, he was practically perfect.

OTHER sons of wealthy fathers took to drinking in prep school and college, and to smashing up cars. But not young Tom. He had no interest in gin. He never drank anything, except a glass of the Crawford Madeira which was brought out on special occasions, such as birthdays, and which was now so old that it had lost everything but its reputation.

Young Tom's father was glad to call him home to be superintendent of construction and maintenance for the Winchester Light and Power Company. Young Tom had had no experience in the construction and maintenance of power lines. But his father was sure he would learn quickly and easily what he didn't know.

"Tom," his mother said on that bright Monday, "have you been to call on Jane Brown?"

Young Tom smiled at his mother and shook his head. "No, Mother," he said. "I haven't. But I will."

He knew what she was thinking. She was thinking that there was no family in Winchester which approached the Crawfords socially, morally or financially except the Browns and that if her son had to fall in love it was better that he should fall in love with Jane Brown than with any other girl in the world. A less perfect young man would have told his mother flatly how impossible her hope was.

"Jane's been back for a week," his mother said. "And it's only across the street."

"I know, Mother," Tom said.

"You haven't seen her for a year—not since before she went abroad."

"I'm afraid it's two years," Tom said.

"Jane has grown into an extremely pretty girl," his mother said.

"I should prefer to say," Tom's father said, "that Jane has grown into an extremely handsome young woman."

"That's true," Mrs. Crawford said. "There's something vulgar about mere prettiness and there's nothing vulgar about Jane Brown. She's the only girl in Winchester who will ever be a lady." She turned and looked at Tom accusingly. "But you've never liked her."

"That's not quite fair," Tom said. "I can remember liking her when she was a little girl and I was a small boy."

"So few girls nowadays have intelligence or manners," his mother said. "They think they are being clever when they are merely being ill-bred. Did you know that Jane made Phi Beta Kappa at college?"

"YES," Tom said. "You told me." He wished he knew how to tell his mother what he thought about Jane Brown. But anything he could honestly say about Jane would sound like praise of her.

His mother rose. "Never mind," she said, patting him on the shoulder, "you don't have to like Jane Brown if you don't want to."

"I don't dislike her."

"You're merely not interested."

"Not awfully," he said. "But I will call on her. I will call on her this week."

"I wish you would do that much," his mother said, "even if it is a bore."

He was on his way out to his car when his mother stopped him. "You're going to the dance at the country club tonight, aren't you?" she asked.

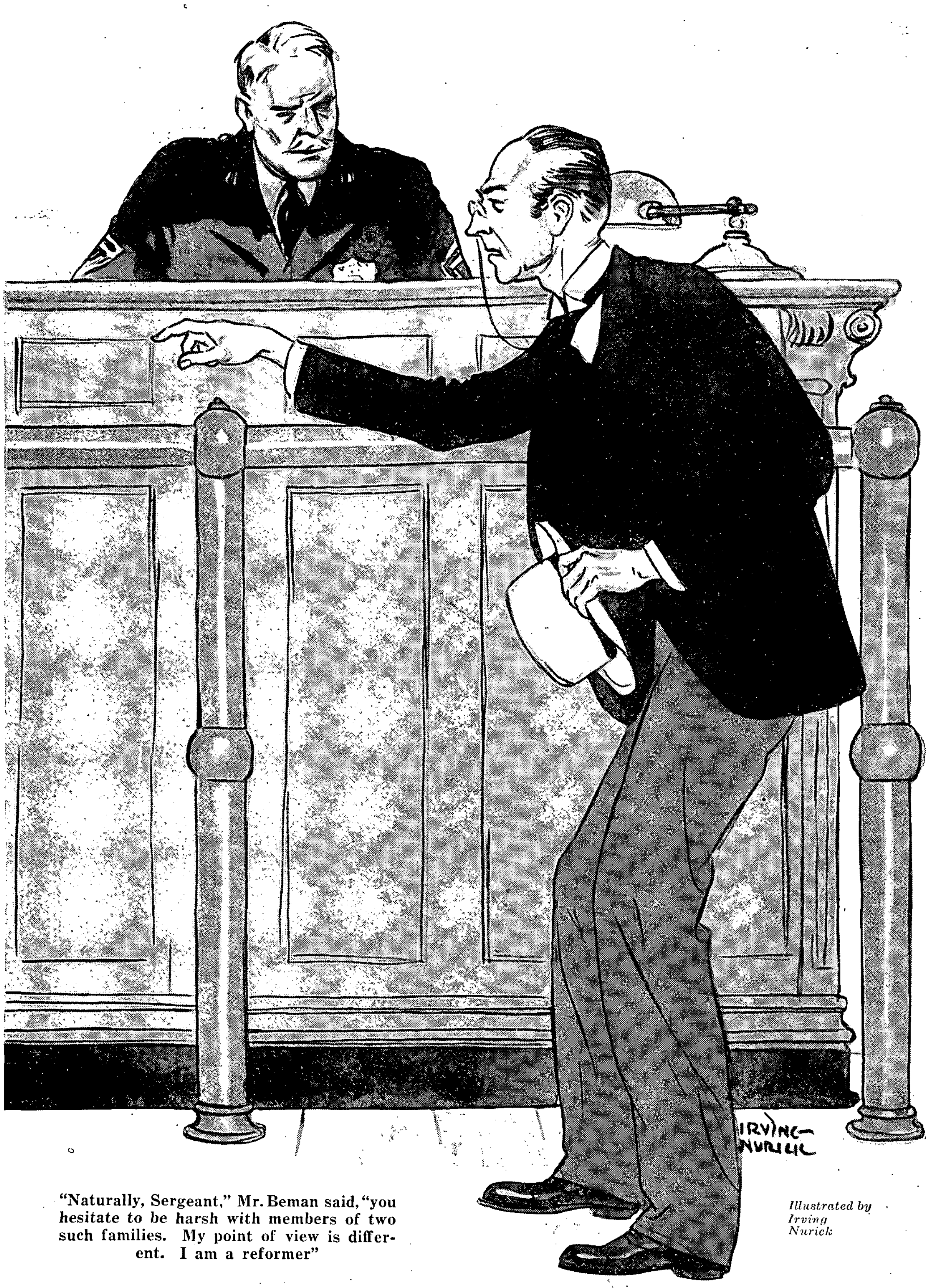
"I'll look in for a few minutes if you like," he said.

"I wish you would. Your father and I are dining with the Russells—we shan't go to the club. But you really ought to go—you don't have to stay."

"I will look in, Mother," he promised.

He was driving out of the front gate when he saw a new roadster coming down the Browns' drive. He stopped politely to give the driver a chance to swing into Crawford Avenue first. The driver was Jane Brown. She waved her hand casually. Tom raised his hat. He smiled to himself. It hadn't occurred to

DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri



"Naturally, Sergeant," Mr. Beman said, "you hesitate to be harsh with members of two such families. My point of view is different. I am a reformer"

Illustrated by Irving Nurick

his mother that Jane Brown was as little interested in him as he was in her. It never would occur to his mother. He had once thought Jane Brown was quite a girl. But that was a long time ago. That was before he saw that she was going to be a typical Brown.

Tom Crawford turned north and drove out into the country. He drove for ten miles, until he came to a sign beside the road which announced that men were working ahead. That was according to orders. A little farther on he saw a company truck—an elaborately equipped machine with a power auger for digging holes and a power crane for lifting poles into the holes. Spike O'Hara stood beside the truck, gazing upward at a lineman at work on the top of a pole.

Spike turned around as Tom pulled up on the other side of the road. "Hello, Mr. Crawford," he said.

"Hello, O'Hara," Tom said.

O'Hara came over. He was an immense man. He was reputed to have the widest and most powerful shoulders in Winchester.

"ANYTHING new?" O'Hara asked.

"No," Tom said. "I'm having a look at several jobs this afternoon. I wanted to tell you that I appreciate what you did for us Friday and Saturday."

"Oh, that!" O'Hara said.

A severe rain and windstorm Friday evening had put half a dozen lines out. O'Hara had led his gang all Friday night and all day Saturday. He had got everything in by nine o'clock Saturday night.

"I hope you got some sleep," Tom said.

"Sure, I did," O'Hara said. "I got a few drinks in me Saturday night and then I slept into the middle of Sunday afternoon. And you should a seen the dinner she gave me."

Tom glanced at O'Hara's shoulders. He admired and envied O'Hara and wished that he could be like O'Hara.

"They tell me you saved Bill Crockett's life," Tom said.

"No," O'Hara said. "Nothing like that."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing," O'Hara said. "He was gettin' burned and I hit the pole. That's all."

Tom got down out of his car. "O'Hara," he said, "I want to learn to hit a pole. Will you teach me?"

O'Hara looked him up and down. "Now?" he asked.

"Why not?"

"In those clothes?"

"Why not?"

"You'll spoil 'em," O'Hara said.

"Never mind my clothes," Tom said. "I want to know how you do it."

"ALL you do," O'Hara said, "is hit the pole. It generally breaks the contact and the man falls off the pole."

Tom looked up at the man on the pole. It was a standard thirty-five-foot pole, taller and thicker than most telephone poles. It looked like a long way to fall.

O'Hara grinned. "He's supposed to have fastened his safety belt and if he has he falls into that."

"And if he hasn't?"

"He's out o' luck," O'Hara said. "But at that it's better to take a chance on falling thirty or forty feet than to take twenty thousand volts."

"You mean," Tom said, "that you can actually shake a man loose by hitting a pole?"

"Sure," O'Hara said. He looked up at the man on the pole. "Listen, Eddie," he said, "I'm goin' to hit this pole."

The man up aloft took a fresh grip with his climbing irons, and put one arm around the pole.

"Now watch," O'Hara said to Tom.

O'Hara ran at the pole, jumped, hit the pole with both feet and fell to the ground with a thump. The pole quivered. O'Hara picked himself up.

"That's all there is to it," O'Hara said.

Tom Crawford dropped his straw sailor on the grass and ran at the pole and jumped. Only one foot hit the pole. He turned in the air, made a mad effort to save himself, and fell to the ground so hard that it knocked the breath out of him.

He got up, a little dizzy.

"Look at your pants," O'Hara said.

Tom looked down. He had somehow managed to tear both knees of his trousers.

"Did I get it anywhere near right?" he asked.

"You got it fine," O'Hara said. "Except you didn't hit it with both feet."

Tom poised himself and ran at the pole a second time. He fell more heavily than before. For a moment he was dazed. He climbed slowly to his feet.

"Was that any better?" he asked.

"That was fine," O'Hara said. "You got both feet on it that time."

"But not square," Tom said. "I didn't shake the pole."

"You can't expect to shake a pole the first few times," O'Hara said. "But you've got the idea."

Tom turned toward the pole a third time. He was bound to learn. He was bound to win O'Hara's respect.

"There now, Mr. Crawford," O'Hara said. "That's enough for one day."

"Just once more," Tom said. He ran at the pole and jumped. He lay on the ground afterward, getting his breath. He realized that if he lay there any longer O'Hara would help him up. He couldn't bear to have O'Hara help him up. He scrambled to his feet, slipped, and fell flat on his straw hat.

HE GOT up. He pushed the hat back into something like its original shape and put it on. He looked at O'Hara and grinned. O'Hara grinned back.

Tom got into his car. In some subtle way O'Hara's manner had changed. He was no longer merely respectful. He was friendly.

"Good luck, O'Hara," Tom said.

"Good luck, Chief," O'Hara said.

Tom drove on. He thought of going home and changing his clothes. But he was in a hurry. He had five or six jobs

(*Continued on page 47*)

Hindsight

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

WHEN Joe Breen came in, the shop was full of the jarring clamor of heavy machinery. He threw a switch. The angry clatter subsided to a grumble. He turned his back on the slowing gears just as Olly Dill's more deliberate movement revolved him from the work bench against the wall.

Olly blinked stupidly. His mouth hung open stupidly. There was even something stupid about the way his pipe-wrench dangled from his big, greasy hand.

"I thought you were in Pittland, Joe," he said. Breen chuckled.

"I am. I'm right in my room at the Mettler Hotel. The floor clerk will swear to it."

Olly's face lighted with wistful admiration.

"Up to something, I bet."

"You win." Breen grinned. "A fast one, with big money in it."

Olly wagged his head. "It's a great thing for a dumb-bell like me to get teamed up with a partner as slick as you, Joe."

Breen snickered. "I'd sooner have a dumb one like you, Olly."

Olly's eyebrows arched so that he looked stupider than ever. Breen giggled again. His hands were still gloved and now, although it was warm in the shop, he thrust them into his overcoat pockets.

"YOU'RE worth twenty grand to me because you're so dumb!" he said. Mean, cruel lines bit suddenly into his face. "You poor sap! Why do you suppose we been paying for all that life insurance on you?"

His right hand jerked free of his pocket. Olly blinked at the gun.

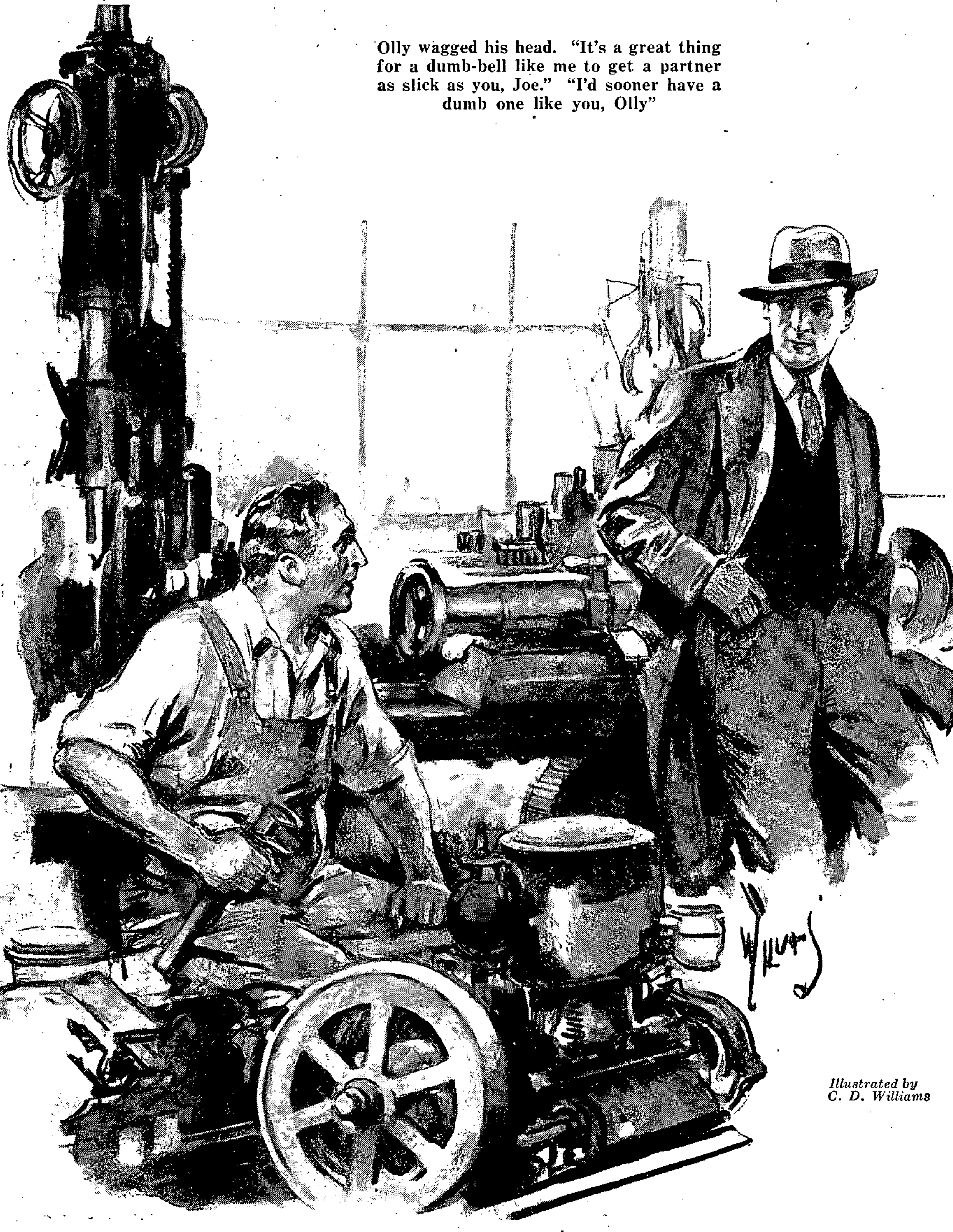
"I guess," he said, "you took out that insurance so as to bump me off and get the money."

Breen laughed outright. Olly sounded pleased with himself!

"I never thought you had it in you to dope out a fast one like that, Olly!"

"I can sort of study things out," Olly said, "if somebody else thinks 'em up first. Like reading blue-prints, kind of."

Breen grinned. He was enjoying this. He liked to talk about his cleverness and there wasn't anybody except Olly with whom this particular proof of it could be discussed.



Olly wagged his head. "It's a great thing for a dumb-bell like me to get a partner as slick as you, Joe." "I'd sooner have a dumb one like you, Olly"

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"Well, well," he said. "So you've been on to me right along, have you? I suppose you've got it doped out that I only bought my half interest in this piker shop of yours so as to get a good excuse for taking out a fat lump of life insurance on you?"

"Yeah," Olly said mildly. "I figured that must be why you done it."

"YES, you did!" Breen was angry. "You figured it out after I told you. If you're so wise, maybe you know why I took out insurance on the two of us?"

"Yeah." Olly nodded. "Might look fishy if only one of us was insured, and you knew I was dumb, so you didn't have to worry about making it worth twenty grand to me to bump you off. That was real smart, Joe. And it was smart to wait till Dan Guffey got round to coming in here of his own accord and trying to sell us insurance. Might've looked funny if we'd sent for him. Dan'll swear that this partnership policy was his notion and he had to talk the ears clean off us before he got us into it."

"You think you're pretty wise, don't you?" Breen was ugly now. "You poor fish! You're a whole lot dumber than I thought. You knew what I was up to and you didn't have brains enough to beat me to it! Why—"

Olly shook his head. "I'm dumb," he said, "and I know it. Know it wouldn't be any use for me to try to get away with murder. I'd be bound to get caught."

Breen felt better. "You said it! But this ain't going to be murder. It's going to be an accident."

The old look of wistful admiration came back to Olly's dull face.

"I knew you'd figure out something pretty slick, Joe. What kind of an accident?"

"This kind!" Breen's left hand groped behind him, found the switch and threw it. The shop was flooded by the crashing roar of the heavy gears. He had to shout, now, to make Olly hear him.

"YOU been fooling around the planer and your clothes got caught in the gears. That's all. Maybe I'll have to plug you first but I guess nobody's apt to go hunting for bullet holes—not after those gears get done with you!"

Even now, seemingly, Olly was too dumb to be scared. He looked pleased. His head wagged admiringly.

"Pretty slick, Joe. I couldn't figure out a scheme like that. Not in a thousand years. Best I can do is study things out after somebody else thinks 'em up. *Look out, Joe—the gears!*"

His voice lifted to a sudden scream of warning. Breen jumped. His head twisted for a swift backward glance at the gnashing steel teeth. There was just time enough for Olly's big, clumsy arm to throw the pipe-wrench.

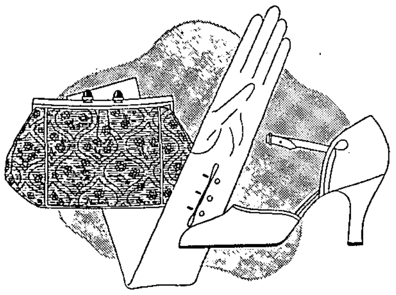
There was not time enough, though, for Joe Breen to scream more than once.

Everybody was sorry for Olly. Everybody knew how much he'd thought of Joe and everybody could see how bad he felt about the accident. Even when Dan Guffey brought him the insurance check Olly was still inconsolable.

"That shows you what a break it was for me to get teamed up with a partner like Joe," he said. "Twenty grand! Just because Joe could figure things out ahead! It takes real brains to do that, Dan. Pretty near anybody can study 'em out afterward. Why, I can do it myself, oncet in a while!"

The Ends of Fashion

By Marie Beynon Ray



Dressing the head, hands and feet, says Tallulah Bankhead, does more to create a costume and a sensation than slipping into any Paris designer's latest

MISS BANKHEAD was looking her worst. A towel was pinned around her hair to protect it from grease paint, a sheet to catch powder enveloped her from neck to heels. Eddie, in a frenzy of cosmetic creativeness, was making her a brand-new face. A purple mouth and a chrome complexion aren't exactly becoming to anyone.

Miss Bankhead bore up marvelously.

"Ghastly?" she inquired amiably.

She held very still while Eddie sketched in an eyebrow. Then she peeked around his elbow at me.

"Fashions?" she queried. "That seems a subject on which any well-dressed actress should be qualified to speak with ease and fluency but, as a matter of fact, most actresses are far too busy to be really chic. Actually I believe there are as few superlatively smart women in the world as there are men who understand Einstein. Yes, I should say just about twelve—and not one of them is an actress. Oh, we have our moments—but we have our slips, too."

Miss Bankhead smiled into her mirror so it could smile back at me.

"One can't be smart in a hurry. Last winter, when I opened a theater in London, I flew to Paris in the Early Bird, bought a dress at Worth's, fitted it, flew back that afternoon, and wore it that night. In spite of all the flattering remarks of the press, do you think anyone could persuade me that I looked as chic as—as Daisy Fellowes, for example, in one of those toilets of hers for which she has had wrap, scarf, slippers, purse, brassière, girdle, lingerie, handkerchief, yes, even stockings and jewels made to order?—*Jamais!*"

Over Eddie's head, as he stooped to bifurcate her chin with a dab of burnt sienna, Miss Bankhead winked enormously.

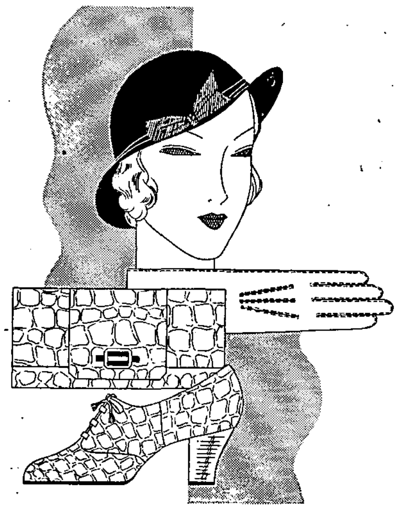
"Eddie's masterpiece, The Witch of Endor," she commented solemnly. "I still can't believe my eyes when I see myself coming out really quite normal on the screen. . . . Seriously, in fashions, it's the little things that count. The shoe is more important than the gown, the glove than the wrap. Yes, actually, if I had only fifty dollars to spend on a costume, I'd spend fifteen on the dress and the rest on the accessories. I could tell you a story—" Miss Bankhead bubbled and finally exploded. The rabbit's foot skidded into her mouth.

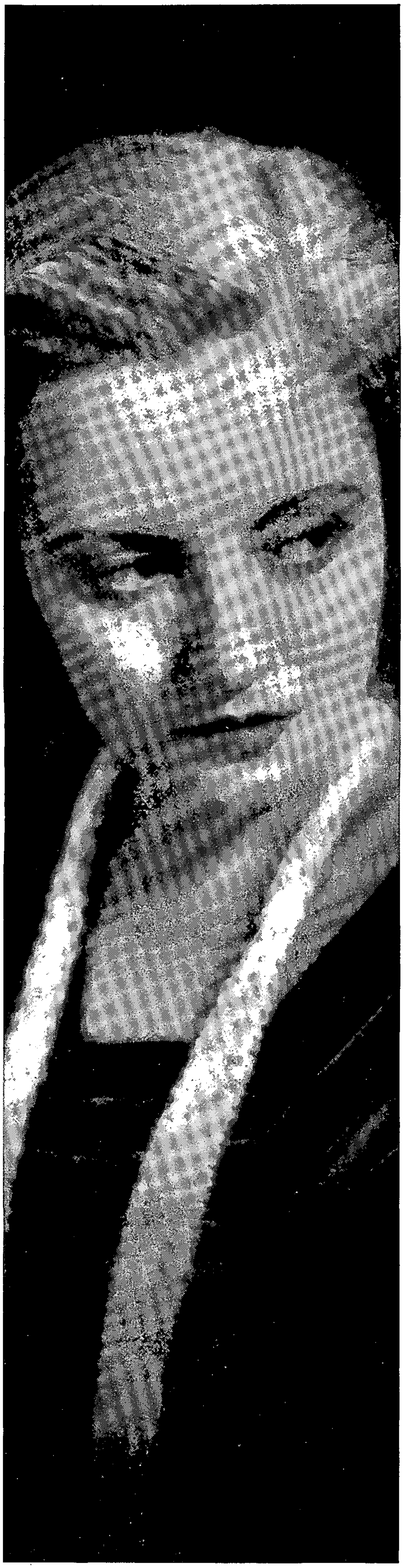
"I have a friend—a Frenchwoman—who won a bet by appearing in the Bois in her nightgown. She was snapped by all the photographers, not because she was indecent but because she was the smartest thing in sight. She had made a bet that, with the right accessories, she could make even a nightgown smart. With a white crêpe night robe, she wore a tiny red bolero, a red belt, a hat of paper-panama with a dark blue bow, a white string bag with a big blue button, white slip-on gloves, hand-stitched, white antelope and brown calfskin sports shoes—and three bracelets, one red, one white, one blue. It was this costume which helped launch the tricolor mode last spring."

Ringing Changes

She tried to peer around Eddie's impressive bulk but was defeated at every turn.

"Are you still there?" she murmured. "Yes. Well, whenever there's a craze like that—and when, in America, isn't there?—the thing to do is to ring some change on it, as, for example, instead of wearing the straight Old Glory colors, use a rose, a *poilu* blue, and even a faintly grayish white. . . . Come in!" she shrieked. One has to shriek to be heard across two rooms and through two doors. "Oh, the tea-boy! Do help yourself. It's no use my even trying. Something always balks my passion for tea. Eddie would have to do the mouth all over. . . . I suppose the reason you've come to me is because I'm a pretty typical American and—"





Shalitt

Tallulah Bankhead, one of the smartest women of the stage and screen

"A typically pretty American," I interrupted, in all sincerity.

"I mean—medium height, medium blond, sunburned and healthy looking. Yes, in spite of all this ballyhoo about 'Tallulah, the Mysterious,' 'Tallulah, the Exotic—the Illusive,' I'm just a good healthy girl with a husky voice and the strength of a horse. So what would look well on me would probably look well on a lot of other women.

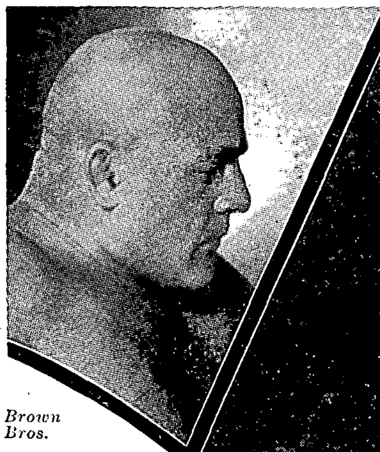
Smart Colors

"Well, in the first place, I'm always sunburned. I don't know myself how I do it. I certainly don't spend my winters on the Lido. This makes black and white and turquoise blue my best colors—but black and white are everyone's best colors, and never, even for five minutes, do they fail to be the smartest colors in Paris. Turquoise blue is just a weakness of mine.

"Well, what would I do to a simple black chiffon evening gown to distinguish it from everyone else's black chiffon rag? I might wear a three-quarter length turquoise velvet wrap, and beneath that, a little black chiffon jacket, turquoise-dotted—to create a little sense of mystery, you know, so that when I take my seat at a restaurant table, my costume doesn't say, 'Here I am—this is all there is to me,' but leaves something to wonder about. 'What in the world could be under that fascinating little jacket?' Then I might wear turquoise blue slippers or a turquoise brocade purse or a turquoise chiffon handkerchief or a turquoise blue belt or a turquoise buckle on a black belt, but *not* all of these. Probably only two or three spots of color. If the purse is not turquoise, it is a neutral color—a pinky beige, a bit of antique Persian brocade—but a turquoise handkerchief pops out of it. Or I may wear a young waterfall of flesh-colored flowers on the shoulder, a twist of flesh chiffon in the girdle, and flesh satin slippers. . . . Thank heaven you've finished, Eddie. You have no idea how difficult it is to talk around the edges of you. On second thought, I'm inclined to think the title of the drama you have depicted on my countenance should be What Happened at Ypres. Send Louis, won't you? . . .

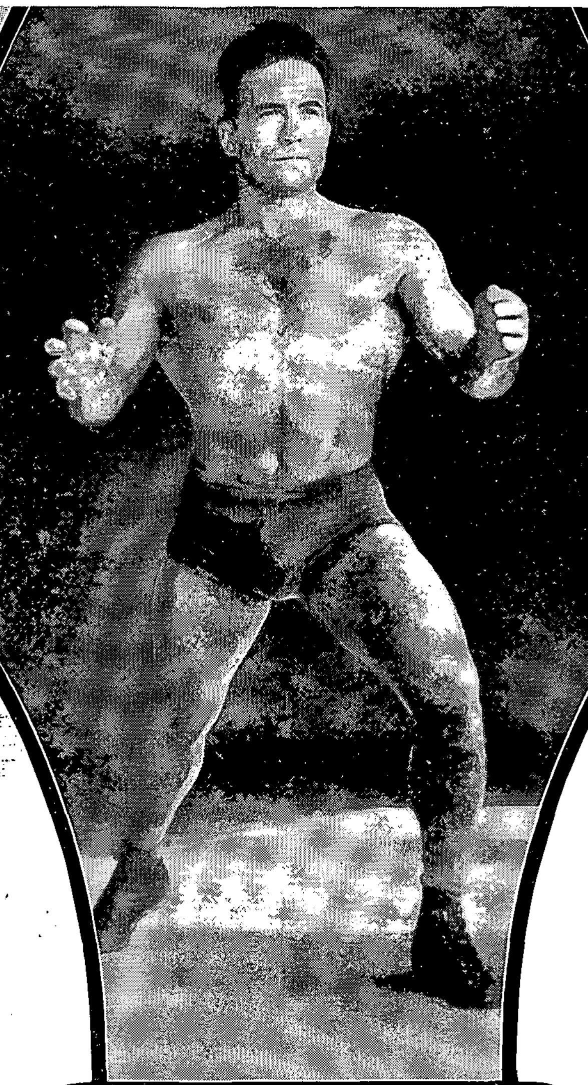
"But before I get too deeply involved in this matter of color—it's a passion of mine—there's one

(Continued on page 69)



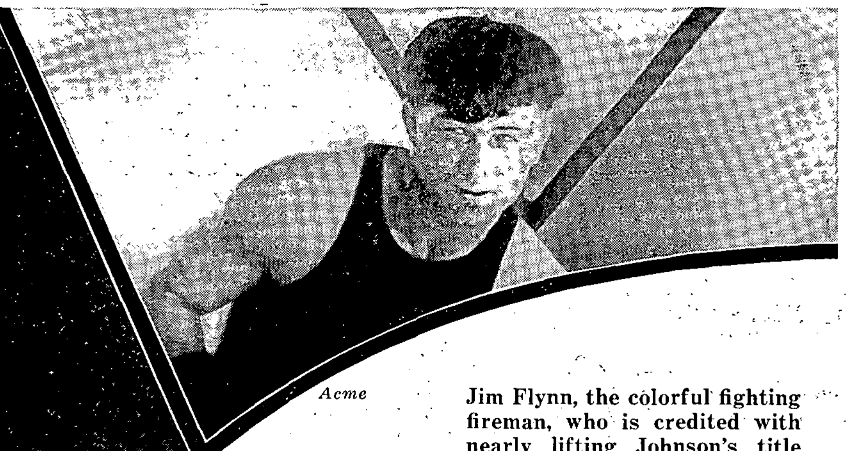
Brown Bros.

Stanislas Zbyszko, the Pole whose long record has earned for him the sobriquet of "the grand old man of wrestling"



Acme

Jim Londos, "the Greek god," present occupant of the disputed mat throne



Acme

Jim Flynn, the colorful fighting fireman, who is credited with nearly lifting Johnson's title and knocking out Jack Dempsey

Pillars of Sport

Jack Curley, sports promoter extraordinary, has spent a large part of his life moving mountains—of flesh—from one crowded wrestling arena to another, and managing such headline habitués as William Jennings Bryan and Rudolph Valentino. His success story is presented here as the second of a series on the men who swing the gates

By John B. Kennedy

MR. FLYNN, the Fighting Italian Fireman of Pueblo, Colorado, had a busy evening. He is the same Mr. Flynn credited with knocking out an obscure fighter named Jack Dempsey in Utah, although revised history has it that the result of that contest was known in advance to others more practical than the prophets.

This specified evening, Mr. Flynn sought amusement. He found it and was in genial mood when he heard noises in the night. A lady was weeping and, between tears, berating a gentleman. Mr. Flynn heard blows and a scream. He investigated. A direct person, Mr. Flynn; bursting open the door of a private apartment was routine to him when he wanted to get somewhere. Remember, he was a fireman.

He entered a room where a man was hitting a woman.

"Stop that!" bawled Mr. Flynn.

The man scowled at him for a second, and for the next second entertained Mr. Flynn's right fist on his chin, thereafter becoming uninterested in what happened. And this is what happened: the lady picked up a poker and struck Mr. Flynn. Gallantry flies out the window when a poker lands on the skull. Mr. Flynn dropped the lady.

None of these amenities was completed without sound. Policemen appeared, two of them. Quite naturally they misunderstood the scene, knowing nothing of its origin, beholding only Mr. Flynn standing and swearing, with a gentleman deposited on the floor at one side of him and a lady on the other.

"Come along, Jim," said one cop, drawing his baton.

"Quiet," said the other, duplicating the draw.

Mr. Flynn glared. As one cop advanced Mr. Flynn dropped him. The other cop advanced. But by this time Mr. Flynn was warmed up to his work. He suffered a belt on the side of the head, which he reciprocated. The second cop dropped. Then Mr. Flynn, leaving four persons *hors de combat,* fled.

He moved swiftly down dark bystreets to the freight yards and came to Shorty Adams' saloon. Shorty was host and chief check-casher to the railroad men. He served Mr. Flynn drinks and heard Mr. Flynn's urgent plea that exit from Pueblo be expedited. Mr. Flynn was advanced a twenty-dollar gold piece and a generous scoop of free lunch. He went into the freight yards. No freight was handy. But a switch engine stood idly under steam. Mr. Flynn boarded it. Knowing all the levers and gadgets from experience as a fireman, he started the iron horse and went clattering out of the yards, on and on into open country until he passed a freight train, on another track, lumbering towards Denver. He carefully parked the switch engine on a siding and climbed into the first open car in the freight train.

So, eventually, after plying his trade as pugilist in odd corners of the country, he fell into the friendly hands of Jack Curley at a time when Mr. Curley, having staged wrestling bouts for the championship of the world, heard the call to do for the ring what he had done and overdone for the mat.

He matched Jim Flynn against Jack Johnson, Negro king of the clouters. This gave Mr. Flynn, as it were, the freedom of his city, and the mayor and the chamber of commerce arranged to do him honor. It should be mentioned that the chief of police was not enthusiastic about Mr. Flynn's return as Mr. Flynn's last moment of hasty retreat from Pueblo had been an encounter with the police chief—summoned by the two cops when they recovered from Mr. Flynn's rights to their chins. Mr. Flynn had torn the chief's coat in a tussle and otherwise treated him with unbecoming indignity.

All Is Forgiven

These boyish pranks were forgotten in the glad rush of Pueblo to sports pages. Mr. Flynn reëntered the town in triumph—and with Mr. Curley. There were hosannas, and the car on which they rode paused in front of an imposing building surrounded by a large wall:

"The old school," said Mr. Flynn, sentimentally, to Mr. Curley—who wondered, having seen and heard enough of Mr. Flynn to hazard a guess that Mr. Flynn's education had been informal. It was explained to Mr. Curley that the imposing building was a state reformatory—and all was understood.

Mr. Curley had never before had under his wing a candidate for the heavyweight boxing championship of the world. He took Mr. Flynn to New Mexico and advertised him as the white hope against the black monarch of maulers, who smilingly awaited him near Las Vegas, where a ring was pitched for battle. Pausing in Albuquerque, Mr. Curley tried to make the most of the well-timed pause. A convention of firemen was on, and he wanted them to behold the fighting fireman. The fighting ground was near at hand and delegates and their wives and friends might be induced to tarry and flow through the turnstiles.

He produced Mr. Flynn at a monster rally where Mr. Flynn was adorned with a jeweled badge—jewels front, plain on the reverse side. While eulogies were being bellowed Mr. Flynn was deeply concerned about the badge. He kept looking at it and patting it to keep the jeweled face foremost. In due time he was introduced as the savior of the white race. He began to speak in the gruff, manly accent of one more accustomed to attacking coal than rhetoric.

The Frustration of Mr. Flynn

"Ladies and gents," he said, "I'm going to lick the Negro."

A nonenthusiast in the audience yelled an equivalent of the modern "Yeah?"

Mr. Flynn stopped, shook a fist like a folded bunch of asparagus.

"Come on up here, you—" he cried, without editing. "And I'll lick you first."

The fight took place at Las Vegas, and Mr. Curley, beaming with his balloon-tire lips, sat at the ringside. Round after round went by. The spectators saw untiring aggression from Mr. Flynn, masterly defense by Mr. Johnson, who excelled in just that.

Curley's trained eye saw that Johnson wearied. The Negro was old and fat. It seemed to Mr. Curley as the fight progressed that he was about to see the title change hands, and go to the fighting fireman. This cheered Mr. Curley's heart, for it meant that he would have a piece of the fireman.

Others were not cheered—among them deputy sheriffs at the ringside to enforce law and order. Seeing there was enough law on hand they began to order. They ordered the bout to stop on the charge that it was not a boxing exhibition but a prize fight.

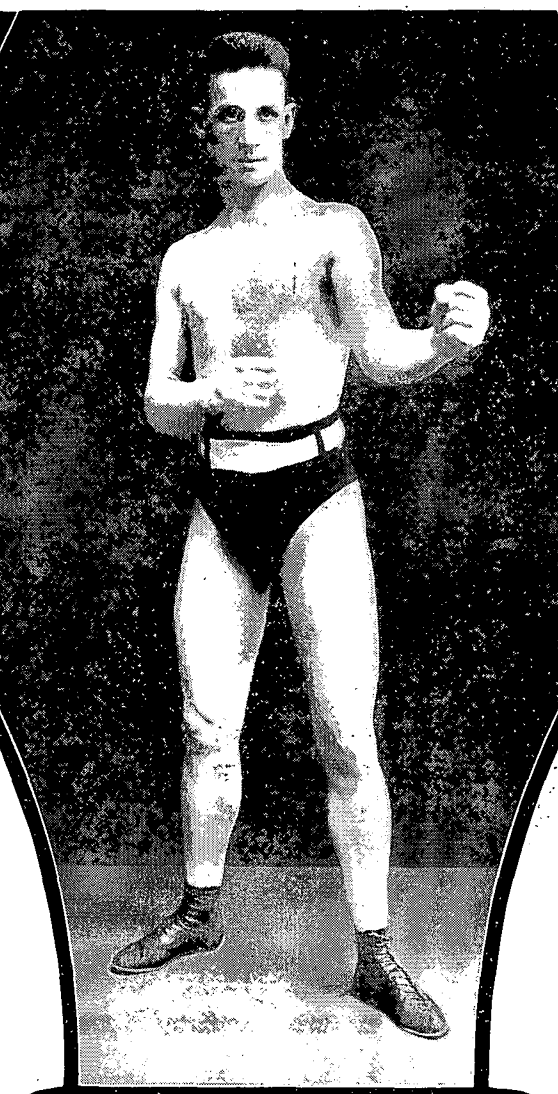
Nobody questioned their exalted motives—except the boys who had taken an outside chance by betting against the champion and were strongly of the opinion that the officers of the law had followed the majority and strung along with the champion.

Mr. Curley himself was huffed.

"Johnson," he recalls, "was almost exhausted when the fight was stopped. Fireman Jim Flynn had a good chance

International News

Geo. Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," whose famous bouts with Gotch made wrestling history



Brown Bros.

Tommy Ryan, the noted welter, who was "the first fighter to regard books other than as missiles"

Keystone

William T. Tilden, former tennis champion, who now plays under Promoter Curley's management

to be champion. And when the sheriffs pulled that one about the contest being a prize fight, I asked them what they thought we'd sold tickets to."

So, with Mr. Flynn's frustration, came bitter moments for Mr. Curley, whose ambition to stage a show in which a title changed hands was thus sent glimmering.

Turning, now, from the gladiator whose prowess put Mr. Curley within tantalizing reach of that chance, we may improve our minds by considering the process through which an humble son of Alsace becomes a great promoter of good and clean-enough-to-get-by sport in America.

Jacques Armand took the name Curley when, in the course of human events, he had been brought by his parents to San Francisco and learned that a husky lad in his teens could make a few honest dollars by battling lads of similar natural endowment.

He discovered, as so many practitioners of the manly art do, that in the matter of punches it is much better to give than to receive, and that a further improvement on that is to promote and manage wallopers. He quit San Francisco in his early twenties and found himself in St. Louis, the old St. Louis of thriving breweries, nearly-all-night saloons and with the sporting traditions of river days impregnating every square foot of foggy atmosphere.

Fifty-eight Rounds to a Draw

Boxing was not legalized in Missouri, but Mr. Curley was too young to be held accountable to inconvenient taboos. He heard of rivalry between two lusty brewery workers, known as the two Guses. Gus No. 1 was German, Gus No. 2 was Hungarian. Jack Curley matched them for a finish fight to take place over Tom Kelly's saloon at 60 Market Street. Both men weighed around 150 pounds; both agreed to wear skin-tight gloves. Mr. Curley bet $300 on Gus No. 1.

The fight began at 10 P. M. before a group of fifty critics. Everybody drank but Mr. Curley, who has yet to taste alcohol or soil his tonsils with nicotine. Hour after hour the two Guses pummeled each other, while the promoter went among his fifty customers prompting bets. The battle went to ten rounds, twenty, thirty and still neither fighter wearied.

"I never saw more gore," says Mr. Curley. "It was the bloodiest fight I ever witnessed."

At round fifty-eight the two Guses collapsed, the customers disbanded and Mr. Curley found himself with no profit whatever as a foresighted soul had decamped with the stakes.

Compelled to feed on the copious free lunch afforded by St. Louis saloons, Mr. Curley didn't find the compulsion difficult save for the extraordinary quantities of soda pop a teetotaler was obliged to consume under the eyes of scornful bartenders. He promoted other fights, with more satisfactory pecuniary results than his first effort. He moved East, having learned much of the technique of sports promotion. He took under his wing, which was and still is of maximum spread, the famed Tommy Ryan.

Mr. Ryan was a welterweight with dynamite in both hands. He was also the first of the ringmen to regard books as something other than missiles. He could meet and beat heavyweights by outsmarting them. Under Curley's management Mr. Ryan prospered and, as it were, set Mr. Curley up in business. In those days, as Mr. Curley phrases it, $500 for a fight was a lot of jack. Mr. Curley acquired his share of many bouts involving a lot of jack. When he had what he considered enough, he set out seriously to put wrestling on the map. He had always been fond of wrestling. Indeed, he might have remained exclusively a wrestling promoter but for an early disappointment.

Yussuf, the first in a long series of Terrible Turks who have been principally Bulgarians and Greeks, was sent to this country by an Athenian gentleman named Peri. Through some stratagem M. Peri had won the confidence of the old Sultan Mohammed, whose wrestlers were as dear to his heart as the lovely ladies of the harem. He permitted M. Peri to experiment with Yussuf the Terrible in Europe and America. M. Peri sent Yussuf westward, where he was met and proselyted by a reception committee on which the celebrated Mr. William A. Brady appears to have served.

Mr. Curley had a gentleman under his wing who shall be nameless. Curley matched him against Yussuf the Terrible and expected great things. His hero failed him, however. The bout had only gone three minutes when Curley's man took a prompt exit, leaving Yussuf in undisputed possession of the mat. Two irate ladies followed Curley's man to the doors and beyond. Both were his current wives.

To this hurried history it is more important to note that Yussuf the Terrible was succeeded as an Ottoman attraction by Madrali the Awful. It was Curley who plunged into international renown as a promoter by matching the great Georges Hackenschmidt with Madrali. Hackenschmidt hated Madrali and when they met he spoiled a perfect show, with customers abounding, by breaking Madrali's arm and pinning him with a flying mare in one and one-half minutes.

So Mr. Curley was again disappointed as a promoter. But sufficient interest had been aroused in Hackenschmidt and Gotch to make another bout for the world title profitable. The first had gone two hours when Hack resigned. He had trained in his hotel room, whereas Frank Gotch, the corn-fed bruiser from Humboldt, Iowa, had trained on his farm. Gotch was in better shape and outlasted Hack.

Yes, He Knew Gotch

In Minneapolis Curley, fired with his crusade to make wrestling the major interest of the customers who are born every minute, found that coincidence had brought Hackenschmidt and Gotch under the roof of the same hotel. If he could persuade them to meet after they had parted on ill terms, it would be occasion for rejoicing and the prelude to a return bout with himself as ringmaster. He went to Hackenschmidt, who flatly refused to have anything to do with Gotch. He went to Gotch, engaged in buying machinery for his farm, and argued that the proceeds of a bout with Hack would pay the bills with plenty over.

Gotch finally consented to meet Hack. Then Curley reapproached the Russian Lion. After much suasion Hack agreed to be found eating in the hotel dining-room. Curley was to lead in Gotch, and Hack was to shake hands with Gotch.

Curley, gay with anticipation, went after Gotch. Gotch accompanied him. There was Hackenschmidt in the dining-room, sipping tea. Curley strode forward, smiling like a very much enlarged billiken. Gotch reached the table.

International News

Jack Curley, promoter, under whose skilled management the wrestling business has made a notable comeback

"Hack," said Curley, "you know Gotch."

The great Hackenschmidt looked up, saw Gotch, sneered and said:

"Swine!"

"So's your old man in Russia," barked Gotch and quit.

A very anxious moment for Mr. Curley. His world dropped to pieces. But he picked it up and put it together again. Going after Gotch, he convinced him, with much accented eloquence, that Hack's rudeness was not framed. Then he bearded the Russian Lion in his room and bath. Hackenschmidt and Gotch shook hands in the hotel. The next time they shook hands was in a Chicago ring, with Mr. Curley promoting.

The End of Hackenschmidt

Previous to the match, Hackenschmidt had contracted water on the elbow and knee—a plague on wrestlers second in evil only to contracting water on the brain. Hackenschmidt also claimed that plotters had sprinkled buckshot on the floor of the gymnasium in which he trained. Really, the shot had leaked from a weighing bag.

It is said an arrangement was made to protect Curley's financial interest by having both wrestlers win a fall each, draw and be matched again. Gotch had been extremely dubious about winning his first bout with Hackenschmidt, so dubious that he had diffidently named $400 as a vaudeville contract price, win, lose or draw, when he had been offered $1,200 in event of victory. But he went into the ring with the confidence of a champion. He dived for Hack's injured knee, then applied the excruciating toe-hold, which caught Hack by surprise. The Russian was quickly pinned. He went from that ring never to return to America, and wrestling was legally banned by Illinois for many years.

"His trouble," says Curley, in somber retrospect, "was that he was a millionaire. To fight, they've got to be hungry."

And how could the great Hack go hungry when he had made $2,000 a week for years as a vaudeville attraction constrained, by contract, to appear on the stage with his magnificent legs uncovered?

The bout, a disappointment to Curley, who cared little for Gotch, had whipped interest in wrestling to fever heat. Curley saw opportunities.

Curley Looks Abroad

He spread his wing and took the redoubtable Benjamin Franklin Roller, M. D., to Europe. Dr. Roller, now the genial if gigantic house physician of a New York hotel, was a football prodigy from DePauw University. He had wrestled Jenkins, Beal and other famed matmen and had some claim to recognition as American champion. Gotch disposed of him but Dr. Roller continued to roll them, with good results at the box office. Jack Curley decided to build up the wrestling game in America by the subtle method of having an American invade Europe and beat the best they had there.

At that time the best happened to be the elder Zbyszko, Stanislas, brother of the current Wladek. Curley met Stanislas at Rottingdean in Sussex. It was at a country pub. The landlord showed Curley into a room where a table groaned under food—roast leg of lamb, bacon and several vegetables, including a bowl of Irish potatoes. Zbyszko pronged a spud with a fork and devoured it in two bites—quite a feat when you consider the girth of an Irish potato.

"I don't want to intrude on a family dinner," said Curley, drawing up a chair.

"Family dinner?" growled Zbyszko. "This is my dinner."

The contract was subsequently drawn for Zbyszko to wrestle Dr. Roller, a proviso therein being that Stanislas Zbyszko would defray his own training expenses.

Curley was set. Europe, for the first time, would see what big-league promotion meant. He selected Vienna as the site for this international match because the natives, at that time, were bitten by the wrestling bug. He planned a two-months ballyhoo, and with his knowledge of German was able to persuade the Vienna newspapers to give ample publicity to the contest.

While working in Vienna, Curley found prejudice on the part of the public against an American promoter. This threatened to discount the inspired interest of the press. But Curley had a break. He made it a practice to run every morning in a pleasant park on the outskirts of the city. One morning a carriage with postilions overtook him. A footman motioned to him, and a uniformed officer leaned out of the carriage with a brief greeting. Curley responded and was asked by the officer, in excellent English, if he were an American. Curley explained his mission in Vienna.

When Curley returned to his hotel he found himself a hero. There had arrived a courier from the Archduke Ferdinand, the same Ferdinand whose assassination at Sarajevo ignited the World War: the same officer who had addressed Curley from his carriage.

The courier had left word for Curley to reserve a box at the wrestling match for His Imperial Highness Ferdinand. This put the thing across with a bang: every seat was sold and Curley ripped out screens and other woodwork in the arena to accommodate standing-room customers.

A Reticent Champion

Dr. Roller was training at Frankfort, Germany, in order to study under Professor Ehrlich, discoverer of salvarsan. When the doctor rolled into Vienna he was received with brass bands.

On the eve of the contest Curley gave a dinner in honor of the doctor and the press, and all was happy as a sorority gossip fest when a page handed Curley a wire. He opened it. It was from Cracow in Galicia and it read—for Curley remembers every syllable:

CANNOT WRESTLE TOMORROW NIGHT
SPRAINED LEFT KNEE
STANISLAS ZBYSZKO

The dinner proceeded, without enthusiasm on Curley's part. He excused himself for a moment, taking the wire with him so that the newsmen couldn't get a peek at its contents. Learning that the only train for Cracow left in eleven minutes, he rushed a telephone message through to Zbyszko that he'd see him in the morning. And Curley made a ten-hour trip through the night in his tuxedo.

At Cracow he had just one hour before the return train to Vienna—the only train, for it was Sunday. There were no taxis. He hired a horse-hack and jogged through the streets to the house of Europe's champion wrestler. Zbyszko opened the door. Curley asked him about his injury. Zbyszko smiled.

"My friends have planned a banquet for me tonight," he confessed; "that's why I don't want to wrestle."

Curley spent no time in cursing. He helped Zbyszko dress, urged him to the hack, and they climbed the train to Vienna just as the guards blew the starting horn.

Realize that Mr. Curley weighs some 240 pounds; that he has no particular relish for losing sleep or for swift motion, and some idea of his zeal for international sport may penetrate even an indifferent mind.

Stanislas Zbyszko won that match. Curley, disappointed that he couldn't take home an American champion, begged Zbyszko instead. With the great Zbyszko as heavy lead, Mr. Curley raided the whale market in Europe, where the natives can apparently sit through with enjoyment whole weeks of tournament wrestling. He returned to the United States on a boat that carried a few tons of recruited wrestlers as ballast. Mr. Curley rather fancied himself as an importer of European novelties on the hoof—a sort of circus Noah. The athletes were versatile. They could change their styles of wrestling, their names and their nationalities to meet market conditions. In the coal fields of Pennsylvania, for instance, it was found to be more conducive to the gate for Pompelli of Italy, say, to become Llewellyn Jones, the fighting Welshman from Gllanffegghannaryyllitch; while amid the uproars of South Boston it was no trick at all for the dark Hungarian Fraviskow to switch rôles as Knock-'em-Dead Donovan of County Tralee.

The Decline of Wrestling

But when wrestling failed to satisfy the popular demand for action and more of it, the old game sank into disrepute. Mr. Curley, in his disingenuous manner, will not name dates and places. Neither will anybody else; but veteran wrestling fans recall, with copious tears, how the hippodrome flourished in the land. It became a nice question for experts in entertainment to differentiate between a wrestling bout and the living statuary acts then in vogue. State after state banned the sport. Mr. Curley found himself with a bevy of famine-breeders under his still-industrious wing. At that moment there was nothing he would have welcomed more than a well-enforced deportation law.

Curley laid off the racket for a while. He and the celebrated Dr. Roller left on an extended tour of Europe, on the off chance that they might run across some talented behemoth who could be built up into a new threat to American wrestling supremacy and thus revive a waning industry.

In London there called at his hotel

(*Continued on page 52*)

What the Customers Want

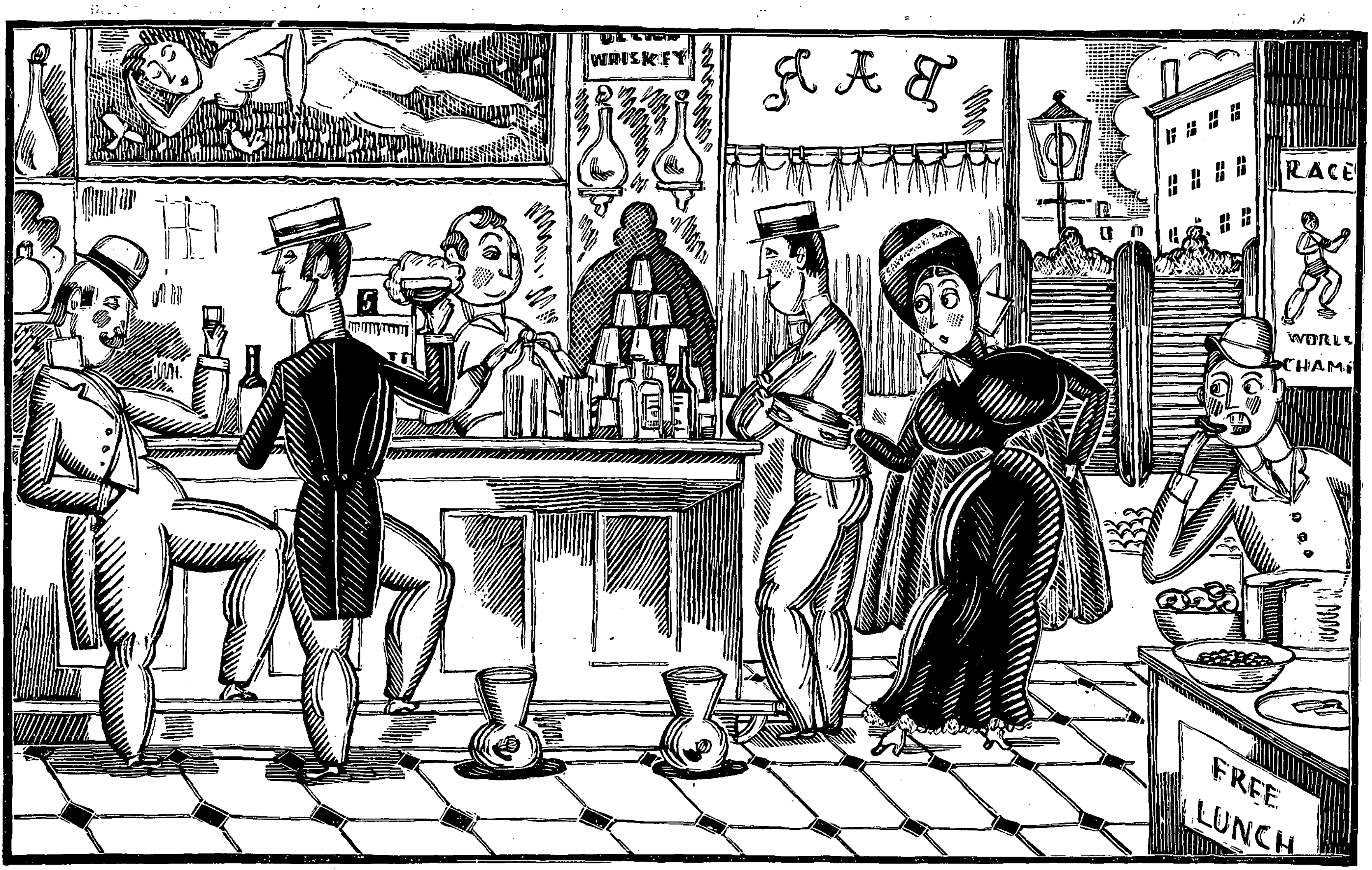
IN ALL parts of this country there are retail merchants in nearly every line who are doing better business this year. John T. Flynn has called on many of them. A few weeks ago he started out, at Collier's request, to visit the commercially important sections of the country and collect the experiences of retailers who, because they know what the customers want, have moved ahead when they might have blamed general conditions for making them stand still.

Mr. Flynn traveled from coast to coast. Dealers in Portland, Maine, and Portland, Oregon, San Francisco and New York, Grand Rapids and Atlanta, Omaha, Louisville and scores of other towns told him their stories.

Everywhere he found that modern methods, ingenuity and imagination were building solid progress. The first of his articles appears next week—an inspiring story of American business men and women and their customers.

Business Is
What You Make It
***By* John T. Flynn**

IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S



John Held, Jr.—Engraver

"It's for the down-and-out, gentlemen. It's nothing to what you boys spend for drinks"

Ten Minutes in a Barroom

Mr. Marquis listens to the echoes of olden times

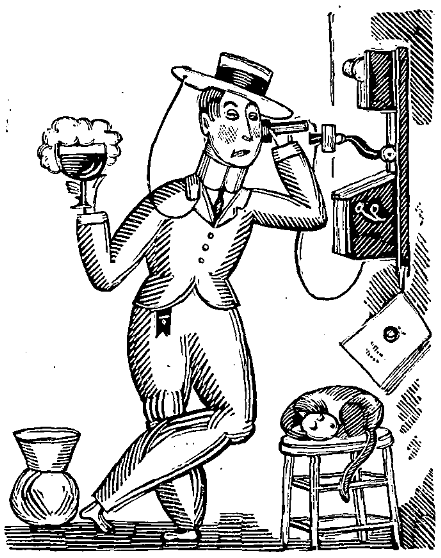
By Don Marquis

I HEAR a lot of people regretting the old-time barroom, comparing it with the speakeasy and trying to get romantic about it. I don't really know anything about speakeasies, for I don't think I have been in a dozen of them in the dozen years they have been in existence.

But with the old-time barroom of twenty and twenty-five years ago I was reasonably familiar—some people used to say almost unreasonably familiar. I imagine that there is not a great deal of difference between the speakeasy that is and the saloon which used to be.

And I have grave doubts as to the cultural and social advantages of either one. Musing one evening recently upon the old-fashioned saloon which flourished in the days of my youth, I presently began to recall its atmosphere in some detail—I began to hear a babble of noises and voices and realized that I had dreamed myself back a quarter of a century and was, in effect, standing with my foot on a brass rail.

The experience made me pretty certain that I don't exactly want the old-fashioned saloon back again. And I think it may be in order to present ten minutes of the dream to show the mental tone of the institution to those who do not recall, or never *knew,* the old saloon.



SCENE: Any barroom in any American city of more than 100,000 population.

TIME: Anywhere from 1905 to 1909.

(*The crash and jangle of a cash register is the first thing we hear. There is the sound of a siphon fizzing. The clatter of dice being shaken.*)

SINGER (*in a rusted tenor that has been left out nights*):

"Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the night, she wore it in the day. . . ."

ACTOR (*in the voice some of you remember*): Know him? Know Booth? Eddie Booth! Why it was from me that Eddie Booth got most of his business for Hamlet!

(*The telephone rings. There is the sound of a barrel smitten with a bung-starter. The rattle and roll of dice. A little girl sticks her head through the swinging doors, looking for Papa.*)

DICE SHAKER: Three sixes; I'll save 'em.

SECOND DICE SHAKER: That's a leg on me.

FIRST D. S.: You mean that's a horse on you! Ain't it, Al?

I'll leave it to Al!

BARTENDER: It's a horse, Charlie.

MAN AT TELEPHONE (*trying to seem plausible*): Lissen! Now lissen to me, honey, and don't get sore! Lemme tell you, I'm callin' from the office. Yeah, the office! Now, honey, be reasonable—I can't help it if business keeps me, can I, honey? Yeah, the office, I tell you—the office. . . .

(*Noise of glasses. Siphon. Rattle and roll of dice. The bung-starter again.*)

SINGER:

"—she wore a yellow ribbon;
She wore it in the night, she wore it in the day,
And when I ast her why the hell she done it. . . ."

(*Crash of cash register.*)

CUSTOMER (*at the free-lunch end of the bar*): Say, Mike, why doncha get a new can of beans for the free lunch?

PROPRIETOR: Whatcha expect this time o' night?

CUSTOMER: The whiskers on these has turned gray.

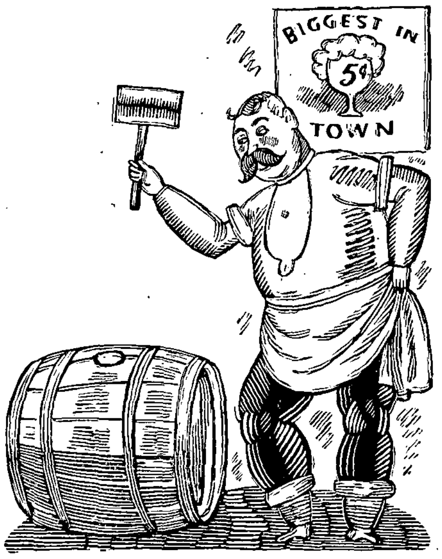
PROPRIETOR: You'd be gray yourself if you'd been kissed by every bum from Madison Square to the Battery.

ROOSEVELT FAN (*passionately*): I tell you, Teddy Ruzevelt is the only President we ever had with the guts to tell the trusts where they got off!

BRYAN FAN: Yeah? How about Bill Bryan? Teddy stole Bryan's stuff!

ROOSEVELT FAN: Bryan's an anarchist, I tell you, an anarchist!

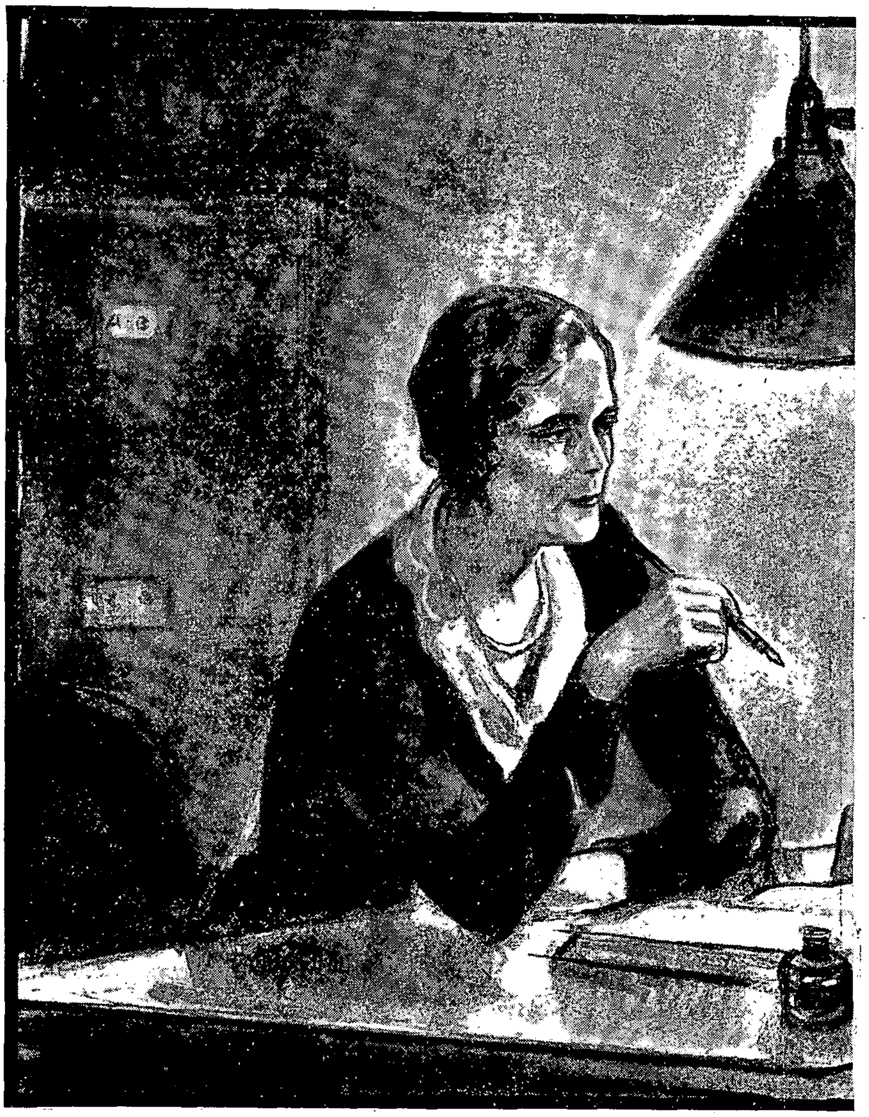
(*Continued on page 31*)



Irish Eyes

By Kathleen Norris

Copyright, 1931, by Kathleen Norris



"You've got a reference, dearie, from someone that knows you?" Mrs. O'Connor asked. "I can get it," said Sheila

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with Peter McCann, son of Judge McCann, a noted New York jurist, Sheila Carscadden learns, from the boy's own lips, that he loves her but is to marry another girl, Gertrude Keane.

Alone—having met secretly in an old unused library room—they discuss the situation; then prepare to leave. The doors are locked, the building deserted! While trying to make their escape they encounter two men—gangsters, who (for reasons of their own) kidnap them and take them far out in the country, where they spend the night in a weird old farmhouse.

Two days later, they are released. Returning to the city, Sheila receives a cold welcome. Her family seem strangely skeptical of her story. Then Joe produces a telegram—one which Sheila, wishing those at home to know of her safety, had induced one of the gangsters to send for her. Sent from Boston, not New York, it reads: "Peter and I married here. Sheila."

"But," she protests, "we weren't married!"

Hitherto skeptical, the family are now plainly shocked. Hurt beyond endurance, the girl rebels. "I'm going away!" she says. "I'm going away—and never come back!"

Frank McCann, Peter's brother, comes in. "My brother will do whatever you think is best—marry you if—" he begins.

"No!" interrupts Mrs. Carscadden. "It wouldn't be fair to your brother an' him in love with another young lady!"

Sheila, dumfounded, gazes at her mother; and slowly, very slowly, a resolve takes possession of her—daring, strange, destined to alter the current of her whole future life.

VIII

"MY FATHER—my brother—we all want to—well, to do whatever we can—" Frank began again.

Sheila, disdaining words, laughed scornfully.

"Come," Frank said, "you like Pete, you know you do."

"Sheila," Angela breathed, "you *love* him! You've always loved him. Why—don't you—"

Sheila touched her sister's hand.

"Shut up," she said mildly. Angela was still. "Perhaps," Sheila suggested, "perhaps you'll let me decide whether I want to marry anyone or not."

There was a dead silence. Frank broke it suddenly.

"Well, we'll get the police onto these gangsters," he summarized it, standing now, with his brown gloves and his hat in his hand, "and we'll deny that there was a marriage, or we'll—we'll settle that some way, and that's all there'll be to it."

"You've certainly been awfully kind about the whole thing," Joe muttered, gratefully.

"Sheila, step out here into the hall a minute," Frank said. "I want to speak to you."

Still disheveled, and pale, and with delicate umber circles about her dark blue eyes, Sheila obeyed. It was marvelous how she liked to obey him. She leaned against the dirty wall of the odorous narrow hallway and Frank addressed a few urgent sentences to her.

"Sheila, I know how you feel. It's been terribly rough on you," Frank began. "But you mustn't blame your folks. What else could they think when those wires came, but that you and Pete had run off together?

"This Ken, whoever he is, must be a smart devil," Frank went on, as Sheila merely raised her solemn eyes to his without speaking. "He's probably the brains of the whole outfit. He saw that an elopement would shut us all up, d'you see, and give them time. It's too bad, it's all as rotten as it can be, but it's nobody's fault. You just have to keep your nerve for a few days. . . ."

"Will the morning papers have the story that we were married?" the girl asked, somberly.

"Well, they may. But what do you care, if—" Frank changed the form of his words—"since it's not true?" he asked.

"I *do* care," she said, stubbornly.

"Can't you look at the whole thing as a sort of adventure, something that might happen in a movie, say? You and Pete will think this is a great joke, some day."

"There's only one thing," Sheila began suddenly, after a troubled study of his handsome, dark face. "I won't marry Peter McCann. Not if the Church itself—"

"Listen, listen," he said soothingly, his hand on her arm, "you don't have to get so excited about it. You don't have to. You don't have to marry anyone, if you don't want to!"

"I'll become a nun, first!" Sheila whispered, fiercely. She saw Frank's characteristic half-smile brighten his face.

"You won't have to go that far."

"But if his mother and father expect me to—" Sheila began, anxiously.

Frank reflected a moment.

"They don't," he told her briefly.

"You're sure they don't?"

The man spoke more slowly:

"Why, they wouldn't want you to do anything you didn't want to do. They might think you wanted to."

"Well," she said, in instant relief, "I don't want to."

"You know, Sheila," Frank began, and looked away, hesitating. "You know, my mother thought," he began again, "that since you and Peter had been shut up in that place for two nights—"

He hesitated, and Sheila took it up defiantly:

"Yes, I know. And what's more, Peter was in my room that first night, what there was left of it, that is. But I don't care! It doesn't make the slightest difference."

"It was only a question of justice to you, Sheila."

"Well, you can tell your mother that I'm perfectly satisfied!"

"Miss Kennedy—my young lady—" Frank persisted, "agreed with my mother."

"Well, then she doesn't understand the way I feel!" Sheila said hotly.

Frank was smiling, as at an angry child.

"SHE'S a pretty wise young lady, Bernadette," he said, as if he were merely thinking aloud. Sheila stood looking at him, panting.

"*You* don't think I ought to marry Peter!" she challenged him.

"I thought—" Her earnestness affected him in spite of himself, and he looked at her with his kindest expression. Sheila seemed small and pale, in her scant old cotton gown, with her tumbled coppery bang falling on her broad forehead. She had backed against the wall, she was fighting for her life.

"I thought you'd want to, Sheila," Frank said, sympathetically.

"Frank!" Suddenly she was clinging to him, jumbled against him, soft and warm and sweet. "Don't let them make me!"

If he said anything to her she did not hear it. His arm was about her for a minute, his face against her hair.

Then they had drawn apart, and his fingers, that had been gripping hers, were loosened, and he was running down the stairs. Sheila stood dazed, alone in the hallway. After a while she turned toward the kitchen; a strange light was in her absent eyes, a dreamy smile on her lips. She moved like a sleepwalker.

When she reëntered the room it was to a sulphurous silence on the part of her mother, who was alone there. Joe had gone to bed in the front room, and Angela was in Sheila's place in the big bed, crying, asleep, or feigning unconsciousness, Sheila could not tell. It was a little hard to manage a dignified performance of disrobing and ablutions with her mother's steely eyes upon her, and with the consciousness that she would presently come to bed in the same small room with her, but Sheila achieved it.

Her heart was hard, but it was ready to melt at one word, one sign of softening from her mother. It did not come. Sheila put on her nightgown, elaborately omitted her prayers, got into the cot bed and was instantly feigning slumber as deep as Angela's.

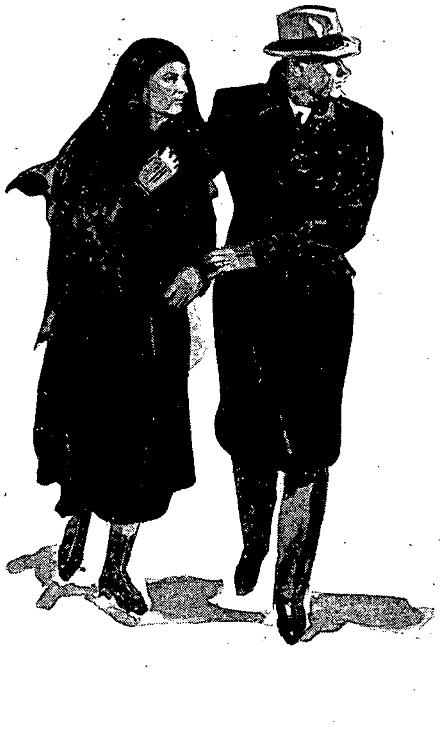
Angela rarely slept in the big bed. It was a tacit sign of Sheila's alienation from the family that she should be there tonight.

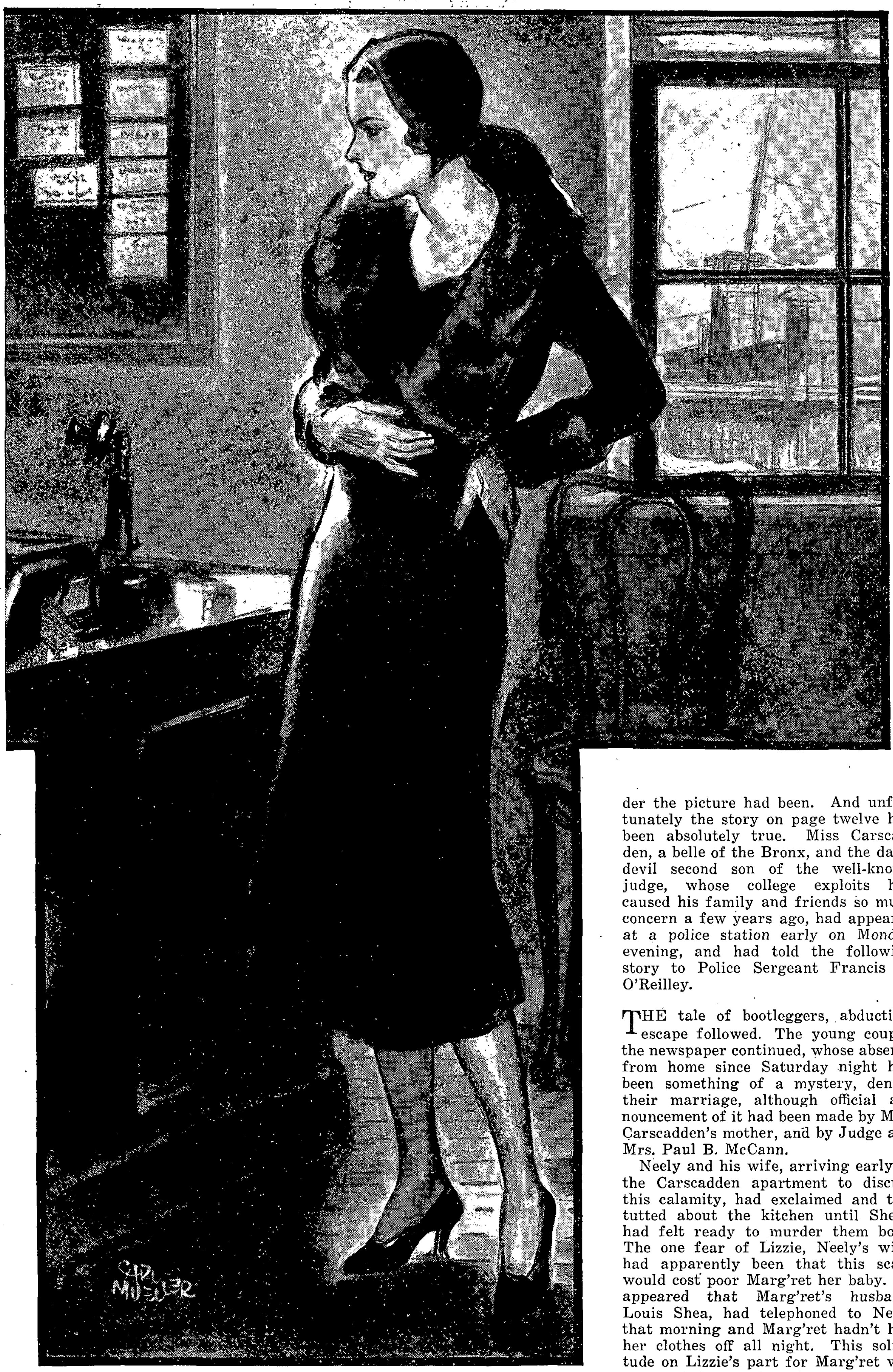
"A lot I care!" Sheila thought angrily. "They're all against me!" She deliberately summoned Frank McCann to her mind, deliberately dwelt upon every look of his, every word, his smiling remoteness from any trouble of hers; he that was so cool and faultless and amused at it all! "No girl would ever get that one into trouble," Sheila thought, going off to sleep.

At eleven o'clock the next morning she and her mother and Joe presented themselves at the McCann mansion. Part of the way they rode in a bus, following the Fifth Avenue side of the park in the holiday-morning excitement.

CROWDS were already gathering for the parade. Bands were abroad. There was snow left in the park, great stretches of it, under the bare trees, and there were children skating and screaming on the pond. It was a cold, sunless morning, with a sharp bite in the heavy air. Sheila maintained a sulky silence all the way; her mother and brother scarcely spoke.

She was but twenty-one. And this morning her life was ruined before her. No girl alive could live down headlines





like those, no girl could go to an office with this to face!

Most of the morning papers had run a conservative notice of the marriage. "Second Son of Judge McCann Surprises Family," and "Missing Pair Married in Boston"—that was the general order.

But the tabloid paper had had a picture of Sheila and Peter on the front page; Sheila looking perfectly wild in her tousled travel-crumpled clothes, and Peter like the scared, lanky boy he was. And under this the caption had been, "Love Birds Fly Home. Bandits, Not Wedlock, Claim. Assert Telegrams a Hoax."

Ma, seeing this, had collapsed with a deep groan and had had to have smelling salts again, and while Angela wept and fanned Ma, Joe had muttered that somebody better look out or he'd get his face mashed in.

"Story on Page Twelve" the line under the picture had been. And unfortunately the story on page twelve had been absolutely true. Miss Carscadden, a belle of the Bronx, and the daredevil second son of the well-known judge, whose college exploits had caused his family and friends so much concern a few years ago, had appeared at a police station early on Monday evening, and had told the following story to Police Sergeant Francis X. O'Reilley.

THE tale of bootleggers, abduction, escape followed. The young couple, the newspaper continued, whose absence from home since Saturday night had been something of a mystery, denied their marriage, although official announcement of it had been made by Miss Carscadden's mother, and by Judge and Mrs. Paul B. McCann.

Neely and his wife, arriving early at the Carscadden apartment to discuss this calamity, had exclaimed and tut-tutted about the kitchen until Sheila had felt ready to murder them both. The one fear of Lizzie, Neely's wife, had apparently been that this scare would cost poor Marg'ret her baby. It appeared that Marg'ret's husband, Louis Shea, had telephoned to Neely that morning and Marg'ret hadn't had her clothes off all night. This solicitude on Lizzie's part for Marg'ret was new, and disgusted Sheila.

"Better for Marg'ret that she'd never bring a child into the wor'rld to scald her hear'rt out of her!" Mrs. Carscadden had said.

"What I can't understand is why you *wanted* to talk to Peter McCann, Sheila," Lizzie had lamented, over and over again, in her wondering, innocent voice. "You *knew* he was going to marry Gertrude Keane—it was in the papers."

"Well, he's got scads, for one thing," Neely, who was slow-witted, said.

"Scads of what, Neely?" Sheila had asked, in a dangerous voice.

"Dough," Neely had explained, artlessly.

"Oh. I see. I ran away with him because his father had lots of money?"

"Well, Sheila," Lizzie had taken it up, in her plaintive tones, "why *else* would you? You hardly *knew* him—"

"There you are," Sheila had answered. "Why else would I?"

"Time to go," Joe had said abruptly, at this point. And the party had started out, anxious and silent, for the McCann house.

"Joe," Lizzie had said in the hall, in her whining, persistent voice, "I'd go with you gladly to the McCanns' if I could be of any use!"

"NO, THANKS," Joe had said briefly. Usually he liked Lizzie; usually they all did. Her father had a big bakery business where Neely worked. She was a wonderful wife to Neely, and she could be very funny describing the funerals of her aunts, and the way her Uncle Jim acted when he had to change his wooden leg. But today she had jarred.

"I thought maybe, on account of Mother Carscadden—?" she had said tenderly. At which Mrs. Carscadden had answered for herself, "Get out, Lizzie, there's a good ger'rl!"

Lizzie had withdrawn with tears in her eyes, and Joe, Sheila and their mother had gone on their separate way.

The McCann house, when they reached it, looked very large and handsome and formidable, and the entrance hall, when the obviously excited and sympathetic Mamie admitted them, quite overwhelmed Mrs. Carscadden with its magnificence. She kept close to Joe, her eyes exploring the great curve of the stairway, with its stained glass window and its palms, the rugs and the curtained arches of the doorways, the enormous chairs that flanked the hall.

"It's t'rones they ar're!" she observed in a whisper.

A young man sat on the marble bench in the hallway, where Sheila had sat last Friday night—a hundred years ago. She heard him say something to Mamie about wanting to see "Mr. Frank, fr'm the office," and heard Mamie tell him to wait. But the Carscaddens were not kept waiting; they were shown at once into the pleasant sitting-room behind the big formal front parlors, where Sheila had first come upon the man of the house, playing with his little girl, a few nights ago.

Judge McCann was there now, with Peter. The older man came forward

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

hospitably, with nothing constrained in his manner or voice, and what Sheila did not accomplish in the way of introductions he did, naturally and pleasantly, and they all sat down.

It was all Sheila could do to raise her frightened eyes to his face when he spoke to her; she could not look at all at Peter. She heard his gruff "Hello, Sheila," and returned some equally casual greeting as she slid into a chair.

THEN Frank came in with his mother. The gracious, gentle woman of Sheila's first visit looked older today; she was pale and she had been crying. Her lips said "Mrs. Carscadden," and "Sheila," as she greeted them, but she made no sound.

"An' my boy, Joe," Sheila's mother said. Mrs. McCann looked at him steadily.

"How do you do, Joe?"

She sat down and it was to be seen that she chose a low chair close to Peter, and reached for the boy's big, bony hand and held it against her breast. Every little while she looked at him, with a glance full of love and sorrow and trust, and when she did so Peter would smile back at her with a boyish sort of reassurance and apology in his eyes.

"Mr. McCann," Mrs. Carscadden said impressively, "all this has broke me hear'rt for me."

"No, no, no," the judge said seriously and gently, "we mustn't say that. We mustn't say that. We'll get to the bottom of this matter and straighten it out, and I've no doubt—"

He stopped and sighed.

"I've no doubt, in His goodness, that God'll make it all clear to us," he said.

Mrs. McCann freed her hand from Peter's long enough to find a handkerchief and wipe her eyes. Frank, standing on the hearth-rug, looked down on them all in turn. A coal fire was sleepily burning in the old-fashioned grate; outside the heavy velvet curtains at the windows and the rich lace curtains that were crossed inside them the quiet holiday morning had clouded over and snow was beginning gently to fall. The heaviness and shadow out of doors seemed to make only more luxurious and handsome this comfortable sitting-room, with its books and chairs and firelight.

"Did Frank tell ye what Casserly reported?" Judge McCann opened the talk by asking.

"That was after I got home last night, Pop. I didn't know that when I was at Carscaddens'," Frank said.

"That's right, too. Casserly came here," said the judge in his mild, fatherly way, "with a report on the Columbus Avenue place."

"If they're a bunch of liars," Peter spoke up angrily and suddenly, "that's nothing to me! Why do you take what a bunch of liars says for Gospel? You didn't expect to get the truth out of them, did you?"

"Casserly saw the marks of where the kids had jumped out of the back lib'ary window," Judge McCann continued. "And he saw the door where they come into the studio—hand me that paper, Frank."

He glanced at a paper which his eldest son picked from the table and handed him.

"There's an artist, Joseph Berti, and his wife and baby, lives in that studio," he said mildly, scrutinizing the paper. "They've been there a year; the restaurant feller, Tony, knows the both of them well. She was out at church Saturda' night, but he was there.

"His statement is that a young couple came runnin' down his stairs, laughin' and covered with snow, and that they got their breath and told him the way they'd been thrapped, and with that went on, he knows not where!"

He stopped. Everyone looked at Peter, who shrugged, tossing his head, and at Sheila.

"That's *all* a lie," Sheila said firmly.

"Well, well—" the judge said, making a little clicking noise with tongue and teeth. He laid the paper aside. "That ends that," he said.

"PETER," his mother began gently, "had you only come to me and told me, dear! Gertrude would have gladly let you off. You could have been married rightly, with all of us there—"

"Judge McCann," Sheila said, "*you* don't believe that Peter and I ran off to Boston and got married by a justice of the peace!"

"Not if you say you didn't, dear," he answered in a troubled tone.

"Well, I do say we didn't! I say we were taken up to Connecticut somewhere in a truck, and kept there. . . ."

"Well, well," the judge said, soothingly, "then I'll believe you. But here—" he went on. "Look here a minute. You and Pete here met last summer, didn't you?"

"At Tiller's Beach, on Labor Day, it was."

"And you liked each other very much?"

Apricot color blazed into her white face; she put up her hand and pushed her hat back with a quick, nervous gesture, and the fine bang of copper mist fell over her low, broad forehead.

"We did."

"He asked you to marry him, didn't he?"

"We only knew each other that one day—" Sheila stammered, unable to move her eyes from those of her interlocutor.

"Only knew each other that one day, but you liked each other?"

"We might have," Sheila said with an effort. "That is, I thought we might have. But we didn't see each other again."

"Why was that?"

"Because Peter lost the paper with my name on it." Sheila managed a fleeting glance at Peter; looked back. "I didn't know," she said, "that Peter was rich—was a rich man's son. I thought he was just—just like the other boys."

THE artlessness of it made a sudden onslaught upon her hearers.

"Well, what if you had?" the judge began, clearing his throat, and Mrs. McCann said quickly, "What difference would that make, Papa?"

"No difference at all!" Paul McCann said.

"And there's where ye both were so stupid," he added, feelingly. "Why didn't ye come to us and tell us the truth? Sheila comes in here, play-actin'—"

"There was no sin in that!" Sheila herself said, hurt.

"No, no, no," he agreed.

"Have some behavior to ye!" Mrs. Carscadden warned her daughter, in a bitter aside.

"The boy sees her, poor and pitiful, as we thought she was then," the man continued. "And all his love for her comes back. There's love at first sight, as we well know, don't we, Mamma?"

"We do, Paul," agreed Mrs. McCann.

"We work it out that he's promised to Gertrude, but he meets Sheila, their plans are laid, and off he goes with his true love!" the judge concluded the story. "That's the way it *looked*," he added, placatingly.

Sheila laughed, disagreeably. Her cheeks were still scarlet.

"Only that isn't what happened," she said.

"Sheila," Mrs. McCann began placatingly. "Never mind what happened. Even if—I mean," she corrected herself, apologetically, "even considering that you and Peter *were* kidnapped, and *did* spend two nights in a farmhouse up in Connecticut, and considering that the newspapers had the story of your marriage last night and this morning, and that you and Peter do like each other—

"I'm getting all tangled up in this, Papa," she broke off to say, with a troubled smile. "It's because I'm so stupid about putting things.

"But this is what I meant, Sheila. Suppose that Papa—that Judge McCann and I said this to you and Peter: 'You like each other, you've been thinking about each other for months. Today was to have been Peter's wedding day. Well, have it so. Be married quietly this afternoon, right here in church on Lexington—we'll have a little party afterward, to celebrate the first weddin'—"

There were tears in her shining eyes. She wiped them away, and went on, still holding Peter's hand, still patting it gently.

"Then you go off to Pittsburgh. I've a brother there; Judge McCann had him on the telephone this morning. Peter, my brother, has a big foundry there, and he'll find a job for Pete. He'd seen the newspaper story and he was so nice about it, wasn't he, Papa? And of course, you and Peter not being able to manage on what he'd earn, why, we'd see to that part of it.

"I talked to Peter about this, this morning," she concluded, with a glance at her son's attentive face. "Tell Sheila what you think, dear."

"Why, I think it's the best way out of it. Gert's gone to her grandmother—she's off me for life!" Peter said gruffly.

SHEILA stared at him in blank amazement, moved her gaze to Frank. Her eyes went to every face in the circle in turn. She looked at Mrs. McCann, gently persuasive, at the judge, who was watching her keenly, with a half-frown, at Peter, flushed and stirred and heroic, and at her own brother, who had been alertly following all the proceedings, without himself taking any part in them. Her mother's face she reached last; the look of outraged suspicion that the familiar countenance had worn through the entire morning was slightly softened now. Mrs. Carscadden was not mollified, but she was interested at least in the thought of this unexpected solution.

Sheila's look returned to Frank, who was studying her with his odd, grave half-smile. Frank, so comfortably secure in his own wedding plans—

(*Continued on page 62*)

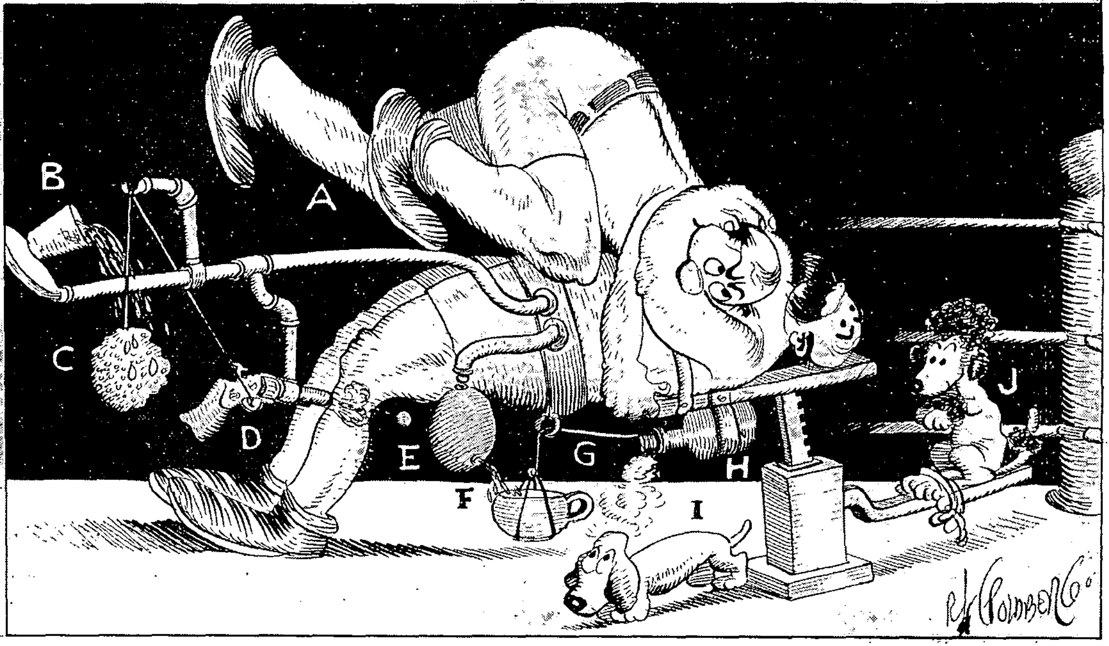
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By RUBE GOLDBERG

TO SHOW HOW YOUNG HE FEELS, PROFESSOR BUTTS JUMPS OVER A FENCE WITHOUT REALIZING THAT THE GRAND CANYON IS ON THE OTHER SIDE. WHEN HE HITS BOTTOM HE FINDS AN IDEA FOR KEEPING A WRESTLER'S SHOULDERS OFF THE MAT.

AS WRESTLER (A) PUSHES OPPONENT TOWARDS MAT HE UPSETS GLASS OF WATER (B) ON SPONGE (C). WEIGHT OF WATER CAUSES SPONGE TO PULL TRIGGER OF GUN (D) WHICH SHOOTS BULLET THROUGH COCOANUT (E). COCOANUT MILK RUNS INTO CUP (F), WEIGHT IN CUP CAUSES STRING (G) TO PULL CORK OUT OF BOTTLE (H) LETTING FUMES OF AMMONIA ESCAPE. GERMAN DACHSHUND (I) IS OVERCOME AND FALLS OVER UNCONSCIOUS. FRENCH POODLE (J), STILL CARRYING GRUDGE FROM WAR, IS OVERJOYED AT FATE OF DACHSHUND AND JUMPS UP AND DOWN FOR JOY THEREBY JACKING FALLEN WRESTLER'S SHOULDERS UP OFF THE MAT.

OF COURSE, A WRESTLER CAN AVOID ALL THIS TROUBLE BY FIXING THE MATCH BEFOREHAND AND SPLITTING THE PURSE WITH THE WINNER.



Foreign Exchange

By Grantland Rice

© Keystone
British Bunny Austin will have to be beaten in Davis Cup play

Wide World
Finnish Paavo Nurmi is the big threat of the coming Olympics

Acme
English Enid Wilson is running things nicely in women's golf

© Keystone
French Henri Cochet led France's assault on our tennis laurels

In the last ten years the rate of exchange has been against us. The Davis Cup, the boxing championship and a flock of minor honors have taken flight from our shores. But it's likely to do us good, at that

SUPPOSE we turn the old timepiece back just ten years. Jack Dempsey was the heavyweight champion of the world. The United States ruled the Olympic games beyond all argument. Bill Tilden and Bill Johnston dominated the tennis world with a secure hold on the Davis Cup. Our golf supremacy had just come to the crest, leaving the British well behind. Milburn, Stoddard, Hitchcock and Webb had brought back the international polo cup. The best wrestlers had been coming out of Iowa and Nebraska. A conquering sporting world marched under the Stars and Stripes. We were the entire show.

We are doing pretty well now, but ten years have made a large and healthy difference. There are a number of wide, jagged open spaces in that once solid front.

Max Schmeling, a German, is now the heavyweight champion of the world, and the mammoth Italian, Primo Carnera, is named as one of his leading challengers. When the last Davis Cup match was played the French were defending the famous bowl, not against American challengers, but against British invaders who had shoved the United States aside in a last-day rally.

A young pro from the Argentine came within one tee shot of beating Tommy Armour, a transplanted Scot, for the British Open at golf. Phil Perkins, a young Englishman, was winning more than his share of tournaments through the Eastern wing. And the British won back their own amateur golf crown at Westward Ho.

Keystone
German Max Schmeling appears competent to retain his crown

While Enid Wilson, a powerful, hard-hitting English girl, was winning the British women's golf championship and indicating plenty of future trouble for all rivals, Cilly Aussem of Germany took charge of the women's section at Wimbledon in the absence of Helen Wills Moody.

This is quite a parade when you think it over. It shows an outside world, built up again after a war that ended thirteen years ago, regaining some of its missing laurels. Two of the biggest shocks are connected with the heavyweight championship and the Davis Cup.

Schmeling Comes Through

When Max Schmeling took the big ring crown abroad a year ago it was taken for granted on a widespread scale that either Jack Sharkey or W. L. Stribling would send him back to Germany on his next trip, wearing a brown derby in place of a coronet. But when Schmeling hammered Stribling so effectively and later when Mickey Walker outpointed Jack Sharkey through fifteen rounds to a draw decision it began to dawn upon a few millions that Germany might be able to hold the heavyweight title for some time to come.

Schmeling is just twenty-six, on the short edge of his prime. He has taken the best care of himself and has at least five or six good fighting years left.

In the same way the recapture of the Davis Cup is not as simple as it looked to be some time ago. It was then merely a matter of waiting until something happened to Cochet, the great French barrier since 1927. But in the meanwhile a pair of young Englishmen, Austin and Perry, suddenly stepped into the middle of the scene and became the leading invaders for 1931. So when the French are out of the picture we still have Great Britain to reckon with.

P. & A.
English Philip Perkins is keeping our best golfers awake nights

It is no part of a certainty that the United States will have a tennis team next summer strong enough to chase the British out of the challenging zone.

In the way of foreign talent there is still Paavo Nurmi. No one had considered the Phantom Finn seriously in regard to the coming Olympic games at Los Angeles, except for the marathon. Nurmi has been setting records for about ten years, but on his last trip over here he seemed to have lost most of his early steam over the shorter routes.

I happened to see the same Nurmi break a flock of records through the flaming heat of the Paris Olympics of 1924. The performances he turned in seven years ago seemed to be the peak of any man's career. It was the most remarkable exhibition of stamina ever seen upon a track.

Then Nurmi suddenly reappeared. And he reappeared by breaking the two-mile record set by Edwin Wide at Charlottenburg, Germany, several years ago. For the first time on record a human being had run two miles under nine minutes. Now Nurmi, the Finn, holds the record for the mile, the two miles, the three miles, the four miles and the five miles. He also holds the record for the ten-mile run and the one-hour run. And this is only part of the story. His other records include the 3,000, 5,000, 10,000 and 15,000 meters. He may be slipping, but no one could be slipping far who was fast enough and strong enough to run two miles under nine minutes.

Wide World
German Cilly Aussem offers our tennis stars plenty of competition

As far as one can figure at this stage, Southern California and Stanford alone can come close to winning an Olympic meet. Such stars as Wykoff, Williams, Eastman, Graber and others can take away too many first places. But when it comes to distance running the Finns and Germans should be well in the lead.

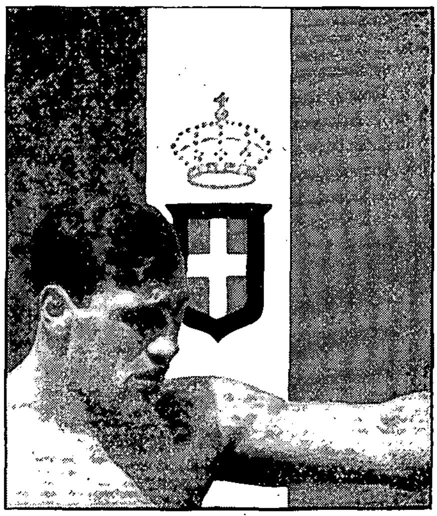
A New English Threat

What will the trend in golf be in the next few years? With Bobby Jones out of golf there is no outstanding amateur to confront the British.

On the women's side the British have a star entry coming along in Enid Wilson. George Duncan rates Enid Wilson on a par with her two star predecessors. She has youth and unusual physical strength and with all this a fine golf swing and a fine competitive temperament. She will be a challenge to Glenna Collett Vare, Helen Hicks, Maureen Orcutt, Virginia Van Wie and other young golf stars now representing the United States.

In women's tennis the presence of Helen Wills Moody gives this country an edge in any singles test, but it might be remembered that when Mrs. Moody dropped out the title went to Betty Nuthall of England.

This division of competitive supremacy is the best thing that could happen to sport—and the best thing that could happen to the United States. Few learn or develop from too much success. A good beating now and then is the best of all teachers.


Wide World
Italian Primo Carnera appears next in heavyweight succession

The Story Thus Far:

CRUELLY betrayed by Reuben Argels, a business partner and close friend, Moran Chambers goes to Sing Sing.

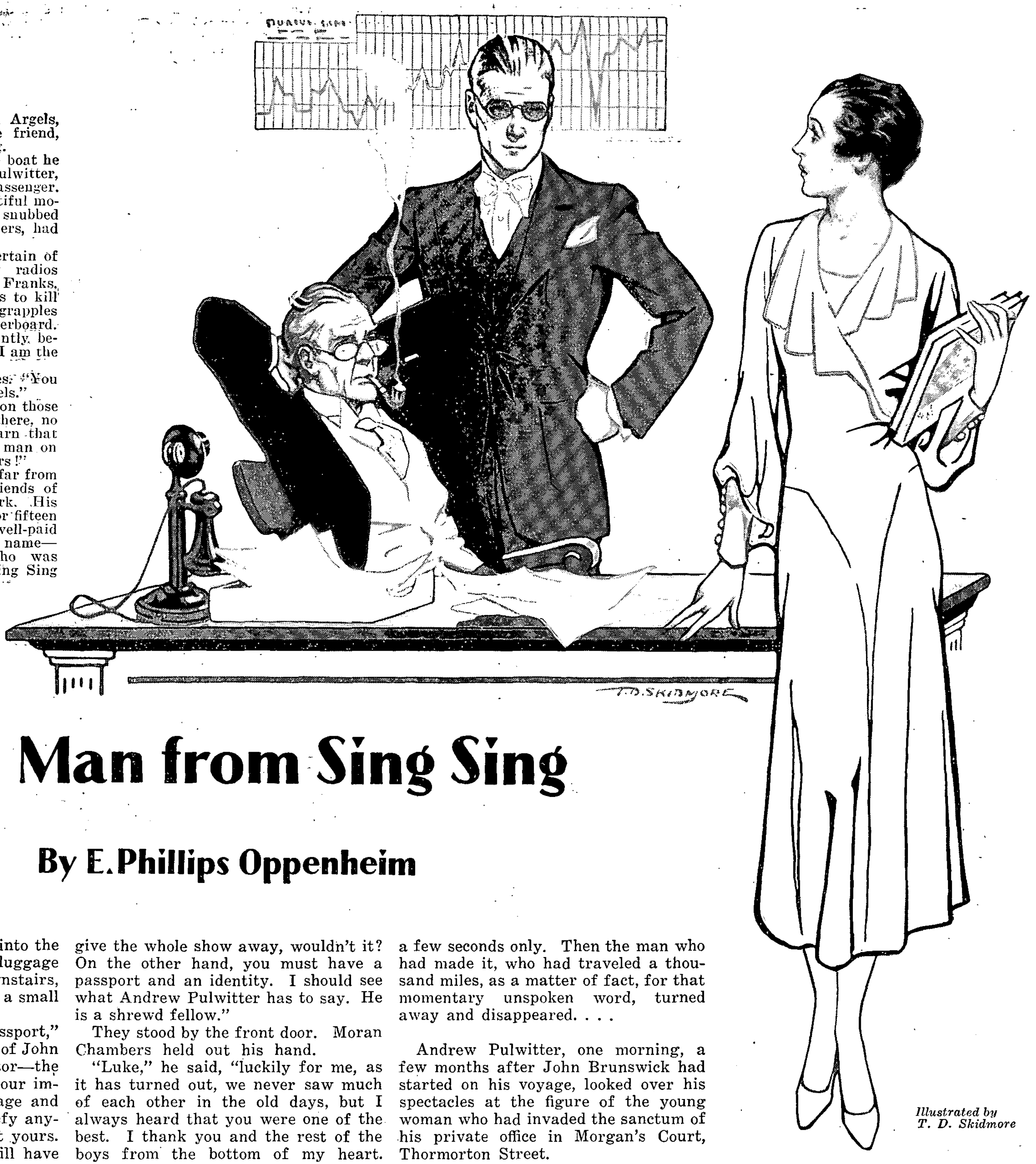
Argels sails for Europe. On the boat he receives a surprise: Andrew Pulwitter, Chambers' other partner, is a passenger. Also, Ambouyna Kotinzi, the beautiful motion-picture actress who, having snubbed him and given her love to Chambers, had inspired his cowardly act. . . .

Pulwitter succeeds in stealing certain of Argels' papers. He immediately radios their contents to New York. Julian Franks, a great admirer of Chambers, tries to kill Argels. Argels, a powerful man, grapples with the man and throws him overboard. After which, he appears triumphantly before Ambouyna. "I see," he says, "I am the victim of a conspiracy."

"A successful one," the girl replies. "You will soon be in prison, Reuben Argels."

Argels smiles. "You're counting on those papers Pulwitter stole to put me there, no doubt. It may interest you to learn that they are forgeries. I am the only man on earth who can free Moran Chambers!"

A dramatic utterance, that: but far from true. Ned Belmore and other friends of Chambers have already been at work. His cell, where he might have existed for fifteen years, is now occupied by a well-paid double; and, bearing that double's name—"John Brunswick"—the man who was Moran Chambers is now out of Sing Sing—a free man!



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"If you're my uncle's secretary," the young man said, "I'm very glad to meet you, because I've come to work here"

The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

IV

MORAN'S host drew him into the bathroom whilst the luggage was being taken downstairs, and presented him with a small collection of articles.

"First of all, here is your passport," he confided. "It is the passport of John Brunswick, by profession an actor—the actual passport, remember, of your impersonator. You will find his age and every particular there, and I defy anyone to say the photograph isn't yours. Your affairs, of course, will still have to be dealt with under the power of attorney, but we are arranging large transfers to London cautiously. There's twenty thousand dollars in this pocketbook, and a check book here on the Bank of England in London. There will be about a hundred thousand dollars' balance there. Ned didn't like to have too much money transferred all at once, but Andrew Pulwitter has the handling of it over there, and he will write to old Senn, who holds your power of attorney. Don't write to anyone till you hear from us. In the flap of your dressing-case you will find a résumé of John Brunswick's life. Now is there anything else you want to know?"

"What about the other end?" Chambers asked.

"You will be met at Southampton by Kendrick, who is Andrew Pulwitter's solicitor. As to your future identity, we all have different opinions. Personally, I think that you had better drop Brunswick altogether, as soon as you are settled down. He is not a man who could ever have made money, or inherited it, and with his wife suddenly prosperous in New York, and you a wealthy man in Europe—well, it would give the whole show away, wouldn't it? On the other hand, you must have a passport and an identity. I should see what Andrew Pulwitter has to say. He is a shrewd fellow."

They stood by the front door. Moran Chambers held out his hand.

"Luke," he said, "luckily for me, as it has turned out, we never saw much of each other in the old days, but I always heard that you were one of the best. I thank you and the rest of the boys from the bottom of my heart. You've been great."

"I've never had a job in my life more to my liking," the other asserted fervently. "Good-by, old chap, and good luck!"

MORAN CHAMBERS, like a man in a dream, drove through the crowded streets to the docks in his friend's comfortable limousine. He was wrapped in a fur coat, and, as he leaned back in his corner, smoking a cigarette, everything about him bespoke luxury and elegance. The world looked very good to him as he passed under the great sheds. Porters took care of his luggage. Only a few yards away from him was the towering side of the steamer, the gangway down, porters passing up on one side and passengers the other. A matter of yards only between him and safety!

Very deliberately he mounted the steps, and each one seemed to be leading him nearer to heaven. At the top, he looked back. Ned Belmore, in a heavy coat and slouched hat, was standing just behind one of the electric light standards. He gazed very fixedly at Chambers, and slowly lifted his hand. Chambers followed suit. It was a salute of a few seconds only. Then the man who had made it, who had traveled a thousand miles, as a matter of fact, for that momentary unspoken word, turned away and disappeared. . . .

Andrew Pulwitter, one morning, a few months after John Brunswick had started on his voyage, looked over his spectacles at the figure of the young woman who had invaded the sanctum of his private office in Morgan's Court, Thormorton Street.

"I didna ring, Miss Withers," he remarked.

The young woman, who, in her subdued way, was extremely personable, signified to him that she was perfectly well aware of the fact.

"I came in to ask you," she said, "the meaning of these arrangements in the outer offices. My desk has been moved into Mr. Guinness' room, and the room which I have always occupied looks as though it were being prepared for someone else."

"It's my memory which gets worse every day," Pulwitter confessed. "My nephew's come back from Australia, Miss Withers. He's made no success of things there, and he's looking for me to help him along a bit."

"Indeed," the young woman remarked, without enthusiasm.

"He's not a bad lad," Andrew Pulwitter continued, "and, after all, he's my sister's only child. I'm giving him a trial here, Miss Withers, to see if he's likely to be any good. He'll be here this morning, and it's for him that the room is being prepared."

Miss Withers remained a little perplexed.

"I should have thought if he was just starting," she objected, "he would have done better to work under Mr. Guinness in the outer office."

Her employer stroked his chin.

"HE'S no lad," he explained, "and he's had several years' experience with an Australian stockbroker. Maybe I'll find him useful. He's kept himself out there anyway, but he has an idea there's something of a boom coming on here, and he wants to be in it. Maybe he's right."

"I've always been used to a room to myself," Miss Withers said stiffly.

"A little later on, I'll see what can be done," Andrew Pulwitter promised. "I must start the lad properly. If he doesna make good, he'll soon hear of it."

"What is his name, and when is he

(Continued on page 29)

A Mars Confection
milky Way 5¢
CHOCOLATE

CHOCOLATE MILKY WAY has a center of highly beaten egg whites, sugar and syrup, thickened to just the right consistency with flavory malted milk and breakfast cocoa. Then a tasty layer of soft, golden, creamy caramel, which is practically 1/3 real cows' cream. It is extremely rich in real butter fat, which has much to do with its delightful flavor This bar is covered with a thick coating of finest, smooth milk chocolate.

A Mars Confection
milky Way 5¢
NEW VANILLA

NEW VANILLA MILKY WAY also has a center of highly beaten egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk; but instead of cocoa, it has the delicious flavor of genuine vanilla. It too has the soft, creamy caramel layer . you'll say it's the most delicious, tangy caramel you've ever tasted. Vanilla Milky Way has an extremely thick coating of finest *real vanilla chocolate.*

A Mars Conf
SNICKERS 5¢
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SELECTED WHOLE NUTS
SOFT CREAMY CARAMEL
SWEET PEANUT BUTTER
RICH MILK CHOCOLATE

SNICKERS has a center that starts with beaten egg whites, sugar, syrup and malted milk, as is the case with Milky Way. But it is deliciously flavored by the addition of just the right amount of fresh, sweet peanut butter. In Snickers' caramel layer are freshly roasted, selected, whole nuts that add greatly to its wonderful taste. Its thick coating is of finest milk chocolate.

A Mars Confection
Honey Almond
5¢

HONEY ALMOND is the newest Mars Confection, but is already very popular. It has a center of beaten egg whites, sugar and syrup, flavored with finest quality, pure, strained honey, and chock full of fresh, crisp, whole almonds. The average bar actually contains twelve of these wonderful, big almonds. Honey Almond is thickly coated with real vanilla chocolate, the finest that money can buy.

Know

what kind of candy

you and your children eat

You are entitled to the Quality and the Taste found only in

Mars Confections

MARS CONFECTIONS started a completely new era in candy making. In every sense they are *new idea* candies. Instead of being produced to meet a certain price, every effort has been made to see *how much quality can be put into them;* to see how wonderfully good they can be made, regardless of cost. No ordinary or "synthetic" ingredients. Everything must be absolutely *genuine* and the very finest of its kind.

Take eggs for instance . . . selected, strictly fresh. Their beaten whites help give that incomparable flavor and consistency to the centers of Mars Confections.

And milk, which is used in such large quantities. Its extremely high butter fat content and its absolute purity help make Mars Confections the ideal candies for children.

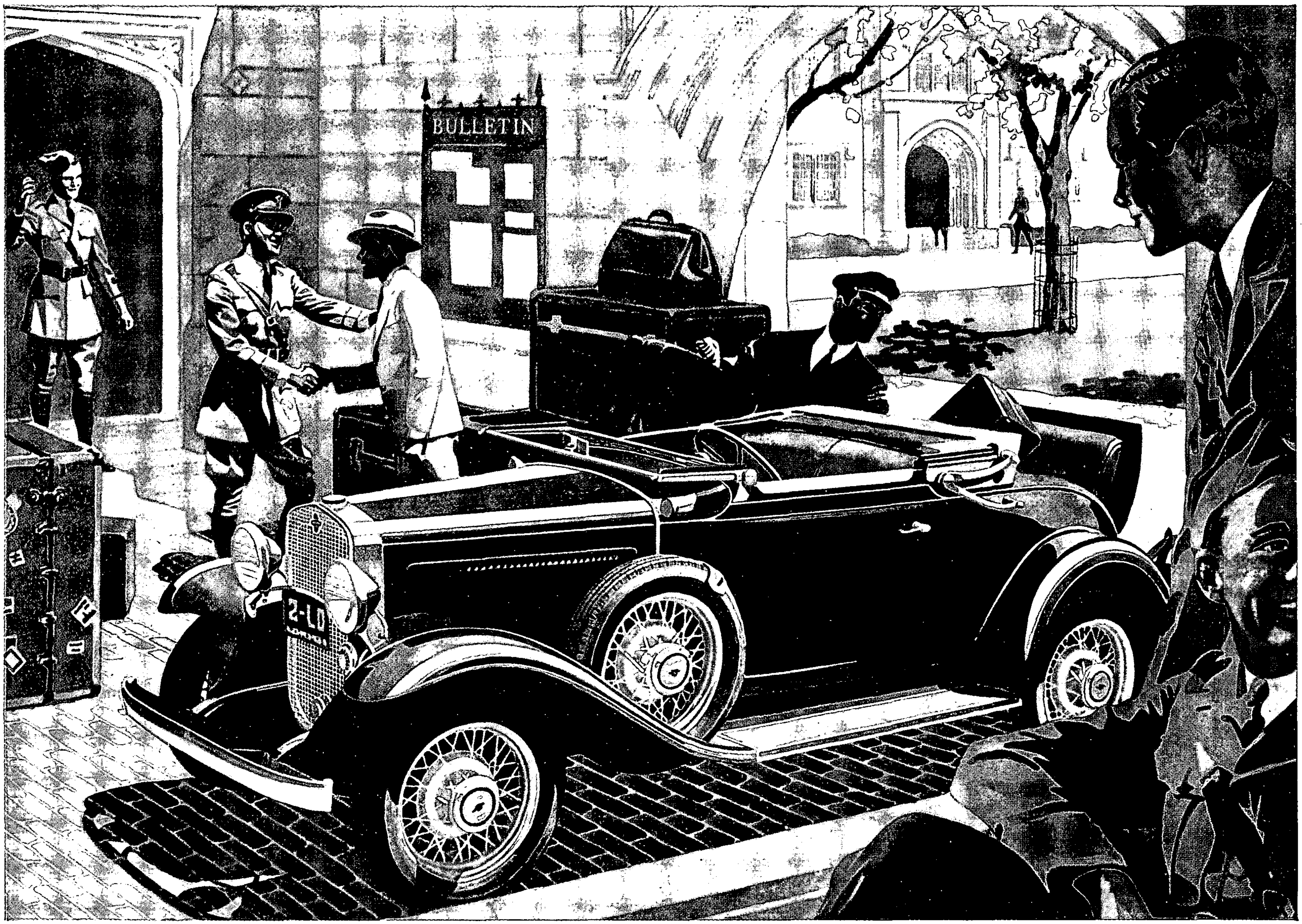
In all the world there is no finer chocolate than is used for coating these bars. The smooth, rich milk chocolate has the highest milk content practical for coating.

An extra premium is paid on the vanilla chocolate in order to get the *true flavor* of the vanilla bean.

When you can buy such candy as this and get 2½ ounces or over for 5c, there certainly is no reason for buying ordinary candy. Insist upon these *super* bars . . . each with the star and the words "A Mars Confection" on its wrapper.

MARS INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A Mars Confection for every candy taste



The new Chevrolet de luxe Convertible Cabriolet

Soundly built to serve you long and well

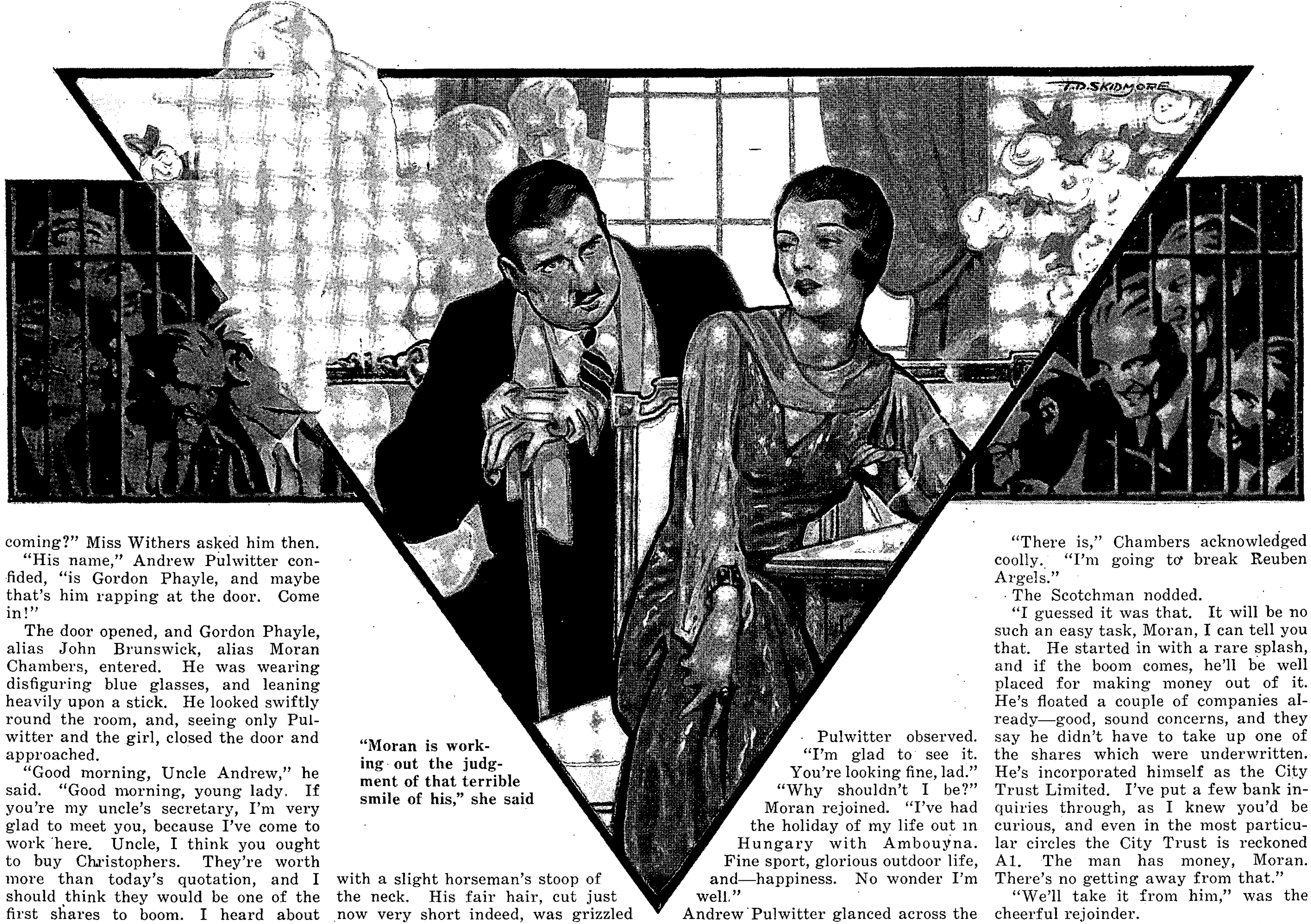
FOR ECONOMICAL
CHEVROLET
TRANSPORTATION

If you could see the new Chevrolet Six being built, you would understand why it performs so well, lasts so long and brings so much satisfaction and pleasure to its owners. Visitors to the Chevrolet plants marvel at the care and precision with which the Chevrolet Six is made. They find that the quality of raw materials is held to standards unsurpassed in the automotive industry. They see many remarkable machines and processes developed by Chevrolet and used by Chevrolet exclusively. They learn that in the manufacture of the engine alone there are hundreds of separate inspections to assure the accuracy and flawlessness of every part. Pistons, for example, are weighed individually, matched in sets to within one-half ounce and then are fitted by hand to three one-thousandths of an inch clearance! It is to such painstaking care in *every* detail of manufacture that the Chevrolet owner owes much of the long life, dependability, smooth operation, and remarkable economy which he enjoys in the Chevrolet Six. Soundly built to serve you long and well! No compromise with quality in manufacturing, means no compromise with satisfaction in ownership.

New Low Prices— *Roadster,* ***$475****; Sport Roadster (with rumble seat),* ***$495****; Phaeton,* ***$510****; Standard Coupe,* ***$535****; Coach,* ***$545****; Standard Five-Window Coupe,* ***$545****; Sport Coupe (with rumble seat),* ***$575****; Five-Passenger Coupe,* ***$595****; Convertible Cabriolet,* ***$615****; Standard Sedan,* ***$635****; Special Sedan,* ***$650****; Convertible Landau Phaeton,* ***$650****. Special equipment extra. Chevrolet truck chassis,* ***$355*** *to* ***$590****. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Product of General Motors. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.* **Chevrolet Motor Company, Detroit, Michigan.**

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

The Great American Value



"Moran is working out the judgment of that terrible smile of his," she said

coming?" Miss Withers asked him then.

"His name," Andrew Pulwitter confided, "is Gordon Phayle, and maybe that's him rapping at the door. Come in!"

The door opened, and Gordon Phayle, alias John Brunswick, alias Moran Chambers, entered. He was wearing disfiguring blue glasses, and leaning heavily upon a stick. He looked swiftly round the room, and, seeing only Pulwitter and the girl, closed the door and approached.

"Good morning, Uncle Andrew," he said. "Good morning, young lady. If you're my uncle's secretary, I'm very glad to meet you, because I've come to work here. Uncle, I think you ought to buy Christophers. They're worth more than today's quotation, and I should think they would be one of the first shares to boom. I heard about them coming over on the boat."

Andrew turned slightly, stretched out his hand and studied the tape from the machine beyond his desk.

"Thirty-three," he observed. "That's uppish for a pound share, you know, Gordon. You can go, Miss Withers."

The girl cast a meditative glance at her employer's nephew and left the room. The latter, with a little laugh, removed his heavy spectacles and threw himself into a chair.

"Andrew," he declared joyously, "this is like old times. I could smell money all the way down Lombard Street, and your office here reeks of it. It's wonderful to be back again. We're going to make millions, too. I can feel it in the air."

"I'm not always trusting to atmospheric conditions where money's concerned," the Scotchman remarked dubiously.

Moran laughed.

"YOU'LL trust me, Andrew, when I begin to tell you things as I soon shall," he replied. "Meanwhile, Christophers, if you please. Five thousand. Take my word for it, Andrew, if you put it off much longer, we shall have to pay more for them."

Andrew groaned.

"I'll speak to the brokers. I'm not usually so large a buyer."

Moran Chambers walked to the end of the little office and stood with his back to the fire, dangling his heavy spectacles from his hand. The room was badly lit, and he stood in the full light of the window, through which a stray beam of wintry sunlight had managed to find its way. The last year's tribulations had left, after all, but scanty traces. He was a little over middle height, with a slight horseman's stoop of the neck. His fair hair, cut just now very short indeed, was grizzled at the temples, and there were one or two deep lines in his face. His features were hard and clean-cut, his eyes clear and healthy, his mouth, with its slightly upward lines, the only sensitive feature.

He had the appearance of a hard man, and hard he certainly was at times. He had planned great enterprises and brought all of them, except one, to a successful termination. The men who had stood in his way he had brushed to one side. He was very seldom troubled about what happened to other people. A bitter opponent, and a stanch friend, the world had found him. Just now there was no sign of weakness about him as he gazed down the long, narrow room.

"Christophers are up a sixteenth," Pulwitter announced, setting down the telephone.

"Buy the five thousand," Moran directed. "They'll be up another sixteenth, if you're not quick."

"Aren't five thousand a good many?" the Scotchman ventured.

Moran laughed.

"Andrew, my friend," he said, "I'm afraid you'll be sweating blood before you've finished with your nephew from Australia. Remember, though, I've half a million on deposit at the Bank of England, and I paid a hundred thousand into your account at Barclay's this morning. Thanks to Ned Belmore, I've got most of my money over on this side now. Christophers are one of the shares I've marked down for dealings. We shan't buy them to hold, of course, but we buy them to sell. I shall know when the time arrives, and I needn't tell you that it wasn't only upon the boat I heard about them."

"You're full of confidence, as usual," Pulwitter observed. "I'm glad to see it. You're looking fine, lad."

"Why shouldn't I be?" Moran rejoined. "I've had the holiday of my life out in Hungary with Ambouyna. Fine sport, glorious outdoor life, and—happiness. No wonder I'm well."

Andrew Pulwitter glanced across the room with a kindly light in his eyes. Nevertheless, the slight drawing together of his shaggy eyebrows meant anxiety.

"You'd no trouble anywhere?" he asked. "With your passport, or suchlike?"

"NOT a single second," the other reassured him. "I must hand it to Ned. I don't think there ever could have been a more perfectly engineered scheme. I heard from Jim—that was my old guard—only yesterday. Just a careful line to tell me that he had retired and bought a little house in the country. He'd been in New York, he said, to see a few friends, the day before, and there had never been the slightest trouble. Of course I'm sorry for the poor chap in there, but he's sticking it out all right. He's free of all worry or responsibility about his wife and children anyway."

"It's good hearing," Andrew Pulwitter admitted, "but, remember, Moran, you'll have to go easy on this side—no clubs or theaters, or racing, or anything of that sort for years."

Moran Chambers' face hardened slightly.

"I have plenty of courage, I hope, Andrew," he said, "but I've never taken a foolish risk in my life, and I'm not going to begin now. I shall have the work here every day, and I'm near Ambouyna. Quite enough to occupy any man's thoughts."

"I'm glad to have you here, you know that," Pulwitter observed, "but it's a quaint choice you've made to my way of thinking, with all the money a man can spend, and you're neither a Jew nor a Scotchman. I think there's another reason for your coming into the City."

"There is," Chambers acknowledged coolly. "I'm going to break Reuben Argels."

The Scotchman nodded.

"I guessed it was that. It will be no such an easy task, Moran, I can tell you that. He started in with a rare splash, and if the boom comes, he'll be well placed for making money out of it. He's floated a couple of companies already—good, sound concerns, and they say he didn't have to take up one of the shares which were underwritten. He's incorporated himself as the City Trust Limited. I've put a few bank inquiries through, as I knew you'd be curious, and even in the most particular circles the City Trust is reckoned A1. The man has money, Moran. There's no getting away from that."

"We'll take it from him," was the cheerful rejoinder.

There was a knock at the door. Moran Chambers' huge spectacles were on in a second. He stooped a little, and his frame seemed to lose all its elasticity. In five seconds he seemed to have aged ten years. Andrew Pulwitter signed some papers which a clerk had brought in, and introduced his nephew.

"This is my nephew from Australia you've heard me speak of, Guinness," he announced. "Had grave trouble with his eyes, and I am afraid he won't be fit for much in the shape of work for some time. However, he knows the ropes, and I'm thinking we shall find him useful as soon as his eyes begin to mend. He is having Miss Withers' room, and until his eyes are better he'll see no visitors except by special arrangement."

"I HOPE I shan't be much of a nuisance to you," the newcomer said, as he shook hands.

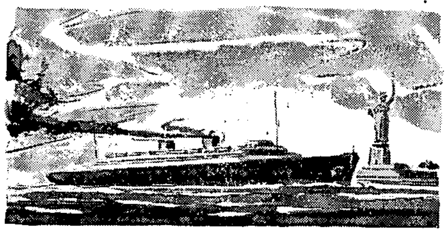
"I'm quite sure you won't, sir," the man assured him. "We have a very intelligent young lady typist who can read over a great deal to you. Our electric light's none too good for the eyes. I'll step over to the bank now, Mr. Pulwitter."

His employer nodded, and the man left the room. Andrew Pulwitter took his nephew from Australia by the arm and led him into the adjoining apartment.

"This will be your room, Moran," he pointed out. "I didn't venture upon much in the way of luxury, but it has advantages. That outside door there is locked, and the key lies on your desk, so that you can leave by it yourself down the back stairs, but no one can come to you that way. You have two telephones there for ordinary use, and

(Continued on page 58)

GAILY OVER THE Blue Sea Lanes



news of the new low price of Canada Dry is swiftly traveling

Bound for Singapore . . . Manila . . . Cape Town, or turning their prows to the open sea beyond the Statue of Liberty . . . everywhere over the blue sea lanes, the steamers are carrying the good news of the new low price of The Champagne of Ginger Ales.

Orders have come in from islands with musical names in the South Seas. Increasing quantities of Canada Dry are being shipped all over the world. The welcome given the price reduction in England and in the fashionable places of the Continent, closely paralleled the enthusiasm which greeted it in America.

A new idea of value

The fame of Canada Dry and its reputation for distinction and quality have always been world-wide. The Champagne of Ginger Ales is a true cosmopolitan . . . at home in any place on the globe . . . an accent of good cheer wherever discriminating people gather.

In Shanghai or in New York, the value of Canada Dry at its new low price is outstanding! And the popularity of this fine old beverage is the surest proof. For wherever you go today . . . at the captain's dinner aboard an ocean liner . . . at an informal bridge in the home of some friend . . . you'll find Canada Dry lending its charm and gaiety to the affair.

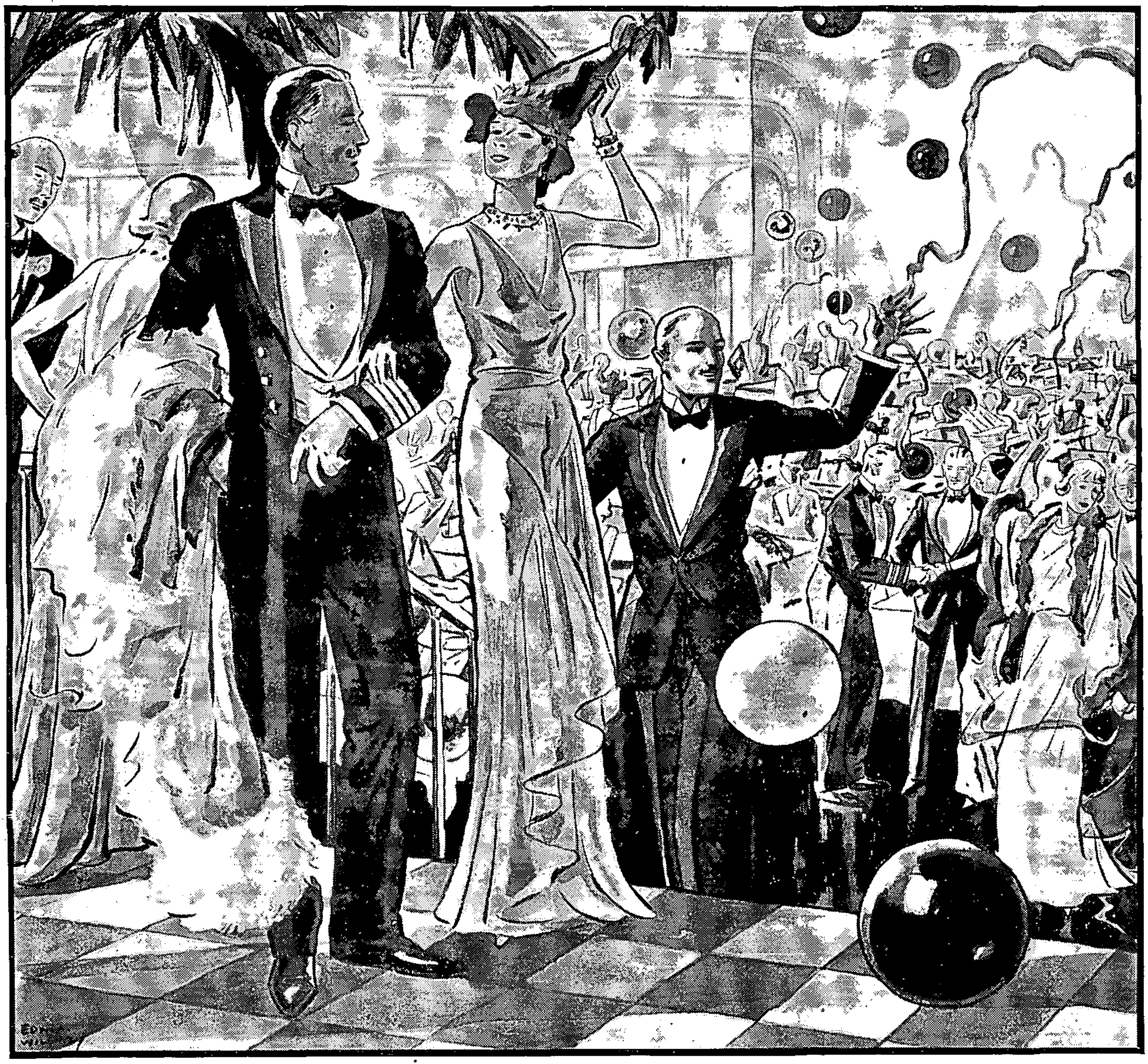
Always say "Canada Dry"

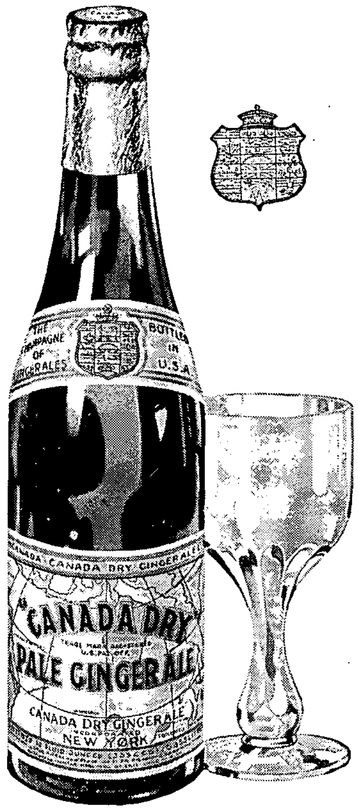
Today, there is one ginger ale that meets the needs of both the thrifty and discriminating. That is Canada Dry—The Champagne of Ginger Ales. Ask for Canada Dry by name, preferably in the convenient Hostess Package of twelve bottles.

CANADA DRY'S

Sparkling Lime Sparkling Orangeade

These two delicious beverages are also made under the Canada Dry seal. Try them soon.





CANADA DRY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE CHAMPAGNE OF GINGER ALES

© 1931

Ten Minutes in a Barroom

Continued from page 21

BRYAN FAN: Well, what's Ruzevelt but an anarchist?

ACTOR: Yes, and I knew his father, too, the great Junius Brutus Booth! Junius said to me one day: "Freddy, they haven't *got it* nowadays; they haven't got it *here!"*

(*Sound of the old actor vigorously thumping his chest.*)

Apostrophe to a Martyr

PHILOSOPHER: Lissen, now lissen! I tell you it wasn't this Peary, it was Doc Cook got to the North Pole first! Get me? Doc Cook!

SECOND PHILOSOPHER: Well, the gov-er'ment says—

FIRST PHIL.: T'hell with the gover'-ment says! That bunch o' crooks is tryin' to turn it over to this Peary because he's in the Navy, see? In the Navy, get me? That bunch of grafters has been bought up—they turned it over to this Peary because he was in the Navy! Bought up!

SECOND PHIL.: Well, ain't Doc Cook in the Navy, too?

FIRST PHIL.: No, he ain't; he lives in Brooklyn. I've seen where he lives.

SECOND PHIL.: Yeah; he's a horse-doctor.

FIRST PHIL.: Well, what if he is?

SECOND PHIL.: You can't tell me any Brooklyn guy ever got to the North Pole first!

SINGER (*happily melancholy, but persistent*):

"And when I ast her why the hell she
wore it,
She said she wore it for her lover,
Far, far away!"

(*Corks pop. Glasses rattle. Cash register crashes.*)

FIGHT FAN: He trained on oatmeal, that's what ruined Jim Corbett. Yuh can't lick a man like Jim Jeffries on oatmeal!

SECOND FIGHT FAN: Yeah? How about John L. Sullivan? Did he lick Sullivan, or didn't he? Huh?

DICE SHAKER: There's a leg on you.

MAN AT TELEPHONE: Lissen now, honey, this man I'm tellin' you about is here at the office with me. Yes, at the office here with me, right now. . . .

BARTENDER: Say, that man can't drink here!

CUSTOMER: Why not, Al? He's a friend of mine.

BARTENDER: Look at his face! Say, Mike! Mike!

PROPRIETOR: Yeah, Al?

BARTENDER: Lookit this guy's face.

PROPRIETOR: Yeah, he's gotta buy the glass.

CUSTOMER: Why, Mike, that face ain't anything catchin'; that's just a kind of a rash.

PROPRIETOR: Yeah? Well, it looks like a complaint to me.

PROFESSIONAL CAROLINA GENTLEMAN (*with marked Southern accent*): My father said to me, "Son, don't carry a six-shooter. A six-shooter is a ruffian's weapon, sir! A six-shooter is a nigger's weapon!" A derringer, sir, a derringer is a gentleman's weapon!

PROFESSIONAL KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN (*with great dignity*): A six-shooter, sir, is considered a gentleman's weapon in Kentucky.

PROF. CAROLINA GENT.: Not in South Carolina, I assure you, sir.

PROF. KY. GENT.: No offense, sir.

FIRST PHILOSOPHER: Yeah, and you could see the calf of her leg.

SECOND PHIL.: When yuh see a girl hitchin' up her skirts like that, she's fast, that's all.

ROOSEVELT FAN (*passionately*): I guess Teddy Ruzevelt has a right to have a dinge to dinner if he wanted to!

BRYAN FAN: Well, how about Wall Street, huh? He never closed down Wall Street, did he? Huh?

ROOSEVELT FAN: Well, has Bill Bryan ever closed down Wall Street? Huh?

MAN AT TELEPHONE: Now lissen, and get this right, honey! I couldn't bring this guy home to dinner with me. He's a business man I gotta keep friends with, but he's a rough guy, honey! Yeah . . . yeah . . . that was him you heard singin' just now . . . here in my office. . . .

On the Conduct of Gentlemen

CAROLINA GENTLEMAN: And since my father said that to me, Colonel, I have never carried anything but a derringer in the waistcoat pocket, sir.

KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN: For close indoor work, I grant you, Colonel, that a derringer may be convenient. But for outdoor work . . .

(*Crash of glass being broken. Sound of silver flung on bar. Noise of cash register. Clatter of two gentlemen tap dancing, and confusion of their fall as they became entangled with a brass cuspidor.*)

MAN AT TELEPHONE: Yes, honey, that was something fell off my desk . . . here in the office. . . .

FIRST PHILOSOPHER: Yes, and I seen it start—it started a few years ago when they got to ridin' bikes a-straddle. And now they want the vote!

SECOND PHILOSOPHER (*loudly*): Yes, and they're gonna get the vote too!

FIRST PHILOSOPHER (*loudly*): Yeah, to hear you talk the country's gonna turn prohibition!

(*A general hoot of derision greets this sally. Glasses clink. Dice rattle. Siphon fizzes. Corks pop. Cash register crashes. Bung-starter bungs.*)

SINGER:

"She said she wore it for her lover,
Far, far away!"

FIGHT FAN: John L. Sullivan wouldn't fight a smoke! He stood for white supremacy!

SECOND FIGHT FAN: What's that got to do with trainin' on oatmeal?

ROOSEVELT FAN: Yeah, and ain't he got Pierpont Morgan eatin' out of his hand? Who else ever got Pierpont Morgan eatin' out of his hand? Huh?

BRYAN FAN (*loudly, passionately*): Teddy Ruzevelt is an anarchist!

Misunderstood Men

SALVATION ARMY LASSIE (*in a wheedling voice, jingling tambourine*): It's for the down-and-out, gentlemen! It's nothing to what you boys spend for drinks!

(*Sound of coins thumping in tambourine.*)

CUSTOMER (*somewhat nervously intoxicated*): Al, lookit that bum there! That bum's eating glass eyes. Make that bum quit eatin' glass eyes!

BARTENDER (*to bum*): Say, whatcha mean by comin' into a respectable place eatin' glass eyes? This ain't any side show.

BUM: I ain't eatin' glass eyes, mister; I only been eatin' them pickled onions.

SALVATION ARMY LASSIE (*as coins thump in tambourine*): Thank you, sir; it's for the Army—it's for the kiddies.

SINGER:

"Around her neck she wore a yellow
ribbon. . . ."

CUSTOMER (*somewhat inebriated*): Here, now, don't you say anything against this girl!

SINGER (*defensively*): I wasn't. I was only singin' "Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon."

CUSTOMER: She's got no yellow ribbon around her neck, get me? Now you lay off!

FIRST PHILOSOPHER (*righteously fierce*): Don't you call the Salvation Army yellow, d'ye hear? It does more good than all the churches!

FIGHT FAN: Looky here, don't you start bawlin' out the churches!

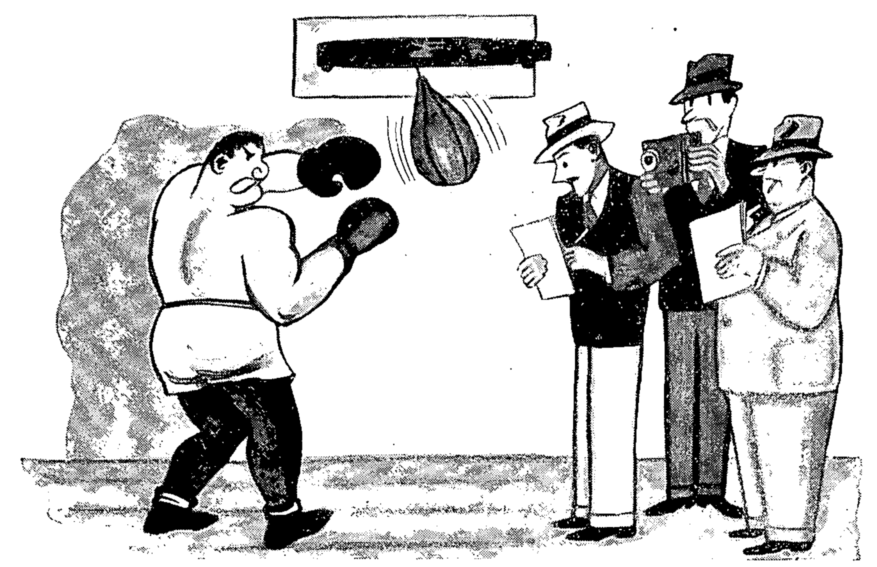
PHILOSOPHER: Then don't none of you bawl out the Salvation Army—they done more good than all the churches put together.

PROPRIETOR (*loudly*): See here, cut it out, you guys! I don't stand for any religious arguments in here, nor rough stuff. This is a decent place!

SINGER:

"Around her neck she wore a yellow
ribbon. . . ."

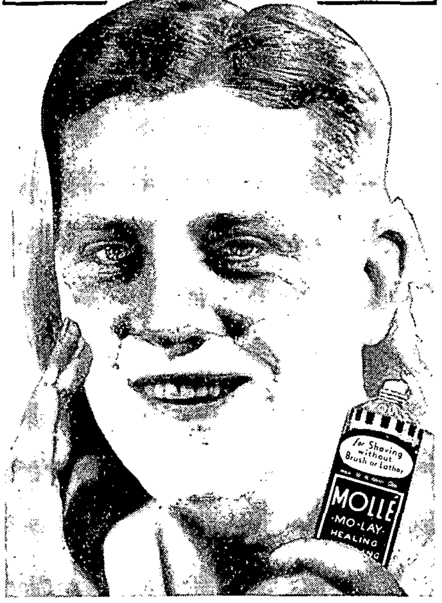
Well, that is what it was in its halcyon days. And whatever comes out of the present muddle—whether enforcement of the laws, repeal or modification—I am pretty certain that no large number of my fellow-citizens are going to clamor for the restoration of the old-time bar just as it was.



"Change that last statement—instead of calling him a 'doity heel,' I calls him a 'doity skunk'!"

Good News

MOLLÉ can also be had in jars for 75c—containing twice as much as the giant 50c tube.



Apply With Finger Tips

The best shave in your life or money back . . .

Making claims and standing back of them are two different stories. We *guarantee* every MOLLÉ shave to be a cleaner, smoother, and quicker shave than you have ever had before.

Get MOLLÉ (Mō-lay) at your nearest drug store—shave ten times the MOLLÉ way. If you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving cream you have ever used, return the balance of the tube or jar to us and we will refund your purchase price.

MOLLÉ makes no lather—you use no brush—simply spread it on with finger tips like a fragrant cold cream—and shave.

More than a million men now use MOLLÉ. You, too, will like the simplicity and convenience of use—the quick, thorough softening of the beard—the incomparable smoothness of the shave—the grateful relief from razor smart and burn; and, best of all, the delightful after-feel of face comfort that requires neither lotions nor balms.

Give your face a treat—get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any druggist—we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down." The MOLLÉ Company, Bedford, Ohio.

Throw Away Your Brush

MOLLÉ

For Quick Easy Shaving

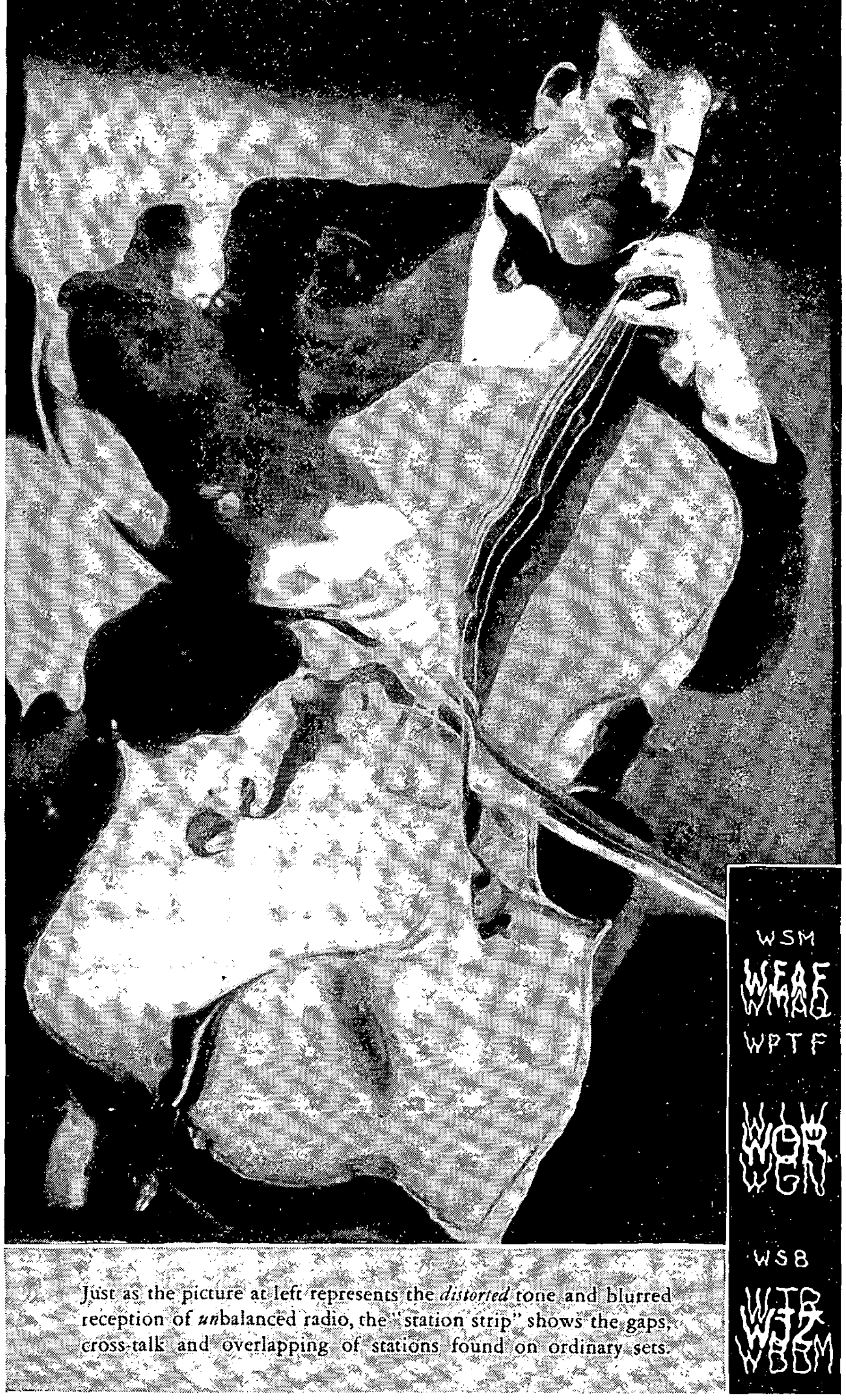
IMPORTANT

BE SURE TO ASK YOUR DEALER THE NUMBER OF TUBES AND THE KIND OF CIRCUIT BEFORE YOU BUY ANY RADIO

PHILCO OUTSELLS

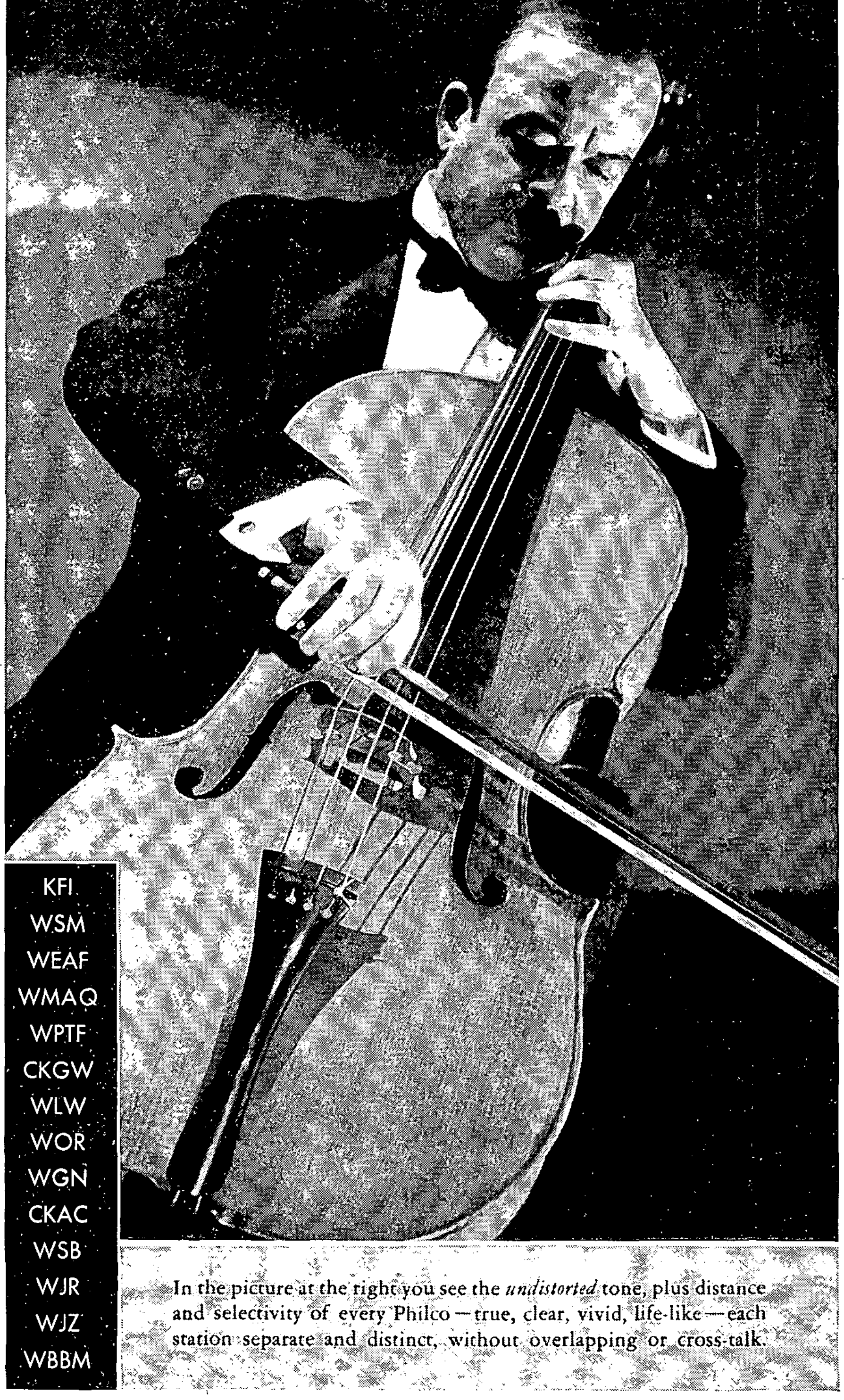
**Available sources of information indicate that up to date of going to press, Philco is selling over 50% of all radios*

UNBALANCED RADIO


WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
WLW
WOR
WGN
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

Just as the picture at left represents the *distorted* tone and blurred reception of *un*balanced radio, the "station strip" shows the gaps, cross-talk and overlapping of stations found on ordinary sets.

BALANCED PHILCO


KFI
WSM
WEAF
WMAQ
WPTF
CKGW
WLW
WOR
WGN
CKAC
WSB
WJR
WJZ
WBBM

In the picture at the right you see the *undistorted* tone, plus distance and selectivity of every Philco—true, clear, vivid, life-like—each station separate and distinct, without overlapping or cross-talk.

·PHILCO·

WORLD'S LARGEST RADIO MANUFACTURER

© 1931, Philco

IT TAKES A BALANCED SUPERHETERODYNE TO FULLY MEET PRESENT-DAY CROWDED BROADCASTING CONDITIONS

ALL OTHER RADIOS*

Because

IN EVERY PRICE CLASS—PHILCO GIVES YOU MORE TUBES—MORE EXPENSIVE CIRCUITS—MORE POWER, DISTANCE, SELECTIVITY—TRUER TONE—MORE VALUE, NO MATTER WHAT PRICE YOU PAY

PHILCO has swept aside all conceptions of yesterday in radio performance and radio prices. And, as a result, it is now outselling all other radios.

More people are buying Philco today than ever before bought any make of radio—*even in boom times.* The reason is clear.

Because—in every Philco—no matter how much or how little you pay, Philco gives you *far more radio* for your money.

Then, to remove all doubt of supreme value—Philco prices every set complete with tubes—plainly states the number of tubes, the type of circuit.

Where manufacturers do not specify these facts, be sure to investigate before you buy. You can't compare values if you don't know the number of tubes. You can't have glorious tone over numerous stations—you can't have performance—you can't have selectivity, power or distance—*without enough tubes.*

From the Five-Tube Baby Grand up to the great Eleven-Tube Superheterodyne-Plus, every Philco is advertised and sold for exactly what it is.

Here, for instance, is the T. R. F. Baby Grand—with FIVE TUBES—*actually priced below many four-tube sets.* Here are more tubes—more power—more selectivity—more performance and cabinet quality, than were ever before offered at anything like the price. Here are Philco quality, Balanced-Unit construction, Screen Grid, the new Pentode Power Tube, Electro-Dynamic Speaker and genuine Mahogany Cabinet. Obviously no four-tube set could approach it in performance or owner satisfaction. It's the greatest small set value on the market.

And for those who want the utmost in radio enjoyment—selectivity to fully meet present-day crowded broadcasting conditions—Philco offers the marvelous new Balanced-Superheterodyne circuit, in 7, 9 and 11 tubes.

With these amazing Superheterodynes, Philco covers the whole range of radio ability, scaling upward to the greatest value and performance in all radio history—including Tone-Control, and Automatic Volume Control to hold distant stations without fading, and to prevent the nerve shock of blasting from strong locals while tuning.

Remember, the number of tubes—the kind of tubes—play a tremendous part in your enjoyment of radio. That is why Philco Balanced Tubes are installed in every Philco before it leaves the factory. You are sure when you buy a Philco of the gorgeous, breath-taking reality of tone which has made Philco by far the world's largest-selling radio.

And every Philco brings you, in cabinets of balanced tone-design, a sheer beauty of furniture worthy to grace any home.

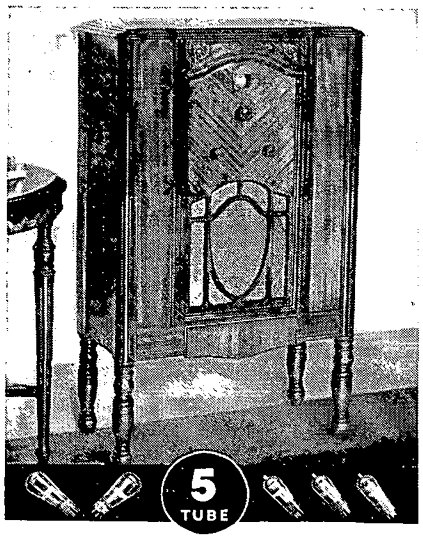
• • •

Philco also builds Philco-Transitone, the automobile radio which gives radio reception in your motor car, like Philco in your home. Ask your Philco dealer for a demonstration. Price $99.80, installed complete. If your car is not equipped with aerial, $10 extra. Philco, Philadelphia, Pa. Philco Products, Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Prices slightly higher in Canada, Denver and West.

THESE MARVELOUS BABY GRAND PHILCOS for those who want Philco Balanced-Unit performance in compact size:

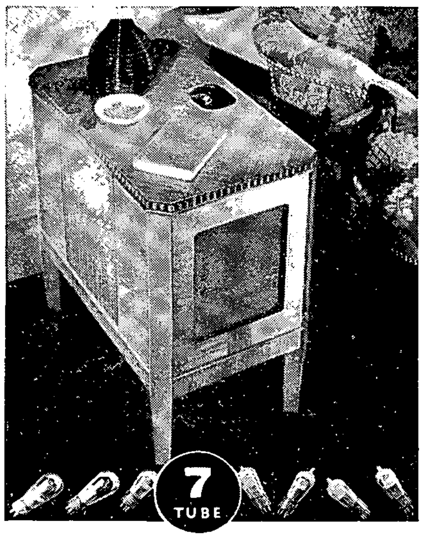
FIVE-TUBE T. R. F.	$36.50
SEVEN-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE	49.95
NINE-TUBE SUPERHETERODYNE	69.50

All complete with Philco Balanced Tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube, genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker and genuine Mahogany or Walnut Cabinets.



FIVE-TUBE LOWBOY, $49.95

Complete with tubes, including new Pentode Power Tube. Handsomely designed and executed in genuine Mahogany—a full-size, fine quality cabinet of stunning appearance. Combines Philco Balanced-Unit construction with Screen Grid power and genuine Electro-Dynamic Speaker for good distance and clear-toned reception. The greatest radio value ever offered at anywhere near the price.

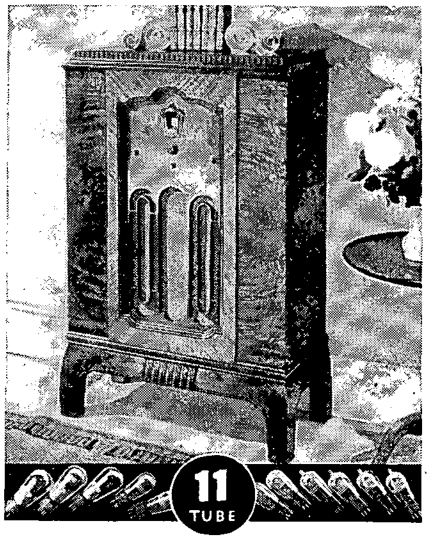


SEVEN-TUBE LAZYBOY, $69.50

A new chairside cabinet by Norman Bel Geddes. You can play, change programs, control tone, without getting up. Controls recessed on top. Pentode Power Tube, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Tone-Control, Illuminated Dial. In Pin Stripe American Walnut, Oriental woods, hand-rubbed. Also a Highboy, $65.75 and an all-electric Radio-Phonograph, $110, both complete with tubes.

NINE-TUBE LOWBOY $89.75

Complete with tubes. Gracefully executed in American Black Walnut and "V"—matched Oriental wood. Hand-rubbed finish. 4-Point Tone-Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial with Glowing Arrow Indicator—Two 45 Power Tubes—Push-Pull. Also a Nine-Tube Highboy, at $109.75, complete with nine tubes.

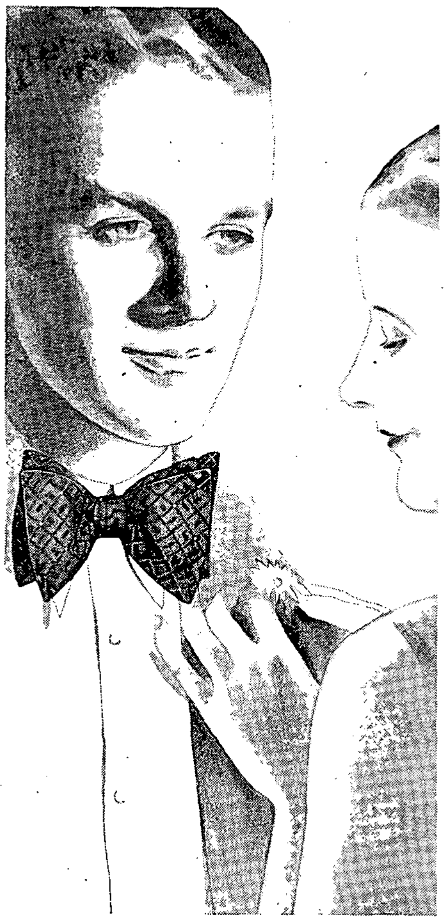


ELEVEN-TUBE LOWBOY, $149.50

Complete with tubes. Designed by Norman Bel Geddes, and executed in genuine Walnut woods, hand-rubbed. 4-Point Tone-Control—Automatic Volume Control—Oversize Electro-Dynamic Speaker—Illuminated Station Recording Dial—Two 45 Power Tubes—Push-Pull. Also a Highboy at $169.50, and a Radio-Phonograph with Automatic Record Changer, at $295.

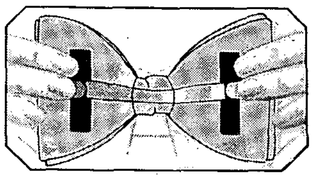
All Prices complete with Philco Balanced Tubes—Nothing Else to Buy

PHILCO BALANCED TUBES BETTER THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO



Here's one bow that she can't improve on . . .

Thanks to the Spur H-Shaped INNERFORM



When you've set the trim ends of a Spur Bow to suit yourself they stay that way. The patented Spur Innerform takes care of *that*—and no admiring ladies will be trying to fix them for you.

As a matter of fact, a Spur Bow is all tied for you to start with by the cleverest feminine fingers in America. You simply style it as becomes you best with the help of the hidden H-shaped Innerform.

Spur styles and silks for fall—including the new Dress Bows for formal wear—are the smartest you've ever seen.

FREE TO MOTHERS—*Write for a copy of "Boys' Clothes and How to Buy Them," an unusually practical, helpful, little style book.*

HEWES & POTTER, Inc.—Dept. C-9
65 Bedford Street, Boston, Mass.

Spur Bow
50¢ 75¢ $1.00
· ALL TIED FOR YOU ·

The Big Black Spot

Continued from page 13

to get helpless customers for a high-priced store.

I'm not saying that the operators of the large mines are angels. But later this same day, in a company store at a "big mine," I found the same prices that were being charged at chain stores in a town a dozen miles away.

Wherever you find a group of larger operators discussing their business problems, you will hear them agree that they must get their industry on what they call "the steel basis."

The steel industry was once as wildly rampageous and strike-ridden as is the soft-coal industry today.

The Need for Coöperation

A few weeks ago in Washington, at a conference of soft-coal operators with government officials, mine owners declared:

"We want to get wages fixed at a fair and decent level so that we can be certain about our costs and our overhead."

"If," one prominent owner said, "we could only form an association of coal operators that would stick together and decide on wage rates that would be fair to both sides, we would pay them and be happy. But operators won't stick together."

And that's why Old King Coal is the present-day rowdy among our industries.

But there is hope for him. Throughout this entire article, up to now, we have been speaking, you may have noticed, of *soft* coal; bituminous coal. The anthracite-coal industry is tranquil and well-behaved. It has passed through its storm, and *brains* are now ruling there. Wages are fixed by mutual agreement; working conditions are settled.

Anthracite mine owners are determined to keep things settled while they are trying to build up the business to what it used to be. They know that ruckuses with labor and between themselves have only hurt them. For instance, there's the thing that happened to them way out in cold Minnesota and the surrounding Northwest.

Out there last winter, with the thermometer twenty below zero, this writer noticed that householders were using coke for heating purposes. Twenty years ago no St. Paul householder would have depended upon anything short of hard coal to keep his family from freezing to death. Buying coal was part of getting ready for winter.

But strikes made the supply uncertain; prices rose tremendously. Gas companies, using soft coal, which produces coke, persuaded citizens that their coke was as cheap as hard coal and gave as much heat.

"We lost the field in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, parts of Illinois and in the Dakotas," a leader in the anthracite industry told me, "because we didn't know how to behave ourselves. But we're learning; and we're teaching the public, too."

Among other things the anthracite industry has established what is called the Anthracite Institute, at Primos, Pennsylvania. Here scientists try out stoves, furnaces, mechanical stokers and equipment for the use of hard coal. On a hot day last summer I saw a dozen heating plants running at full blast in the laboratory.

In a schoolroom, upstairs, sitting in their shirt sleeves, were thirty retail coal dealers. Your coal dealer may have been among them. They had come to the institute to learn "service"; how to help you keep your furnace in shape; how to advise you about all your fuel problems.

Thousands of retail coal dealers will receive training to help you; your coal man is becoming a service-giving business man instead of a mere telephone order-taker.

The anthracite business is cleaning itself nicely.

It is safe to prophesy that the bituminous industry will, in time, do the same.

"If we don't do it, the government will," the editor of one of the leading coal-trade journals told me. "And all the coal men know it. Coal ruled the industrial roost, one time, but it's been slipping."

Coal *was* king, all right. If he hadn't been such an ornery king, he might have been on the throne yet. There have been times when he was too mean and dictatorial to depend upon. Men found other things to take his place.

He gave us our machine age, but he hasn't kept control of it, by any means.

In the United States hard coal came first—"stone coal" they called it. Nearly all of it is found in six counties in Pennsylvania.

By the year 1859 hard coal was supplying two thirds of our industrial energy; soft coal was supplying the rest. Everything looked fine for the mine owners. But nothing stays put in this America of ours. What leads today trails tomorrow. Science sees to that.

Mr. Anthracite had hard sledding for the next ten years; soft coal was undermining him. In 1869 hard coal furnished only one half of our industrial energy. Perhaps you think soft coal supplied the other half? It did not. The earth had given men a new form of fuel—petroleum. Men called this new fuel "coal oil."

Who would have thought then that this new coal oil, which furnished three per cent of the power for our industries, would one day help to threaten the kingship of old King Coal? Yet it menaced soft coal just as soft coal had menaced anthracite.

Twenty years go by! How do they stand now—hard coal, soft coal and petroleum—in their race to keep our machinery running?

Things are not so good for hard coal. It's supplying only one third of the nation's power. But soft coal is not supplying the remaining two thirds. Coal oil, or petroleum, is supplying six per cent.

Fashions in Power Production

For, in the flashing progress of industry, petroleum—brand-new to men only two decades before—had found a rival. This also came from the good earth. It was natural gas. In that year, 1879, it gave more power to industry than did the astonishing coal oil.

Coal, soft and hard, in that year was taking a whipping. It supplied less than ninety per cent of our steam muscles. Water power, too, was becoming more important. Water hitting the blades of mill wheels, not creating electricity, for we did not yet know how to use electricity as power.

Down, down, down! That's been the general direction of coal power ever since. Hard coal? Well, if you and millions of other Americans did not use it for heating your homes it would almost be off the market. Hard coal has turned genteel. It remains in our homes but supplies only 8.5 per cent of our energy requirements.

Soft coal? Well, it supplies only 55 per cent. Both of the coals together, which used to do one hundred per cent of our industrial work, now do only about two thirds of it.

But up, up, up has come the power of petroleum. It supplies about one quarter of our industrial power. This does not include the work it does in the form of gasoline in turning the wheels of nearly 30,000,000 automobiles.

And natural gas? It forms over eight per cent of our industrial muscles. New inventions for making steel pipe that will distribute gas from wells to points one thousand miles and more away are making this possible.

Electricity, made with water power and distributed hundreds of miles over our newfangled power wires, supplies another eight per cent.

"New inventions have smacked us hard," one of the old-timers among the coal operators told me the other day. "Every time I hear of a new discovery I say, 'Well, I wonder how hard a crack that new invention will hit us.'

"The fact of the matter is, however, that we fellows in the coal business were so cocksure of our safe situation, up to a few years ago, that we wouldn't listen to any new inventions for ourselves and our own business.

"We stuck to hand labor too long. But now we're mechanizing our mines and putting machinery way down into the bowels of the earth. Mechanization is increasing at the rate of fifty per cent a year. We had to come to it, to hold our own."

We'll Always Need Coal

He was right as rain. Only a few weeks before the government had issued a statement to the general effect that "while the consumption of coal has not advanced since the war . . . the production of power from oil, natural gas and water has increased enormously."

Don't make the error of thinking we will be able to get along without coal for industrial energy.

What about water power and electricity, you ask? The dream of a nation run by "white coal" is eyewash.

There can't be enough of power so produced. Steinmetz, wizard of electricity, once declared in effect—though his phrases were highly technical—that if every raindrop that falls from our skies were to strike a turbine wheel and add the energy of its fall to that of others, it would still not carry the load already borne by coal. Obviously we can't hitch every falling raindrop to our machinery.

So we'll have to endure the rowdyism of Old King Coal until he learns how to behave himself. . . .

Or until the government makes him behave by putting him under Federal control like the railroads, or shipping, or water power, or some sort of licensing or permit system.

As for that, he has his choice.

He will, in time, behave. That's certain. The steel industry, once uncertain and unsteady on its feet as results of blows which it dealt itself in its fights with labor, with investors and with internal competition, has learned how to be good.

The railroads, once as rowdy as coal, in rate-cutting, strikes, lockouts and internal competition, have learned their lesson. Today they lend dependable and continuous aid to every other industry.

But the soft-coal industry has its lesson to learn before we Americans feel it is safe to depend completely and in sweet, trusting confidence on its service.

New parts for an engine are hard to get here! That's one good reason why this Philippine filling station in Cebu finds everybody asking for Mobiloil. Wherever oil *must* stand up you'll find motorists choosing Mobiloil.

"Oo, ilhan labing hawud!"

"*Oo, ilhan labing hawud!*" "Mobiloil stands up!"—That's the way the Philippine motorist shares his enthusiasm with the American motorist for Mobiloil's remarkable ability to stand up. This ability to stand up has made Mobiloil the world's leading oil.

In Manila or Memphis Mobiloil stands up!

Only one oil in the world has proved its ability to **stand up** under every driving condition in the world. That one oil is Mobiloil!

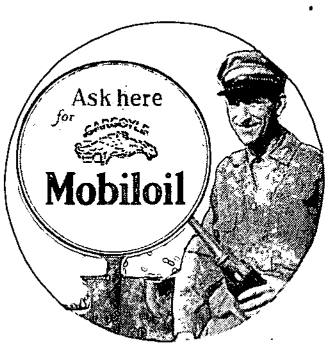
Mobiloil **stands up** where roads run for miles under blazing tropic suns. Where the going is hard, Mobiloil **stands up**. Where speedometers hit the high spots, Mobiloil **stands up**.

Mobiloil has been tried and tested and proved under every extreme driving condition where an oil *must* **stand up** . . . That's the kind of lubrication you want to buy for your car!

These days you expect your car to travel farther. You drive it faster yet you expect it to last longer.

Therefore, don't waste money on ordinary oils! Don't take chances with "second-best" oils! Play safe with Mobiloil. There's a Mobiloil dealer near you, ready to serve you. See him today. If you like the convenience of a 5-gallon can of Mobiloil for home garage use, he can supply you.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, from WEAF and 31 associated N. B. C. stations.


Ask here for Gargoyle Mobiloil

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

$3,000,0

really

The Amazing New

VITA-FRESH

PROCESS

. . . most important advance in the history of coffee . . . Maxwell House brings you the first completely roaster-fresh coffee . . . always full flavor, full value, no matter when or where you buy it

A TRULY fresh cup of coffee—how delightful—how thoroughly *satisfying*—but until now virtually unattainable.

Many people have gone through life without ever once tasting really fresh coffee. But all can enjoy it now—for Maxwell House has invested $3,000,000 in developing a new method of coffee protection. Here we tell how and why this brings you greater coffee enjoyment than you have ever had before.

Oxygen—a greedy racketeer

Coffee flavor is highly perishable. Air (Oxygen) robs coffee of its strength and flavor.

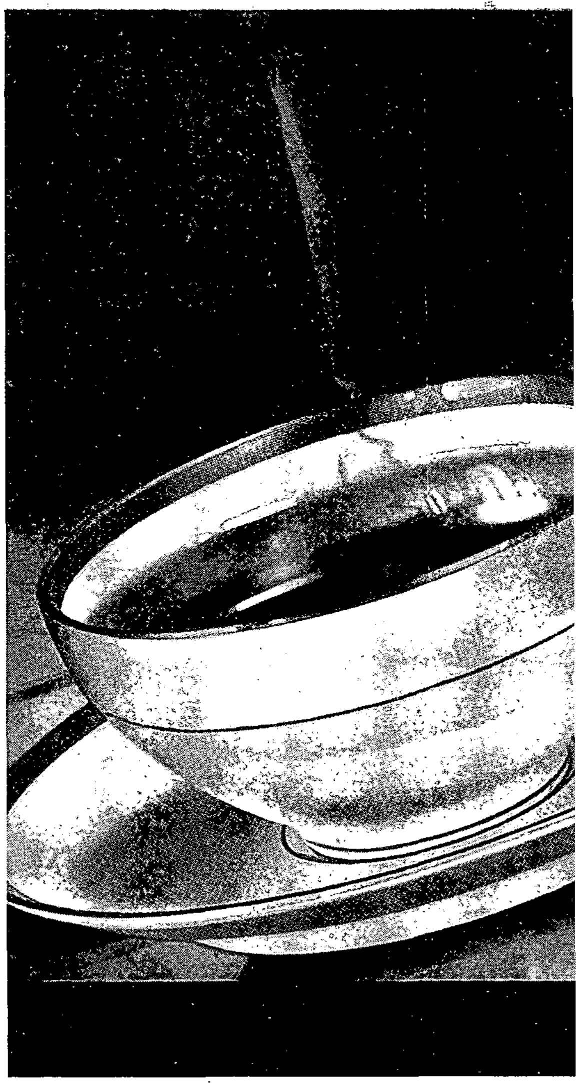
Just read these amazing facts established in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:

(1) *Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.*

(2) *Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.*

All due to the attack of Oxygen!

Think of it! 45% to 65% of the flavor gone from 9-day-old coffee. Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over old-fashioned methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause flavor loss and deterioration.



The new Vita-Fresh Process remove
the air so *completely* that the most rigi
chemical analysis reveals *no trace of Oxy*
gen in the Vita-Fresh can after packing

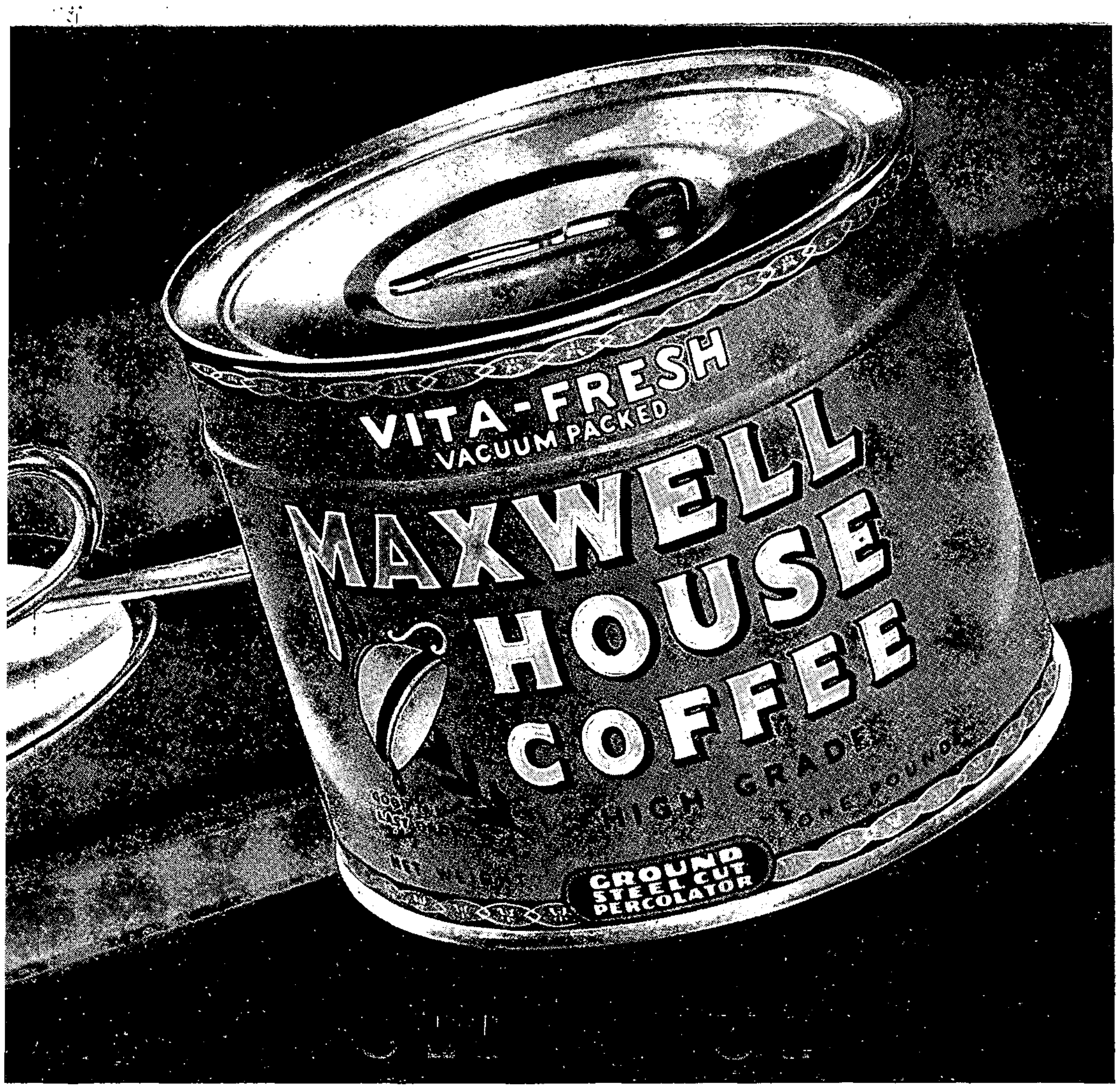
Remember — Oxygen is the destroye
of coffee freshness and flavor. The Vita
Fresh Process *alone* gives full protectio
to coffee goodness. Maxwell House an
Maxwell House *only* gives you this guar

• MAXWELL

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CO

D for a cup of *fresh* coffee


VITA-FRESH
VACUUM PACKED
MAXWELL
HOUSE
COFFEE
HIGH GRADE
ONE POUND
GROUND
STEEL CUT
PERCOLATOR

of full flavor, full value in every
d.

'our first sip will be a taste thrill

our grocer this very day for a pound
ta-Fresh Maxwell House Coffee and
yourself and your family to the new
hts of the finest coffee precisely as
as the moment it left the roasting
s. Old friends, and new friends, of
'amous Southern blend proclaim it

a flavor revelation. You'll drink it with surprise and delight.

Try it at our risk

After trying Vita-Fresh Maxwell House Coffee, if you and your family do not agree that it is the finest coffee you have ever tasted—simply return the can with unused portion to the grocer from whom you bought it and he will gladly return the full purchase price.

NOTE TO COFFEE PACKERS — *Coffee packers desiring to employ General Foods Corporation method of packing Maxwell House Coffee should communicate with the American Can Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y., which is exclusively authorized to grant the right to use this method.*

LOOSE OR BAG COFFEE
COFFEE IN OLD-FASHIONED CANS

Read These Amazing Facts

(1) *Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.*

(2) *Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in 9 days after roasting.*

All due to the attack of Oxygen!

Think of it—45% to 65% of the flavor gone from 9-day-old coffee.

OUSE *Coffee* •

ATION

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

BEAUTY
41115615
MILEAGE
SIMONIZ
KEEPS THIS CAR ALWAYS LOOKING NEW
63-890

Then he realized...

why SIMONIZ keeps cars beautiful

Your car, too, will sparkle and shine like new from now to the very last day you drive it if you protect the finish with Simoniz.

Simoniz keeps cars looking new and beautiful because it protects the finish at all times . . . so that weather, dirt and other injurious elements never have a chance to dull or destroy its beauty.

And Simoniz saves you a lot of time and trouble. One application lasts for months, and after a car is Simonized just wiping with a dry cloth keeps the finish clean and always beautiful.

Simonizing a car is simple and easy. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener quickly and safely removes all grime and dirt. Then Simoniz gives a sparkling lustre and provides lasting all-weather protection.

Do as millions of motorists do . . . insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener, and your car will always look bright and new. They're sold at leading hardware, auto accessory stores and garages everywhere.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Why Every Car Should be SIMONIZED

- Guards the beauty
- Restores the lustre
- Saves time
- Makes the finish last longer
- Keeps colors from fading

MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE GUARDIAN OF MOTORCAR BEAUTY

KLEENER
SIMONIZ

Delayed Action

Continued from page 9

"Pete? Why pick on Pete?"

"Why, nobody could have done it but—"

"But just one of three men," I said.

"Three—?"

"After all," I said, "this has turned out to be a pretty simple case. It shouldn't be any trouble at all to figure out which one of the three it was."

"Where do you get this three?" Art Dwyer demanded to know. "It looks to me like—"

I didn't hear what it looked to him like. I had opened the door and was looking up and down the street, and I didn't like what I seen there at all. Down in front of the sheriff's office a big crowd had gathered.

Art came to the door.

"Damn the day that made me deputy," he said real low, at last. "I don't mind going out to take a man the law wants, but this darn' thing—"

His voice trailed off. I never realized what a kid Art Dwyer was till I seen him looking so gray and scared.

"Come on," I said. He came trotting at my heels as I went down toward the sheriff's office at a running walk.

DOC GARRETT stepped out in front of me, looking mighty serious. "Coffee," he said, "something terrible is going to happen here. I just want to say that if you and Art think of any way to keep order here, you can count on me."

"Good," I said, snapping him up quick. "If it comes to a fight, that adobe-walled house of yours is as good a stand-to as we could want. You and Art go on up there, and I'll bring Pete Crabtree. Hump, now!"

They hesitated a little bit; but after a minute or two they went.

I went on down to the sheriff's office, and wormed through the crowd. And I tell you, for a man that was not a part of it, that crowd was enough to make your blood run cold. They was set on getting Pete Crabtree.

I went straight into the sheriff's office. Crabtree was there, and he had Old Man Hepmeyer backed up in a chair, trying to pry out of him stuff that wasn't in him to start with. Pete was looking mighty anxious.

As I came in he turned on me, savage. "Get out of here," he said, very barbwire; and I turned and got out.

Maybe I would have tried to reason with him, but it just then come to me that I'd started wrong end to. The one person who had been able to make all those free-hand changes in Pete Crabtree's life was the only one who had a chance of handling him now. So now I broke into a dead run and set out to look for her.

I didn't have far to look. I had set out to see if she wasn't with old Mrs. Hepmeyer, but on the way I run into her hurrying along the walk.

"You got to do what I ask you, and do it quick," I told her. "If you don't it's all up, that's all."

"What is it you want?" Edith said.

"Write a note to Pete," I said. "Tell him you're at Doc Garrett's house. Tell him to come there and come quick." She stood and looked at me for a minute. Then she took the pencil I gave her and did as I said.

"Now," I told her, "go there and be where you've said you'd be. Wait! If and when Pete and I get there, you tell him to listen to me." She nodded, turned and was gone.

The crowd had drawn in closer in front of the sheriff's office, and that droning, buzzing noise that a mob makes was louder, now. I elbowed through, and pushed up to the sheriff's office again. Pete had the door locked this time, but I showed him Edith's note through the window, and he let me in.

"What's this now?" he snarled at me.

I let him read it for himself.

"All right," he said, "I'll go."

To get away from there we had to walk out through that mob. So we walked straight out, and it worked, partly because a mob is the slowest-thinking thing on earth. They didn't even follow us off, right then. Yet as I looked them over it seemed to me it couldn't be more than a matter of minutes until hell would bust.

Edith Prescott and Doc Garrett and Art Dwyer were waiting for us in that little adobe-walled house of Doc's. As Pete met Edith Prescott's eye he sort of bristled up. "What's the meaning of this?" he snapped at her.

"Pete," Edith said, "you're in an awful tight place. I want you to listen to Old Man Coffee."

He turned on me, looking like a buck deer that the dogs has brought to a stand.

"Son," said I, "I've certainly made it easy for you. Chamberlain was killed by one of two men. I can't say which it was. But, Pete, *you can.*"

"Name them, then," he said.

I got out the little hunk of lead. "About an hour ago Art Dwyer come to me with this .38 slug. According to Doc, here, it's one of the bullets that killed Chamberlain. Art's idea was to try to find out what gun this bullet come from, by comparing bullets through a microscope.

"Art Dwyer also had with him a gun. It was a .38 gun, one that some folks thought had been used. We tried that one first. Well, sir, this here bullet was from that same gun."

"Whose gun was it?" Crabtree demanded.

"Now naturally," I said, talking him down, "you'll ask how I know that Art Dwyer didn't kill Chamberlain. Because, after all, the next place anybody seen that gun, after the murder, was in Art Dwyer's hands. But look! If Art Dwyer had killed this man with this gun, would he make it his first act to get it proved that the death bullet come from that gun? I doubt it. Therefore, Art Dwyer didn't do it, and that answers your question."

"I didn't ask no such question," said Pete. "I asked whose gun it was!"

"Now you look here, Crabtree," I said. "We got you up here because it's your rightful place to solve this murder—"

"*Whose gun was it?*"

"It was your gun," I said.

WHEN Pete finally spoke I thought he was going to make a grab at me. "Are you accusing me?"

"I'm asking you where that gun was."

"That gun was in my room—it couldn't possibly have killed that man. I heard the shots that killed Homer Chamberlain, and that .38 was in my plain sight when I heard 'em!"

"That sure makes it very simple," said I.

"Simple? How does it make it simple?"

"Pete," said I, "I ask you one straight question, and then I'm through. Did you kill Homer Chamberlain?"

"I did not!" said Pete.

"And there you are," I said.

"And where is who?"

"No one," I said, "could have killed Homer Chamberlain except you or the

(*Continued on page 40*)

CHAMPION
more than a name
GUARANT
DEPENDABLE
CHAMPION
SPARK PLUG
CHAMPION
CH

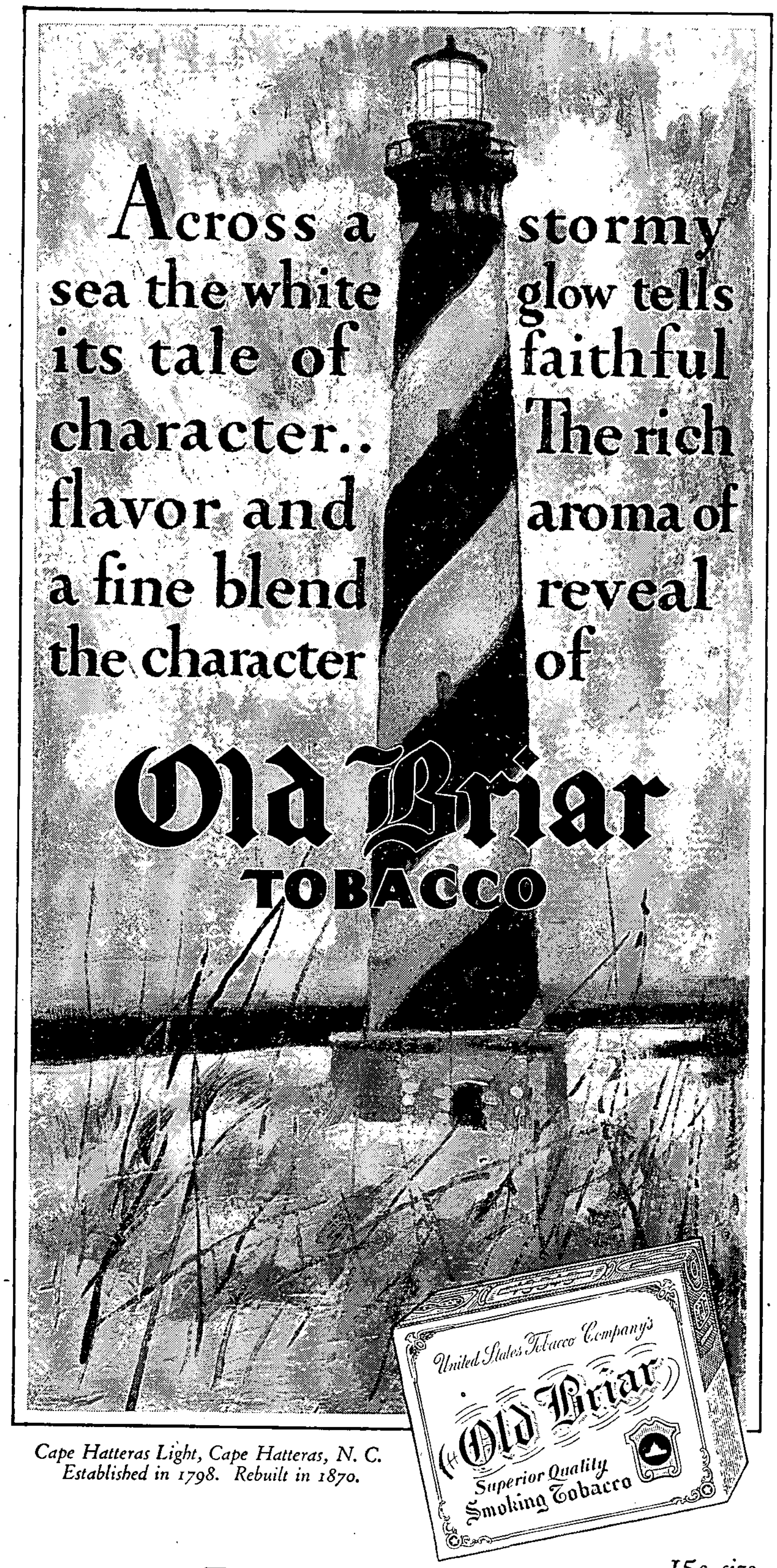
CHANGE SPARK PLUGS
EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER
ENGINE PERFORMANCE

THE championship performance of Champion Spark Plugs is traditional, and the means of earning for Champions the continued right to outsell throughout the world . . . Every motorist enjoys driving a car that is alive with acceleration, power, speed and smoothness. While spark plugs alone cannot insure all these desirable performance features, other factors being equal, Champion Spark Plugs *do* insure them all, plus maximum economy. This is the conclusion of the majority of the world's motorists over a long period of years . . . Install a set of the new and improved Champions in your car. Because they make every engine a better performing engine — as countless records attest — Champions are Champions not only in name, but also in fact.

The New and Improved Champion Spark Plugs have a definitely increased range of spark plug efficiency and they make every engine a better performing engine. Better in power and flexibility. Better in starting, idling, and at top speed

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • WINDSOR, ONTARIO • LONDON • PARIS

***New Improved* Champion Spark Plugs**


Across a stormy sea the white glow tells its tale of faithful character.. The rich flavor and aroma of a fine blend reveal the character of
OLD BRIAR
TOBACCO
United States Tobacco Company's
Old Briar
Superior Quality
Smoking Tobacco
15c size

Cape Hatteras Light, Cape Hatteras, N. C.
Established in 1798. Rebuilt in 1870.

THE flavor of OLD BRIAR has some rare quality that wins quick and lasting approval from men of widely varying tastes. The same quality is present in OLD BRIAR'S appeal to the other senses . . . its fragrance, its appetizing appearance, its texture. This quality, due to an unusual blend of the choicest tobaccos, gives OLD BRIAR its distinctive character. Buy a package today and see if it isn't just the right blend for you.

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
U. S. A.

Delayed Action

Continued from page 38

one other feller. Well, if you didn't do it—what the heck! Go ahead and arrest the other guy."

"What other guy?"

"Do I have to draw a diagram? If this .38 of yours isn't the one that killed Chamberlain, then this bullet that Doc Garrett offers us isn't the bullet that killed Chamberlain either."

I was watching Doc Garrett out of the corner of my eye, but I couldn't read his face. It had a set look like a man who has played poker all night, but still don't aim to quit.

"You mean to say—"

"I don't know," I said, "where Doc Garrett got a bullet once fired from your gun. But how is it that Doc hands us a bullet from a gun that wasn't nowhere near the crime?"

THERE was one of them all-fired shaky quiet spells, and I heard a kind of a shuffling, trampling sound, like a herd of cattle coming in. The mob was on the move at last.

"I don't know the answer," I finished up. "Why would Doc make that switch? Unless—"

"Unless," said Crabtree, "he killed Chamberlain himself!"

I wasn't looking at Doc; I had my eyes on the floor where I could watch everybody's boots. By watching a man's feet, you catch his first move nearly as quick as if you're looking him in the eye; and you have the extra advantage that he doesn't know you are watching him so good as you are.

So it couldn't have been more than a fraction of a second after Doc Garrett went for his gun that I went for mine. Only, I didn't need it. One shot banged and Doc Garrett's gun dropped on the floor beside his boots that I was watching; and as I looked up Doc was bent over, his left hand hanging onto his gun arm that Crabtree's shot had busted. Pete Crabtree's gun was smoking in his hand; and all that stubborn, steamed-up look had gone out of his face, and he was smiling as he looked at Doc.

Then, in the little quiet that followed I heard that sound of walking in the street, so near and plain that you couldn't get away from it or shut it out: a hundred boot heels coming along the board walk, and three hundred more pairs of boots a-scuffling in the dust.

"In God's name, Pete," began Doc Garrett, "in God's name—"

"What?" said Pete.

"Don't turn me over to that crowd, Pete," Doc said. "That's all I ask. I swear, Pete, I never meant to hang it on you. I didn't suppose there was anybody around here had sense enough to compare a bullet with a gun. I picked up this bullet when you was shooting targets this morning. But all I was thinking was that it was a .38, and everybody knows I don't have a .38 to my name. I swear to heaven, Pete, I never meant to hang it on you!"

"Doc," said Pete, "you killed Chamberlain."

Doc Garrett's long face had gone slack, but his eyes was like the bowls of lighted pipes.

"What if I did kill him?" he come out. "Didn't you hate him, didn't everybody hate him? I tell you, I knew that man! I knew him down to the ground. Why, over in Lordstown—"

There you had it! Folks always look for the man who has the nearest and the latest motive. They don't take into account that there may be twenty others who have stronger motives, that everyone but themselves has forgot.

"Don't worry, Doc," Pete said. "I'll never turn you over to the mob."

Art Dwyer said, "Well, what are we going to do?"

For just a moment uncertainty came across Pete's face again; quick as he was in action, when he knew what he ought to do, that slow brain of his was with him still.

Then Edith Prescott said, "You go out there, Pete."

Pete looked at her and nodded, sober and cool, but not scared nor anxious any more. He put his gun in his holster and turned to the door. I blew out the light inside; and Pete opened the door and stepped out.

I heard a big growl go up in the street, and I tell you that that was a terrible sound. Then the growl died away, and we heard Pete's voice, strong and slow. "Rollie Marshall," Pete said, "a hundred men can shoot to get me from where they stand. But, by God, Rollie, if it comes to that, I'm going to get me one man. And that one man is going to be you."

Right there I kind of relaxed and put away my gun. I don't know for sure if Marshall was the leader of that mob—I kind of think it didn't have any leader. But Marshall being who he was, and singled out by Pete, I knew the rest would wait to see what Rollie would do—and of course Rollie didn't want to die.

But the main thing was that the mob could see now they wasn't tackling the spirit-busted man they thought they was, but instead they had got hold of the same Crabtree that had took Hanrahan and the Gormsons. If Art Dwyer had tried to face down that mob they would have shot him, and if I had tried it, they would have laughed at me and maybe rode me on a rail. But with Pete Crabtree back to life again, he could do more for himself than an army could, and the mob was done.

Out in front I heard Marshall say, "Crabtree, we can't let a killing like this pass by."

"There isn't anything going to be passed by," Pete said. "I've located the man that killed Chamberlain, and I've got the evidence against him, and I got his confession. The shot you heard just now was when I took him; I had to bust his arm when he drawed."

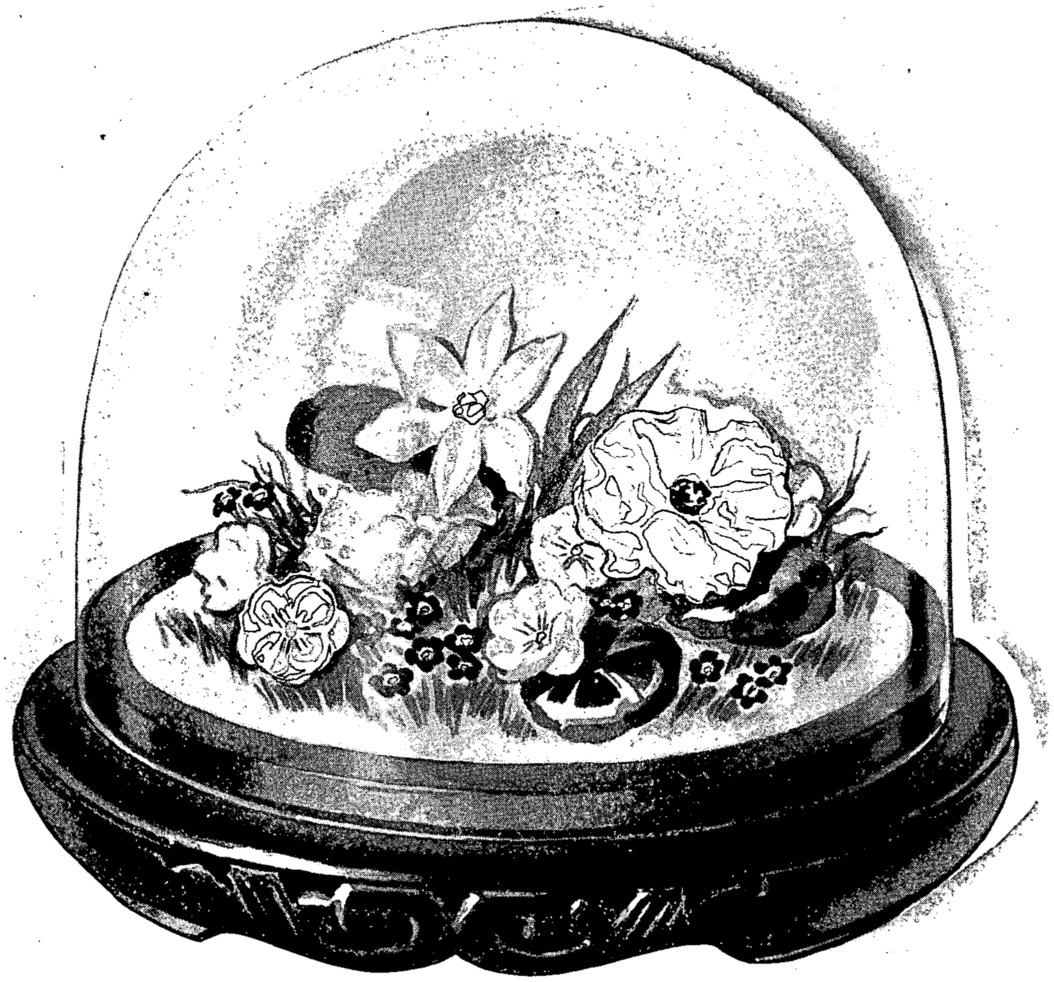
"Who is it?" somebody yelled in the crowd.

"You'll know who it is," Pete growled, "when I get ready to tell you. This is my prisoner, and I aim to handle him in my own way. If anybody thinks different—step out!"

IT WAS all over. Pete Crabtree had played out his hand pretty good, I thought—once he had had his cards read to him.

I kind of straightened up and filled my chest with air. And I was fixing to look modest and kind of laugh it off, as I turned around to Edith Prescott. But she wasn't looking at me at all. She was at the window, looking out at where Pete Crabtree was putting on his little show. Dumb adoration. Yes, sir, that's the only name for the look on her face. Dumb adoration.

Still, why should a girl like she was waste them violet-colored eyes on a lion-hunting old rip pretty near a thousand years old? If Edith had not gone ahead and given the credit to Pete, I would have had to figure out some way to make her give him credit, wouldn't I? So after all, after I thought it over, I was real tickled that it had worked out the way it done.



WAX

MAKES LIFE-LIKE FLOWERS . .

BUT NOT GOOD MOTOR OIL

Perhaps you remember 'way back when no home was complete without a glistening glass-covered spray of flowers a-top the "what-not" in the dark and shady parlor. But never in the sun! For they were *wax* flowers.

And back in the days before *The New Waxfree Havoline*, no motor oil was complete without its full percentage of this same substance—wax. Fine for flowers—yet not so good in oil. For wax turns watery thin with heat; candle-hard with cold.

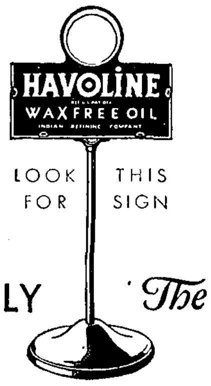
Keep Wax Out of Your Motor

There is no wax in Waxfree Havoline—it's 100 per cent *oil*. That's why it holds its oily body in torrid temperatures. That's why it won't clog or stiffen when the mercury slides down to zero.

Hot or cold, or in-between, there is a grade of this fine oil to protect your motor perfectly. Many car owners who have used Waxfree Havoline regularly from the first describe their motors as "flexible" and "sweet running" after thirty—forty—fifty thousand miles.

When it's "change-oil" time again, drain and refill where you see the Waxfree Havoline sign. Your motor will thank you. *Waxfree means carefree!*

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
General Offices and Refinery: Lawrenceville, Illinois
Sales Offices: Indianapolis, Indiana



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

35c A QUART
Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

USE ONLY *The New*

If you want the finest quality in a high-grade *regular* oil, use Blended Havoline—25c a Quart

WAXFREE HAVOLINE

MOTOR OIL

© 1931, Indian Refining Co.

Bostonians
SHOES FOR MEN

New Styles—New Prices—New Values

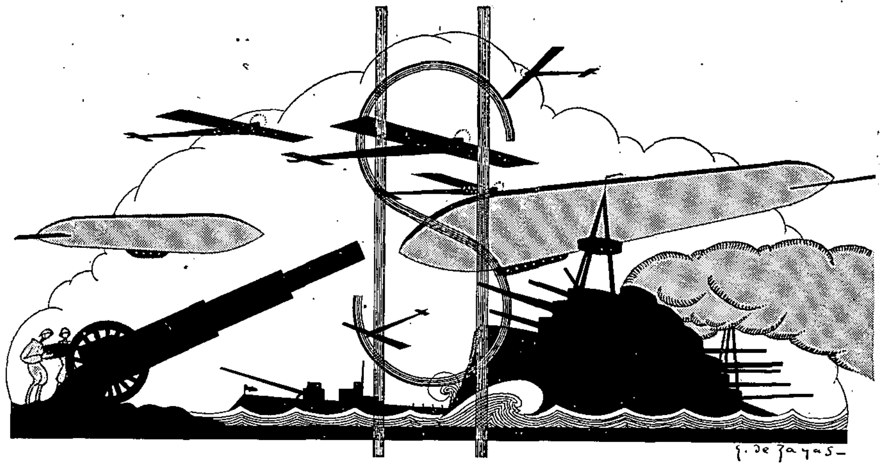
THE ALLONBY . . A BOSTONIAN SELECTED STYLE FOR FALL

Good news for millions of well-dressed men. Style Selected Bostonians now only $6.50 to $9.00. The same sincere New England workmanship in every stitch. Choice leathers. Famous-fitting Bostonian lasts. Smarter-than-ever styles. Lowest price in years. See these new Bostonians today! Feel their free-walking fit. Enjoy their good looks. Profit by their present low prices.

Now $6.50 to $9.00

BOSTONIAN AGENCIES IN EVERY CITY AND TOWN

COMMONWEALTH SHOE & LEATHER COMPANY, WHITMAN, MASS.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

More money has been spent on armaments by the United States during the past fiscal year than by any other country in the world.

National unemployment insurance is in operation today in 17 foreign countries: Australia, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, Finland, France, Germany, Great Britain, Irish Free State, Italy, Netherlands, Poland, Russia, Spain and Switzerland.

Since the dawn of history only 5,000 persons—or 1 out of every 6,000,000 civilized adults—have achieved sufficient fame to warrant recognition by historians.—*By Dr. C. B. Pritchett, Hopewell, Va.*

Tests conducted among thousands of grade-school and high-school students revealed that the use of sound motion pictures in class work increased their knowledge 38% more than lecture courses.

Wine consumption in France has increased 20.5% in the past three years.

Nitrogen iodine, one of the most sensitive explosives in the world, will "go off" when lightly touched with a feather.—*By Noel Garrison, El Paso, Texas.*

Nitrogen Iodine

Not more than 50% of the stories purchased today by motion-picture companies ever go into production.

Small copper houses, which are inexpensive and can be erected in a day, recently were introduced in Germany.

There are 570 different paying occupations in the United States today, and women work in 535 of them.—*By M. C. Kay, Adrian, Mich.*

During the past 25 years the average American working day has decreased about 3 hours, or more than 25%.

The growing of tobacco is forbidden by law in Egypt. The "Egyptian" cigarettes sold throughout the world are made of tobacco grown elsewhere than in Egypt, principally in Turkey.

Throughout the United States today, there is 1 divorce for every 6 marriages.

A recent check of 81,000 motor cars as they approached "Full Stop" signs at main thoroughfares in New Jersey showed that 82% of them did not stop at all, and that half of the remaining 18% only slowed up when it was necessary to avoid collisions with cross traffic.

The latest Folies Bergères revue, *L'Usine à Folies,* which recently opened in Paris, has 80 different scenes.

Japanese ladies regularly visit beauty parlors to have their ears cleaned.

Children inherit their grandparents' characteristics more closely than those of their parents.—*By Dr. F. F. Schwentker, Baltimore.*

Mated hens lay fertile eggs which may be hatched, while unmated hens lay infertile or "virgin" eggs which are produced more steadily, keep better and are more desirable.—*By G. W. Reese, New Orleans.*

A new magneto-optical method for detecting the presence of an element is capable of finding 1 part of it in 1,000,000,000 parts of other material.

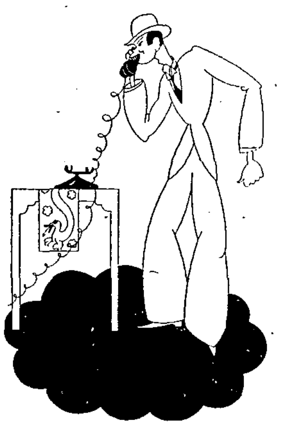
King Prajadhipok of Siam, who recently visited the United States for several months, possesses the finest and most valuable collection of canes in the world.

The most complete set of drawings ever produced to illustrate the numerous emotional expressions of the face contains 680 different sketches.

Today only 465 out of every 1,000 law students pass their bar examinations.

In Chinatown, San Francisco, telephone calls are made by giving the party's name instead of his number, thereby requiring those poor little Chinese operators to develop record-breaking memories.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

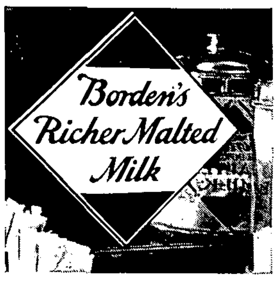


ask the fountain fans
ask the scientists

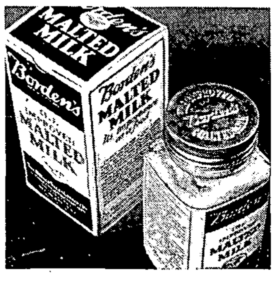
WHAT'S THE BEST MALTED MILK YOU CAN DRINK?

Fountain fans, you may be sure, judge a malted milk by its flavor. And there's no doubt about their preference. Borden's is served at the fountains 136,000,000 times a year! More often than any other two malted milks put together!

Now let's hear from the scientists—nutrition experts who judge a malted milk by health value. Which malted milk brings the most health benefits? Borden's, say the scientists. Tests prove it.



Going to have a malted milk at the fountain to-day? Look for the fountain that displays the Borden Diamond! It pays!



For home use, too—accept no substitute. Borden's is richer in health benefits. Be sure to insist upon Borden's.

Borden's—for fountain—for home!

Comparative tests in a leading university have recently revealed the superiority of Borden's Malted Milk as a vitamin source. Experiments have proved conclusively that Borden's is richer in three vitamins—A, B and G! Even if you were to judge by vitamins alone, Borden's is a food among foods!

But nutrition experts have more to tell you. Analyses reveal that Borden's is a food remarkably high in mineral salts—supplying phosphorus and calcium, so necessary to sound teeth and bones.

And last, Borden's is rich in the important energy elements and proteins. All in a form so easy to digest, it would be hard to name any food which can quite compare.

Enjoy Borden's benefits at home

No wonder Borden's is recommended by the food experts as a marvelous building food for undernourished children, for nursing mothers, for invalids, for old people, for anyone who needs building up. No wonder Borden's is recommended for a quick "pick-up", when you're tired. No wonder it's advised for a hot nightcap, to send you off to dreamless sleep.

Borden's is not only a more delicious drink—creamy rich and tempting—it's a better buy for health!

To get Borden's at the fountains, look for the fountain that displays the Borden Diamond. For home use, too, insist on Borden's. Accept no other!

Accept this offer!

Mail coupon and 10c to-day for liberal 3-serving sample and booklet containing delicious recipes and important information on relieving fatigue and building health.

© 1931, B. CO.

The Borden Company, Dept. C-7
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) for which please send me 3-serving sample of Borden's Malted Milk and booklet.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*______________ *State*__________

Borden's Richer Malted Milk

Firestone ONE-STOP SERVICE

Firestone One-Stop Service is the most modern, convenient, and economical service car owners have ever known—pioneered by Firestone and Firestone Dealers—providing the complete line of Firestone products and every service your car requires, except mechanical repairs—all under one roof.

FIRESTONE HIGH SPEED TIRES

The Safest Tires in the World

SAFEST because of the inbuilt construction features—Gum-Dipped Cords, the Double Cord Breaker, and Tougher, Thicker Non-Skid Tread. These give you extra values resulting in greatest safety, mileage, comfort and economy.

Firestone Service Stores and Service Dealers have a complete line of Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires for you to choose from—a tire to meet every price and service requirement. They also sell and service Firestone Batteries, Firestone Brake Lining, Firestone Spark Plugs, Firestone Rims, Firestone Accessories — Gasoline — Oil and Lubrication. Every Firestone product gives greatest values because of Firestone economies in buying, manufacturing, and distributing.

Call on the Firestone Service Dealer in your community today and see the Extra Values you get by equipping your car with Firestone Products.

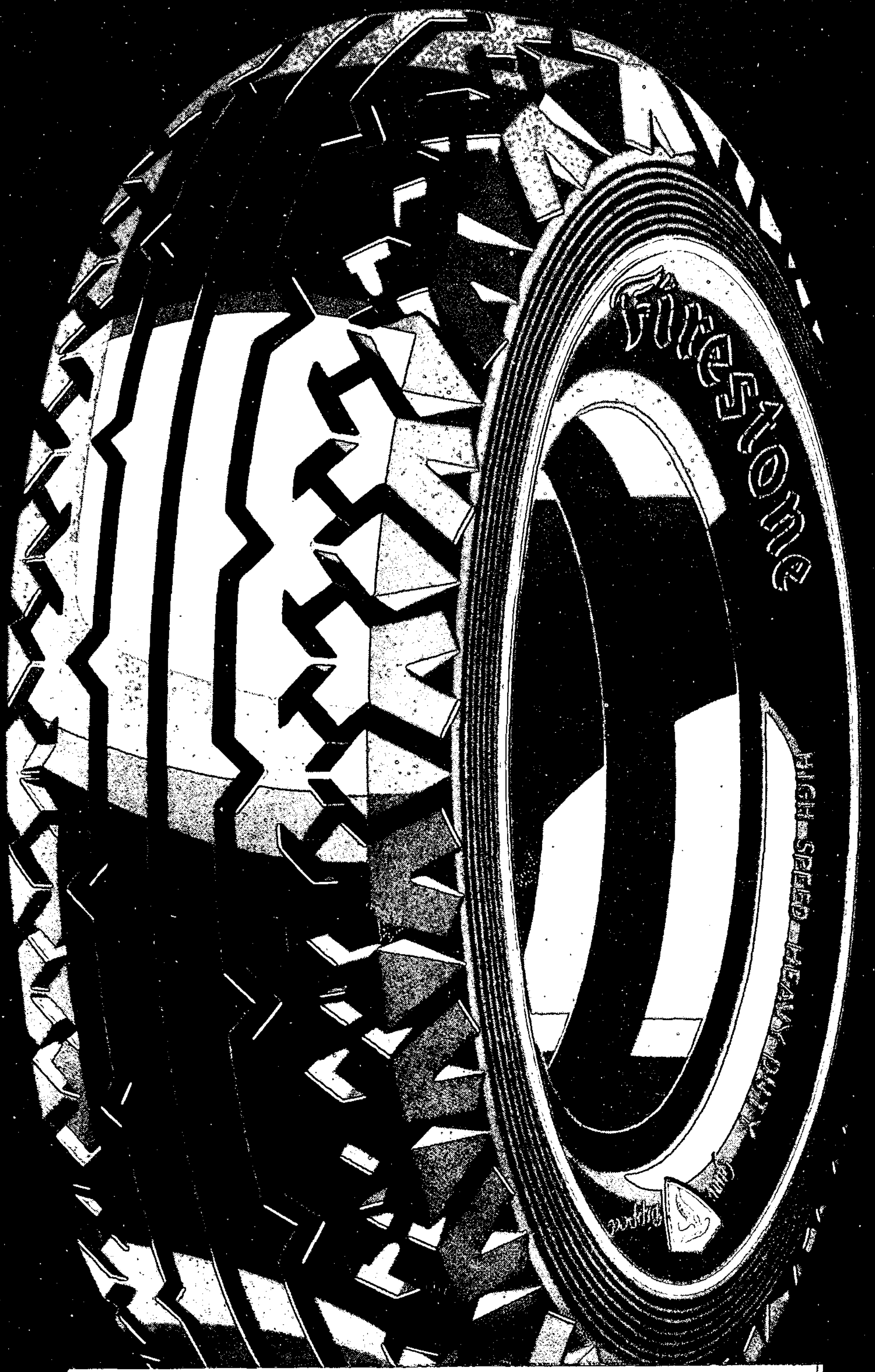
58%	longer flexing life in every cord
56%	stronger bond between tread and cord body
26%	greater protection against punctures and blowouts
25%	longer non-skid wear
25%	to 40% longer tire life

Firestone Service Stores *and* Service Dealers Save You Money *and* Serve You Better

Fire

MOST MILES

Copyright, 1931, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

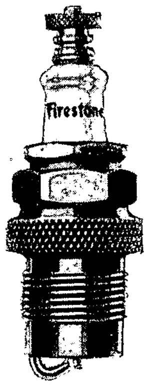

Firestone
HIGH SPEED HEAVY DUTY

The GOLD STANDARD *of* Tire Values

Firestone
Standard

Firestone Batteries

Firestone construction gives extra values and assures dependable power and long life.



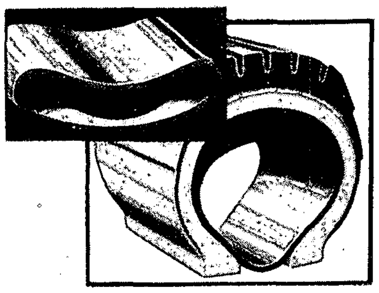
Firestone Spark Plugs

Power sealed and double tested—specially designed for modern high speed motors.

Firestone
BRAKE LINING

Firestone Brake Lining

Made of highest quality asbestos—molded and woven—for every type of brake, giving sure, smooth stops.



Firestone Puncture Proof Tubes

Prevent punctures — save time and money — increase tire mileage. For every type of service—passenger, truck or bus.

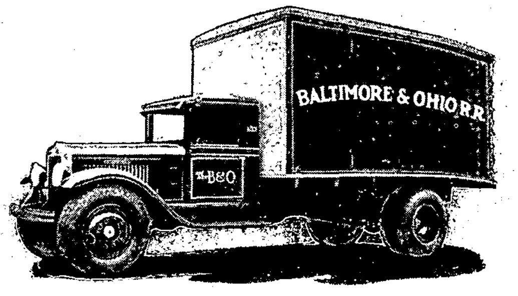
stone

PER DOLLAR

International Harvester begins its Second Century

..*in High!*

with Trucks at NEW Low Prices ..



This illustration shows the 3-ton International Model A-5. International Harvester offers a full line of trucks ranging from ¾-ton to 5-ton.

Ask for a demonstration of the new 1½-ton, 4-speed Model A-2 at

$675

chassis, f. o. b. factory

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER this year celebrates a century of continuous history—a hundred years of quality manufacture, including thirty-two years of automotive development.

At the bottom of this page are listed some of the organizations a century old, and older, that are owners of International Trucks. It is only a partial list, but it includes a national government or two; some of the oldest cities, railroads, daily newspapers and banks; and the most historic commercial houses on this continent. Most of the great modern corporations are not eligible to this list, not for any lack in trucks, but only because they have not reached the century mark. As a matter of fact, the majority of the industrial leaders of America do own Internationals—in fleets large and small, totaling tens of thousands of trucks.

Time brings experience, and experience has brought outstanding success to International Trucks. Today this Company ranks high among the leaders in truck manufacture, making both speed and heavy-duty models for all hauling requirements. Its record is convincing proof of owner satisfaction. International Harvester begins its second century better equipped than ever to provide low-cost hauling to truck users in every field.

We invite your close inspection of today's line of attractive, well-built trucks, sold and serviced through 183 International branches and thousands of International dealers.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Illinois

Some of the Century-Old Organizations Owning International Trucks

American Soap & Washoline Co., Cohoes, N. Y.
City of Atlanta, Ga.
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad
City of Baltimore, Md.
Bornot, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.
City of Cincinnati, O.
City of Columbia, S. C.
Consolidated Gas Co., New York, N.Y.
C. H. & Geo. H. Cross, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Dominion of Canada
Funk Bros. Seed Co., Bloomington, Ill.
Patrick Hackett Hardware Co., Inc., Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Harrisburg Telegraph-Press, Harrisburg, Pa.
R. Hoe & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.
J. M. Huber, Inc., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Hudson River Night Line, New York, N. Y.
Hudson's Bay Company
City of Jacksonville, Fla.
Mackintosh-Hemphill Co., Midland, Pa.
City of Memphis, Tenn.
Mollineaux Bros., Inc., Hempstead, N. Y.
City of New Orleans, La.
City of New York, N. Y.
New York Central Railroad
New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad
Pennsylvania Railroad
Philadelphia Inquirer
Philadelphia National Bank
S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass.
Pittsburgh Post-Gazette
Reeves, Parvin & Co., Inc., Huntingdon, Pa.
G. W. Richardson & Son, Auburn, N. Y.
City of Richmond, Va.
St. Mary's of the Springs, Shepherd, O.
St. Vincent De Paul Society, Milwaukee, Wis.
Simpson & Morehead, Inc., Troy, N. Y.
P. A. & S. Small Co., York, Pa.
Southern Railway System
Steinman Hardware Co., Inc., Lancaster, Pa.
John L. Thompson & Sons Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.
United States of America
John Wanamaker, New York, N. Y.
Warner Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
City of Washington, D. C.
James Y. Watkins & Sons, Inc., New York, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Practically Perfect

Continued from page 15

to visit and fifty or sixty miles to drive. Would a man like Spike O'Hara worry about a couple of holes in his trousers?

It was after six when he got back to his desk in the offices of the Winchester Light and Power Company. Everybody had gone home. Tom let himself down into his chair carefully. He was sore and stiff. There was a memorandum from his father on his desk. Tom picked it up.

"Please read the attached clipping from this afternoon's paper," Tom read. "Naturally I have fired O'Hara."

IN HIS first rush of anger Tom picked up the telephone to tell his father what he thought of him. But old habit restrained him. He hung up the receiver. He jumped to his feet. He wouldn't stand for it. If Spike O'Hara went he would go. He sat down on his desk to read the clipping. He read:

"The robustious Spike O'Hara, foreman of the Winchester Light and Power Company's trouble crew, fell afoul of the law Saturday night. Spike and his gang were having a big time in a Center Street speakeasy when Elmer Beman started out on his usual Saturday night attempt to reform Winchester. Elmer waited until Spike got into his car and then arrested him for driving when drunk. Everybody went to the police station. Dr. James Caldwell was routed out of bed. After various tests Dr. Caldwell announced that in his opinion Spike was drunk. At this point Spike is said to have asked if you had to call a doctor to know when you were drunk. 'I started out to get drunk,' Spike said, 'and I am here to state that I succeeded.' Spike will appear before Judge Davis on Wednesday morning."

Tom Crawford read the clipping through twice and started out to find Spike O'Hara. He found him, after two hours, in a speakeasy.

"Hello, Chief," Spike O'Hara said. "Have a drink?"

They had six drinks together and then Spike O'Hara led the way to a table in a far corner.

"Either," Tom Crawford said, when they were seated, "either you're in or I'm out."

"Now, listen," Spike O'Hara said. "I'm older than you are, Mr. Crawford. You needn't worry about me. I can have another job tomorrow. And from your father's angle he's right."

"You weren't drunk on the job. You had a right to get drunk after working all night and all day in a storm."

Spike O'Hara shook his head. "Your father was always down on the liquor. Some people are that way."

"How about another drink?" Tom Crawford asked.

"Yes," said Spike O'Hara, "we could do with another drink."

He called the waiter over and ordered the drink. "And while you're out," he said, "put me up a pint o' that rye."

"Put me up a pint, too," Tom Crawford said.

TOM CRAWFORD stood in the doorway of the country club on the edge of the dance floor. The lights had an odd, fuzzy appearance; each one had a dim replica of itself adjoining it. Couples, dancing by, bumped into him. He said, "I beg your pardon," each time but he did not feel like begging people's pardon for bumping him. He objected to being bumped. He had too many sore spots from hitting the pole.

But as he watched, the lights grew clearer and brighter and the world, though somehow strange, seemed good. Somebody dashed across the dance floor toward him. She was flushed and pretty and eager.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "won't you dance this dance with me?"

He put his arm around her.

"It's hot," he said, as they danced.

"Awfully hot," she said. "And I was so bored until I saw you."

He looked down at her in sudden suspicion.

"Look here," he said, "you're Jane Brown, aren't you?"

"Why, yes," she said. "Don't you know me?"

"Of course I know you," Tom said. "I've known you all my life. But I don't know why you're so friendly."

"I think," she said, "that we who live on Brown's Hill should stick together—at least in times of trouble."

"But there isn't any trouble. Everything is particularly lovely."

He did not intend to get involved for the evening with any daughter of the Browns. The Browns were prim, prudish and particular. The Browns were a righteous race and he was off righteousness. He was for the Spike O'Haras.

"I'm so glad," Jane said.

"You're glad of what?"

"I'm so glad everything is lovely," Jane said.

"I'm sorry I can't stay and dance with you," Tom said. "I'm going places."

HE FELT that she was guiding him. They were in the doorway again when the music stopped. She took his hand and led him out into the dark.

"I want to go places, too," she said.

"I'm awfully sorry," Tom said. "But I couldn't take you with me."

"Please, Tom," she said. She was appealing. But he had found words at last with which to tell what he felt about her.

"Jane," he said, "you'd be such an awfully nice girl if you weren't such an awfully nice girl."

He felt that he had said it neatly and completely.

"I'm not as nice as you think I am," Jane said. "I'm not any nicer than you are."

He smiled at her innocence. "I tell you what, Jane," he said, "I'll dance one more dance with you."

"Don't you know what they were playing when we danced?" she asked. "They were playing Home Sweet Home."

"Oh, very well," Tom Crawford said. "I'll take you home."

He found that the front bumper of his roadster had got itself hooked into the rear bumper of Curt Hunter's big touring car. Curt Hunter had Sally Farnsworth and a gay party with him. He was furious. He thought it was Tom's fault that the two cars were hooked together. It took all the men in the party to lift Tom's roadster clear.

Curtis Hunter saw Jane Brown. He came over.

"Miss Brown," he said to Jane, "won't you come with us?"

"Thank you so much," Jane said. "But I'm going with Tom."

"But, Miss Brown," Curtis Hunter protested. "You don't understand these things. Mr. Crawford isn't himself tonight."

"My dear Mr. Hunter," Jane said, "don't you suppose I know how to manage a drunk?"

"What?" Curtis Hunter said in a most astonished voice.

"Atta girl," Tom Crawford said. "He heard you the first time." He handed

(Continued on page 48)

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

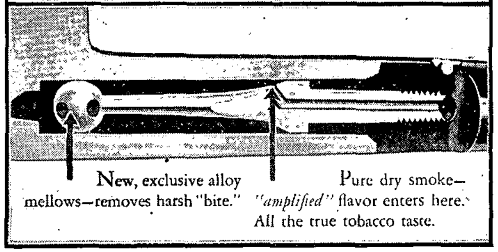
NEW

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New alloy now removes harsh "biting" properties from smoke. Amplifies the true tobacco flavor. Years work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made possible the way to *mellow* smoke. This secret—our sole property—cannot be duplicated. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless." Above, No. 07 Smooth, $3.50. Thorn, $4.

See how it works


New, exclusive alloy mellows—removes harsh "bite."
Pure dry smoke—"amplified" flavor enters here. All the true tobacco taste.

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

©1931, KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, NEW YORK

HE SWORE OFF

in no GENTLE WORDS

... *but* EDGEWORTH *won him back*

WHEN a real pipe smoker's pipe goes back on him, it's pretty serious. After all, there's nothing that can take the place of a pipe and good tobacco.

Mr. Clarence C. Strohm knows that to be true; and his letter, printed below, will tell you why:

Gentlemen:

"I thought you might like to know how I became converted to Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. I have been a pipe smoker for fifteen years.

"One day I had an attack of heartburn and my pipe tasted terrible. I threw it on the office floor and swore off smoking in no gentle words. Then up spoke one of my co-workers and said, 'Why don't you try a pipeful of my Edgeworth, and I'll lay you a bet of ten to one that you like it.'

"Well, for the sake of an argument I tried a pipeful and doggone, that Edgeworth tasted like honey!

"Needless to say, I lost the bet, but believe me it was worth it, for I discovered the greatest pipe tobacco in the world—and I am an Edgeworth rooter from now on."

The experience of many a smoker is summed up in Mr. Strohm's interesting letter. They tried Edgeworth. They liked it.

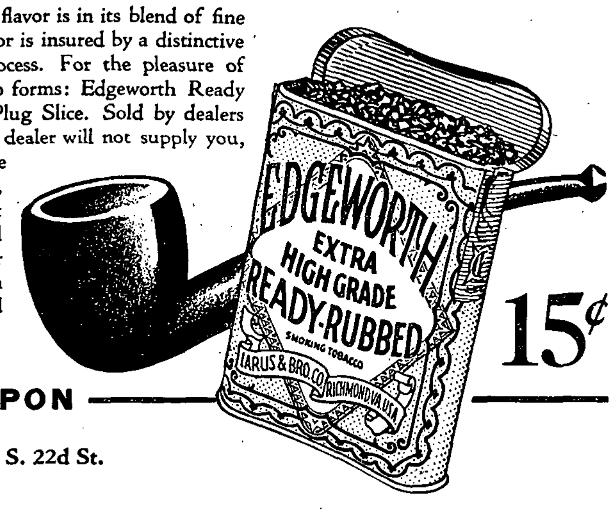
In those few simple words you get the complete history of happy smoking.

If you are a pipe smoker, won't you too fill your pipe with Edgeworth and see for yourself that Edgeworth, as Mr. Strohm says, "tastes like honey"?

If you are not a pipe smoker, you must be wondering whether a pipe wouldn't be the smoke for you. Obey that impulse! Get a pipe—and Edgeworth. Begin today, to smoke for pleasure!

Edgeworth is at your dealer's—or, if you prefer to try before you buy, send us the coupon below for special sample packet of Edgeworth, free. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms: Edgeworth Ready Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15¢. Half-pound Tin, 75¢. Pound Humidor Tin, $1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half-pound sizes.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a *good* pipe.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City and State________________________ H-89

LISTEN TO THE DIXIE SPIRITUAL SINGERS AS THEY SING IN THE EDGEWORTH FACTORY, N. B. C. BLUE NETWORK EVERY THURSDAY EVENING

(Continued from page 47)

Jane into his car and sat down beside her. "We will wait till our new friends move on," he said to Jane.

"Won't you both come with us?" Curtis Hunter asked. "We're all going to Sally's."

Sally Farnsworth leaned out of the car. "Oh, do!" she cried. All the other people in the car added their pleas.

Tom Crawford turned on the dash light and rummaged in a door pocket. He found the pint flask he had bought earlier in the evening. There was still an inch or so of whisky in the bottom.

"Jane," Tom said, "did you ever drink out of a bottle?"

"No," Jane said. "But I'd like to try."

JANE put the bottle to her lips and tipped her head back. Tom watched her anxiously. He was afraid she would choke and if she choked she would spoil the effect on Curtis Hunter and his party. Jane did not choke.

"Please come with us," Sally Farnsworth wailed.

"It's no use, Sally," Curtis Hunter said. "We can't do anything with that bird unless we knock him cold."

"That's a lovely idea," Tom Crawford said. He got down out of his car. "If you will step down and try it," he said to Curtis Hunter, "I will give you a vote of thanks."

Curtis Hunter drove off.

"Now, Jane," Tom Crawford said, "you may drive if you'd rather. But I promise you I'll stay in first so if we hit a tree it won't be fatal."

"I want you to drive," Jane said.

"Spoken like a Spartan," Tom said and started the car.

He kept his promise to stay in first gear, with the result that the car boiled as he turned into Center Street and trailed clouds of steam. The town was nearly dark. But there was light enough in front of the police station to show a little green coupé at the curb.

"Look out, Tom," Jane said. "That's Elmer Beman's flivver."

"Ah," Tom said. "That's the man that got Spike O'Hara arrested. Let's see if we can't start something."

He drove so close that the fenders of his own car smacked the fenders of Mr. Beman's car. He continued on down the street in first gear, wabbling the steering-wheel to produce a subtle imitation of the course of a drunken man.

Jane looked back. "There he comes," she said.

Mr. Beman shot by yelling, "Move over!"

Tom stopped his car beside the curb. Jane jumped out and seizing both his hands pulled him out of the car.

"What's the big idea?" he asked.

"Ssshussh," Jane said.

Mr. Beman got out of his coupé and came walking back.

"You're under arrest," he said.

"I suppose," Tom Crawford said, "you think you're a policeman."

"No, indeed," Mr. Beman said in his cheerio voice. "You are perhaps ignorant of the law which provides that any citizen may arrest a man he discovers driving a car when drunk."

"You think I'm drunk," Tom Crawford said.

"I do," Mr. Beman said. "You two will now accompany me to the police station."

"We will, will we?" Tom Crawford said. "And what would you think of my giving you a poke in the jaw first?"

Mr. Beman jerked out a revolver.

"Please, Tom," Jane Brown said.

They walked back to the police station.

"Ah!" Mr. Beman said with unction when he saw them in the light. "Young Tom Crawford—the practically perfect young man. And Jane Brown. I knew this town was full of whited sepulchers but I didn't know about you two."

"What's all this about?" the sergeant at the desk growled. It was plain the sergeant did not like Mr. Beman.

"Mr. Crawford is drunk," Mr. Beman said.

"Hmmmm," the sergeant said. "How do you know?"

"I can see it," Mr. Beman said. "But if you can't we'll have the doctor in."

He went to a telephone and called the doctor. Tom and Jane sat on a bench while they waited.

"Listen, Jane," Tom said. "He's got nothing on you. Take my car and go home."

"If the lady has her driving license with her," Mr. Beman said, "she is welcome."

"I have my driving license," Jane said. "But I'm so curious about you, Mr. Beman. You fascinate me."

The young doctor came in. He lifted Tom Crawford's eyelids and felt his pulse.

"Now," he said, "let's see you walk that crack in the floor."

Tom Crawford wasn't so good at walking cracks.

"I'm afraid I'll have to certify that you are drunk, Mr. Crawford," the young doctor said.

The sergeant shook his head sadly. Mr. Beman smiled his unctuous smile.

"I suggest," Mr. Beman said, "that Mr. Crawford be detained until he can furnish bail."

"Just what is the charge, Mr. Beman?" Jane asked.

"Driving when drunk," Mr. Beman said.

"Yes?" Jane Brown said. "Well, I have a distinct impression that I was driving and that Mr. Crawford was sitting beside me."

Mr. Beman spluttered. But he knew that he was through.

The sergeant escorted Tom Crawford and Jane Brown to their car. "I just want you to know, miss," he said to Jane Brown, "that you have won the everlasting gratitude of Sergeant Kelly for puttin' it over that pestiferous crank. An' if there is anything that the police force of Winchester can do for ye, now or ever, ye have only to say the word."

With his hand on his heart and a broad grin on his face, the sergeant bowed low. Jane thanked him. Tom thanked him. They shook hands all around.

"Tom," Jane said, when she was seated behind the wheel, "would you be satisfied to call it an evening and not go any more places?"

"Yes," he said, "I'm satisfied. I'm puzzled. But I'm satisfied."

HE AWOKE toward noon the next day still puzzled. His head felt funny. He took a cold shower and was astonished to discover the number and extent of the bruises he had acquired.

While he dressed he remembered strange, isolated, unlikely bits of the night before. He would have to see Jane and find out what had actually happened. He would have to see Jane and find out if she was the grand person she had seemed or merely the typical daughter of the Browns he had supposed her to be. But first he would have to talk to his father about Spike O'Hara. He had to get Spike O'Hara back or resign. But there was no use starting off in that vein.

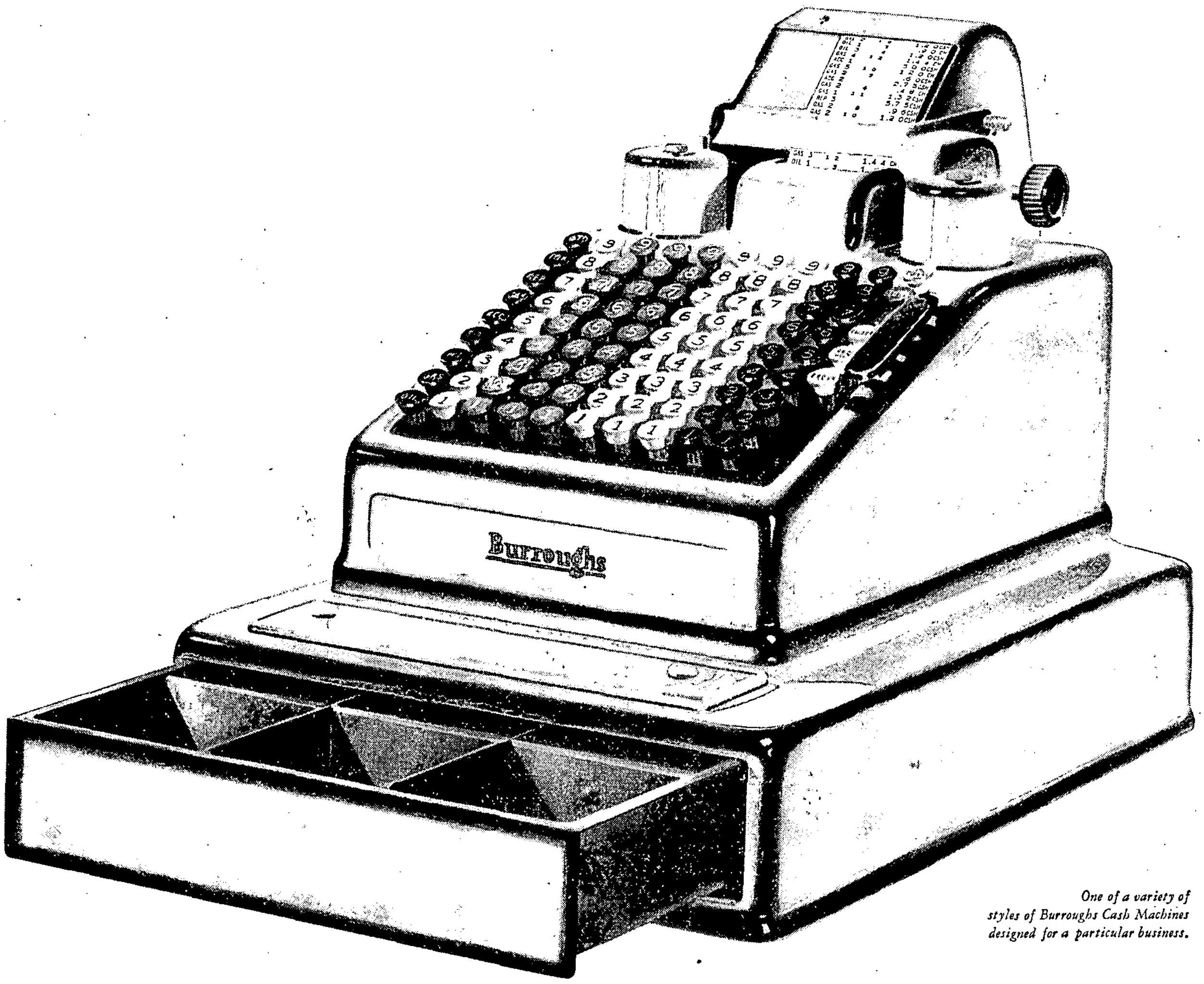
When he got downstairs he found his mother anxious because he had slept so late. He never did sleep late. He assured her that he was all right.

"Did you go to the dance?" she asked.

"Yes, Mother," he said. "I looked in for a few minutes. I had a dance with Jane Brown. As a matter of fact we came home together."

(Continued on page 59)

BURROUGHS *New* CASH MACHINE



One of a variety of styles of Burroughs Cash Machines designed for a particular business.

A new and distinctly modern cash registering and recording machine

ENTIRELY NEW—Burroughs operation and construction applied, for the first time, to the registering of cash.

SPEED—The Burroughs keyboard is recognized as the easiest and fastest for listing amounts. Insures quicker service to customers.

DOUBLE USE—Instantly available at any time as a fast standard adding machine without disturbing any registered totals.

PROTECTION—Locked-in totals; locked-in record of the day's business; maximum control of cash, charge sales, amounts received on account, and amounts paid out.

DISTINCTLY MODERN—Enhances the attractiveness of a store by its smart design and choice of harmonizing colors.

COMPACT—Saves valuable space in the store or on the counter for the profitable display of merchandise.

EXTREMELY LOW COST—The price is surprisingly low for a model exactly suited to the special requirements of any business.

For a complete demonstration, or for a special descriptive folder, telephone the nearest Burroughs office or write directly to Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 6209 Second Blvd., Detroit.

There is a variety of Burroughs Cash Machines to meet the requirements of different types of business. For example, there are models that furnish totals of quantities as well as amounts—separate totals of cash and charge sales—totals by commodities, clerks or attendants—detail tape—enforced identification of clerks, order ticket numbers, etc. There are models that total customers' purchases and issue receipts—validate paid-outs, sales tickets, etc. Choice of totaling capacities and descriptive keys to meet individual requirements—hand or electric models.

Burroughs

Presenting—
A NEW
RETIREMENT
INCOME PLAN

THIS NEW PLAN has important advantages, such as: 1. Larger income and larger cash values, or 2. Reduced initial cost.

The plan provides a Retirement Income of from $60 a month to $600 a month, or even higher. This income starts at age 55, 60, 65, or 70, whichever you specify. It continues for life.

Suppose you decide to retire on $300 a month at 60. Here is what you get:

$300 a Month for Life

This $300 a month begins when you are 60 and continues for life. You are guaranteed a return of at least $30,000 and perhaps as much as $60,000 or more, depending upon how long you live. If you prefer, you may have at age 60 a cash settlement of $40,500.

$20,000 in Cash

In case of your death before age 60, your wife or other beneficiary is paid $20,000 cash, or as high as $40,500 cash, depending on how close to age 60 you are at death. If preferred, your wife is paid a monthly income for life.

$40,000 in Cash

Upon death from accidental means before age 60, $40,000 cash is paid to your wife, or as high as $60,500 cash, depending on how close to age 60 you are at death. Or, if preferred, the monthly life income for your beneficiary is correspondingly increased.

Income during Disability

If, before a specified age, serious illness or accident stops your earning power for a certain period, you thereafter receive a monthly income as long as such disability lasts, even if it lasts the rest of your life.

This Retirement Income Plan may be paid for in installments spread over a period of 20 years or more. Naturally, this makes the payments comparatively small. The Plan begins to operate as soon as you make your first payment. From that moment on, its benefits are guaranteed to you. Even if you should become totally disabled as described above and unable to make another payment, you would not need to worry. Your payments would be *made for you* by the Phoenix Mutual, an 80-year-old company with insurance in force of over 600 million dollars.

Send for This Booklet

A 24-page free booklet explains this new Plan. The booklet also tells how you can provide money to leave your home free of debt—money to send your son to college—money for emergencies. Send for your copy today. No cost. No obligation.

PHOENIX MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Home Office: Hartford, Conn. First Policy Issued 1851

PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., 621 Elm St., Hartford, Conn.
Please send booklet giving me full information about your new
RETIREMENT INCOME PLAN

*Name*__________ *Date of Birth*__________

*Business Address*__________

*Home Address*__________

Copyright 1931, P. M. L. I. Co.

Practically Perfect

Continued from page 48

"Isn't she handsome?"

"Very," he said.

"And don't you think she's intelligent?"

"Yes, I do," Tom said. "I think she's uncommonly clever."

After lunch he rode down to the office with his father. He told his father how much the men looked up to Spike O'Hara and how quick and sure O'Hara was in guarding them when they were working with live wire. He pictured O'Hara leading his trouble crew in the wind and the rain, playing with twenty thousand volts in the dark all night; and all the next day.

"The truth is, Father," he finished, "I don't know where to look for a man to take his place."

"If only he wouldn't drink," his father said.

Tom saw that he had impressed his father. He changed the subject immediately.

AN HOUR after they reached the office his father paused at his desk.

"Perhaps I was a little hasty about that Spike O'Hara matter," his father said. "I'll rescind the order if you like."

"I would like it," Tom said.

"Very well," his father said. "And I want to congratulate you on not saying anything about my reaching over your head to fire him. Most men wouldn't have been able to see anything but that. They'd have got mad and threatened to resign and all that sort of thing."

"Now you mention it," Tom said, "I was a little irritated."

"Of course you were. But you didn't show it. And that's the Crawford tradition—keep yourself in hand and use your head."

Tom sent word to Spike O'Hara the moment his father had gone and went out to Brown's Hill. He found Jane in the summer house.

"Hello, Practically Perfect," she said.

"That's rather mean of you," Tom said.

"It's not any meaner than what you said to me last night when I was doing my best to take care of you and get you home," Jane said amiably. "You said I'd be an awfully nice girl if I weren't such an awfully nice girl."

"Did I say that?"

"You said it at least six times."

"I'm sorry. I take it back. You aren't as nice as I always supposed you were. In fact, you're a perfect peach."

"Thank you," Jane said. "Won't you sit down? Because you're not the perfect prig I always thought you were. By the way, who painted that cast-iron elk in your yard red, white and blue?"

"I did," Tom said. "Who dressed up the cast-iron lady in your yard so she looked absolutely ribald?"

"I did," Jane said.

They smiled at each other.

"Do you remember the time," Tom asked, "that I rescued you from a gang of fourth-ward kids that were rubbing your face in the snow, and got a black eye and before I got home you gave me another one?"

"I remember that you told me I was the most terrible little snob in Winchester or else they wouldn't have picked on me."

"And after that you became more of a snob than ever," Tom said.

"And after that you became more of a prig than ever," Jane said.

"Until last night," Tom said.

"I think it's silly to get drunk," Jane said.

"It's childish," Tom Crawford said. "If you're really on to yourself you don't have to get drunk."

He got up and stood in the wide doorway of the summer house and looked out over the broad lawn at the cast-iron lady who still poured water from a cast-iron sea shell. He turned and looked at Jane.

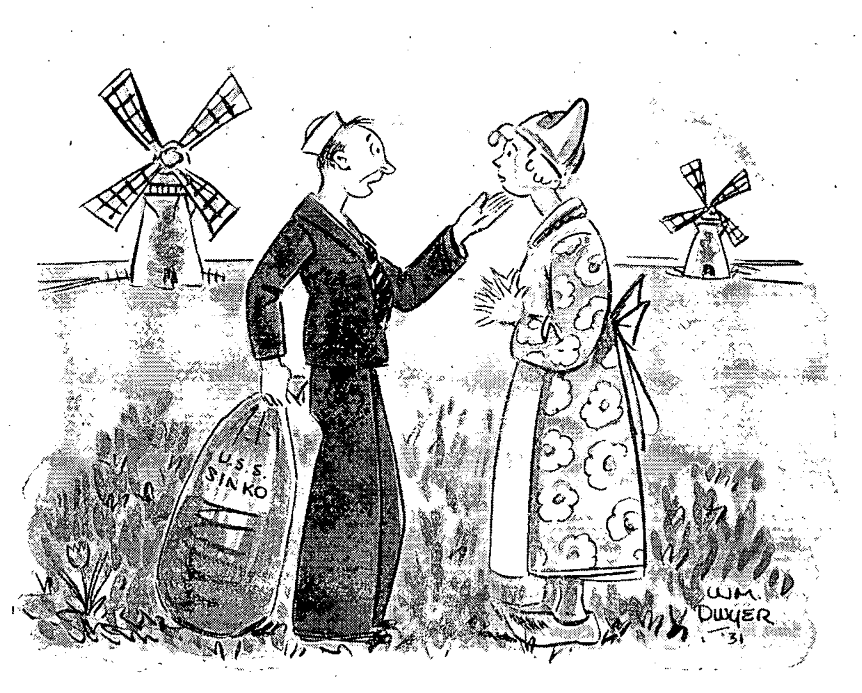
"For years," he said, "my mother has held you out to me as the only girl I could possibly marry."

JANE looked up at him. "For years," she said, "my mother has pointed you out to me as the only eligible man in Winchester."

He sat down on the bench beside Jane. He put his arm around her. Jane's eyes were violet. Jane's cheek was delicately flushed.

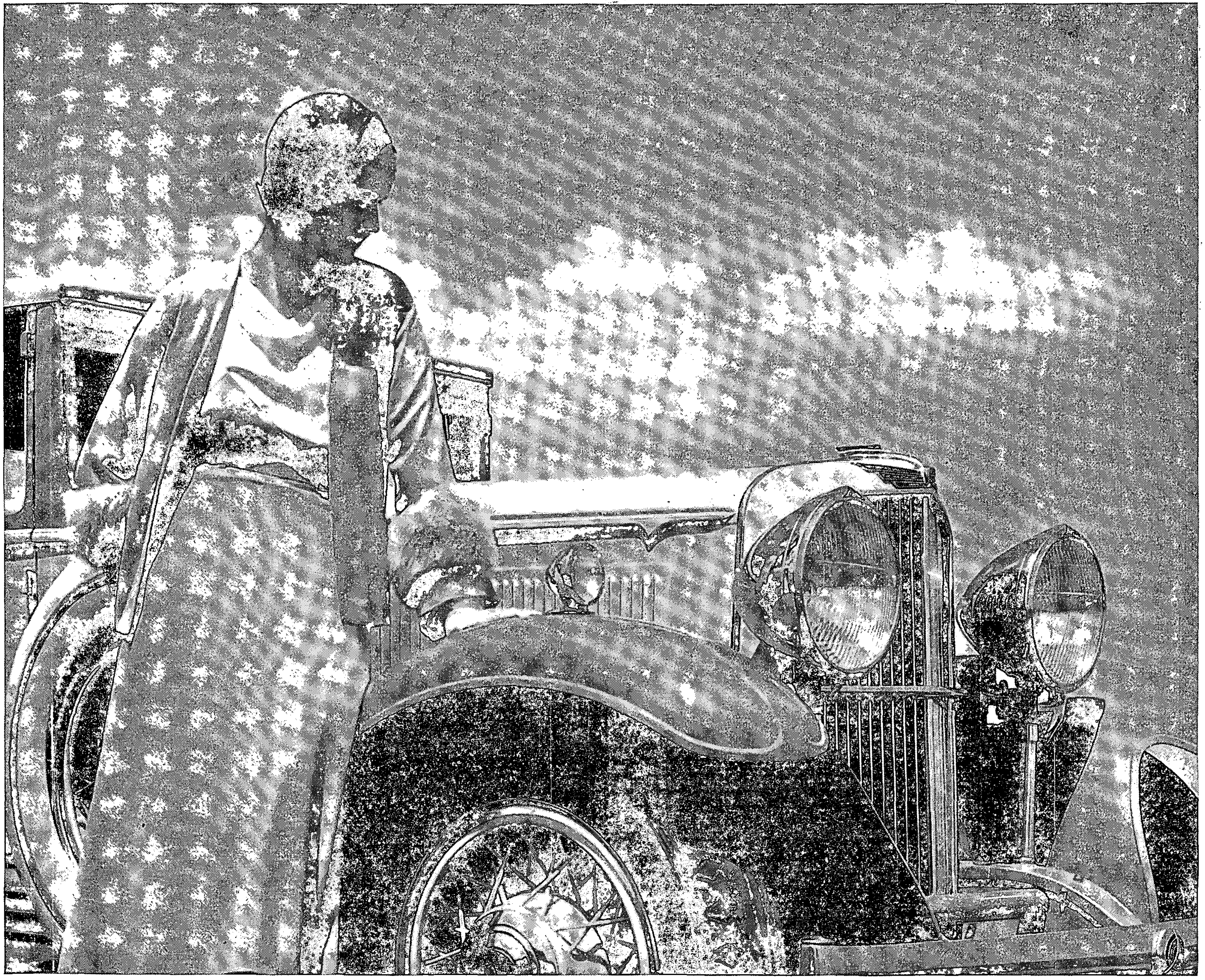
"I can't help it," he said. "I love you."

"I can't help it either, Tom," Jane said.



"S'long, baby. I know, but you wouldn't like Brooklyn!"

William Dwyer



Take your first SOUND-PROOFED RIDE

Nash now invites you to try Sound-proofed motoring—the latest in luxury. Every Nash model is completely and scientifically sound-proofed in body, in chassis and in its new Synchro-Safety-Shift, Silent Second transmission. Nash also offers, in these great new cars, something brand new in free wheeling—Synchro-Shift Free Wheeling—as an optional choice at only $20 to $35 extra.

PRICES
$795
TO
$2025
f. o. b. factory

NEW SYNCHRO-SHIFT SAFETY FREE WHEELING NASH

FOR PULLMAN PESSIMISTS

You've seen him,—the man who would rather take time out to smoke a cigar before breakfast than tackle the ordeal of a sleeping-car shave. For his stout stomach we admire him, and for his stout whiskers we proffer the aid of the Enders Razor.

Nothing dismays this clever combination of finely adjusted holder and sweet-tempered blade. It gets that elusive patch of stubble beneath the ear in spite of hurry, cold water and a swaying stance. You step off the train with all your features intact, and the kind of a clean face that coaxes hotel clerks to give you a good room and big buyers to sign on the dotted line.

Of course, the extra advantages of shaving with an Enders on your home grounds are just so much velvet. Terms: an Enders Razor and 6 blades, one dollar F.O.B. your favorite store.

Enders RAZOR

THE HAIR TEST

ENDERS RAZOR with 6 blades. $1.00. Extra blades, 5 for 35c. If the store cannot supply you, use coupon below.

Enders Razor Co., Inc.
105 W. 40th St., New York, N. Y.
Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

Name________________________
Address______________________

Pillars of Sport

Continued from page 20

a young man who said he had a candidate for the Curley gaze, explaining that the Maharajah of Indore had granted permission to a troupe of royal wrestlers to try their art in England. Curley laughed immoderately. The idea of Hindus wrestling the great Roller! Persistent, the young man induced Curley and Dr. Roller to journey up the Thames to a little river town where they beheld the Indians squatted in a miserable shack, eating rice. The young man pointed out one Gamma, a handsome brown youth who bowed gravely to Curley and Roller. When he stood up beside the huge American he appeared slight and youthful.

"Gamma could give Dr. Roller a good match," said the Indians' manager. Again Curley laughed.

"You may not think so," said the manager, "but I've got backers who have money that says so."

A Surprise for Doc Roller

Curley and Roller went into a huddle. An excellent idea to have the doctor meet the Hindu. A few hundred pounds would add to the joy of the European ride. The bout was arranged, and to Curley's surprise Lord Lonsdale, donor of the Lonsdale belts which British boxing champions wear as emblematic of their championships—usually with their pajamas—became patron of the contest. The Albert Hall was packed when Roller took the mat. Gamma, the Indian, entered, attired in only a breechcloth and turban. He took off the turban, smiled sadly at Roller. The referee clapped his hands, the fancy of London sat back to light their cigars, uttered "Hear, hear" on all tonsils. Before they could finish, all was over. The giant Roller lay on his back in agony.

Gamma smiled sadly, stalked into his corner, then walked back to assist the fallen American from the ring. In less than a minute and a half, a body lock, a swift trip, a python thrust and Roller was pinned in agony. The rice-eating Hindu departed a hero. The American was carried to a hotel where his end of the purse was consumed by repairs.

Downhearted for a while, Mr. Curley is one not permanently put out when his best-laid plans gang agley. He bided his time. The years passed. He joined the hunt for a white hope to dethrone the debonair L'il Arthur (Jack) Johnson, and passed through the period of trial with Fireman Jim Flynn, previously touched upon in this narrative. This ending in defeat, was Mr. Curley frustrated? Indeed, no. He opened an office at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York, which he still retains, and went into business as a discoverer of white hopes.

A Row with Rickard

There was brisk competition. James Joy Johnson was one who gathered armies of ponderous young men in the vain hope of finding one to smack down the genial Johnson. Others, among them Tex Rickard, combed lumber camps, foundries and docks for talent—in vain.

A brief interchange at a mourners' dinner—a dinner of dole to lament the absence of a fitting white challenger for the heavyweight title—almost brought Rickard and Curley to blows one night. In a handful of remarks, Curley happened to make the statement that he had once visited a town in Louisiana where Rickard had plied the trade of oyster opener. Tex resented this and Rickard and Curley were not friendly thereafter.

But Curley outdistanced his competitors. While they scoured the woodlands and the barges and fire houses for budding white hopes, he did the logical thing. Why, he asked himself, get a white hope until you had the black menace tucked under your wing? He did the tucking. Jack Johnson fled the country with enforcers of the Mann Act at his heels. Curley's emissaries visited Johnson in Paris, with the result that when Curley met Jess Willard, then lunging into and knocking over other white hopes, and Willard consented to fight Johnson, Curley wired the big Negro.

To avoid embarrassing Johnson by pitching the battle on his native shores where Federal agents formed a reception committee, Curley selected Havana as the site. Johnson sailed. So did Willard. The fight took place at the Havana race track under a broiling sun. The Negro was grossly overweight. All he needed was a doublet and hose to be a colored Falstaff. He toiled through more than twenty rounds of pushing and mauling. Hardly a solid blow was struck—for all Willard had then, since and now was weight. To end the farce Johnson selected a soft spot on the canvas, tumbled and stretched. As he was counted out he lifted huge hands to protect his smiling eyes from the sun. And so the white race triumphed. Willard received $12,500, which paid off his mortgage. Johnson got his $35,000 and a term in jail—and Curley returned to the United States bowing left and right as the master mind of a heavyweight championship contest in which the title had actually changed hands.

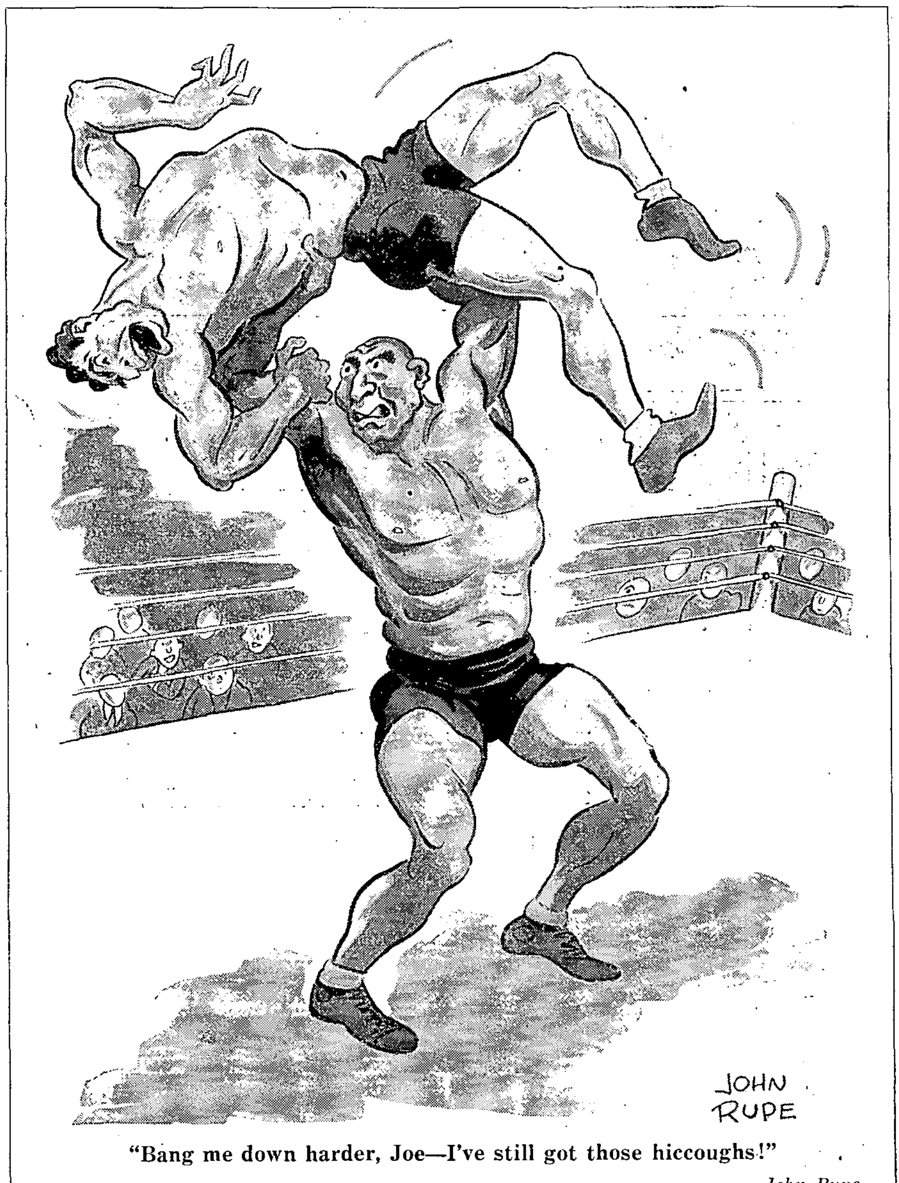
In the glow of this prestige Curley set out to conquer new worlds, by which time both boxing and wrestling were in extreme malodor, so he united the best features of both—meaning Mr. Willard, the boxing champion, and Mr. Gotch, the wrestling champion—in a tank-town parade staged by the Sells-Floto Circus. This was picturesque, but not very profitable.

Adventures in Æstheticism

During the long run of the circus Mr. Curley ventured experimentally into wrestling, meeting with discouragement in a Southwestern state, where the spectators were enthusiastic, considering that they were two little men. Cash customers, however, spent their cash elsewhere.

His treasury depleted through several heroic attempts to restore wrestling with shows in which he thought the gladiators could summon enough histrionics to make the gate-payers think they were trying, but in which the actors were distinctly bad, Mr. Curley took thought. Surveying the horizon, he found that Tex Rickard had put over one or two fast ones. There was, for example, Mr. Rickard's promotion of the fight in which Mr. Demp-

(*Continued on page 54*)

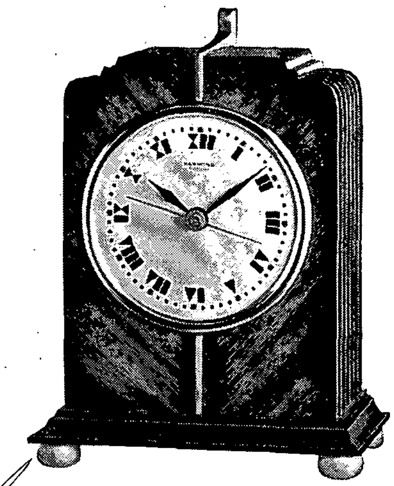


"Bang me down harder, Joe—I've still got those hiccoughs!"

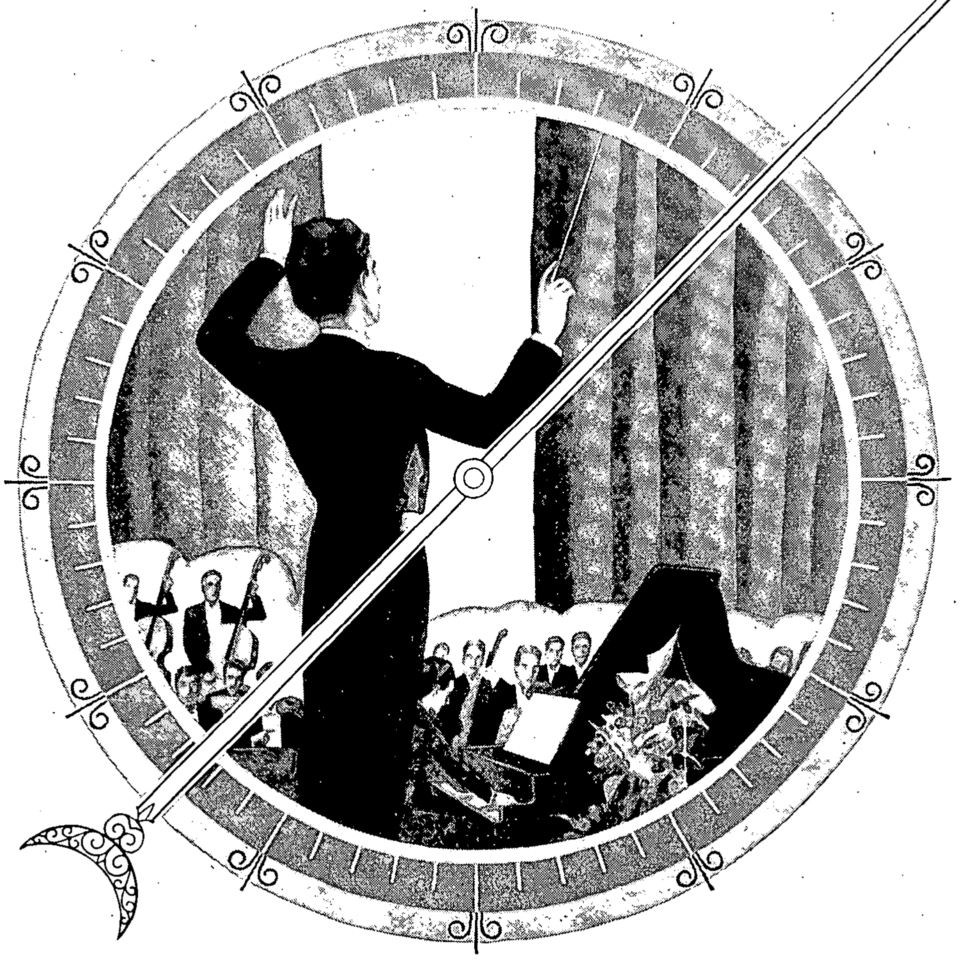
John Rupe

New—new!!

We have scooped the world with a revolutionary invention. The new Bichronous electric clock does not stop if the power is interrupted. It continues to keep perfect time, even more perfect time than the exacting measures of a fine orchestra, for more than a half hour, completely spanning current interruptions. No more stopped clocks. Hammond pioneered the dependable Synchronous clock. And now it adds this truly great Bichronous line—in models of enhanced beauty. No re-setting or regulating. No winding. No oiling. No time errors. At better stores everywhere. Or send to The Hammond Clock Company, Chicago, for booklet. In Canada, at Toronto. Now, two complete and remarkable lines, Bichronous—and simple Synchronous.



The Columbia, a new Bichronous model. Mahogany case of smart modern design. Price $17.50. Other Bichronous models $14.50 to $27.50. Simple Synchronous clocks $6.75 to $12.50. Chime clocks $72.50 to $110.



HAMMOND

BICHRONOUS AND SIMPLE SYNCHRONOUS ELECTRIC CLOCKS

Writing

a source of income that many people neglect

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They are so awe-struck by the fabulous stories about millionaire authors that they overlook the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write—stories, articles on home or business management, sports, travels, recipes, etc.—things that can be easily and naturally written, in spare time.

C. F. Rothenberger, 301 36th St., Altoona, Pa., is but one of many men and women trained by the Newspaper Institute of America to make their gift for writing pay prompt dividends. He writes:

"Notwithstanding the many corrections to my stories which I am getting in the course of my studies with the N. I. A., I succeeded in selling my first article to the Sunday Philadelphia Inquirer. So I am satisfied that I am making a little progress at least, for which I thank you."

Another of our student members who tried is Arthur S. Pettit, 368¾ So. Burlington Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. He writes:

"Since enrolling with the N. I. A. I have written several articles for health publications that have been accepted. I am now engaged in the preparation of some articles on church music and on business. Again I want to assure you that I am well satisfied that I decided to learn to write by your copy-desk method."

Mrs. C. E. Scott, 660 N. Market St., Shawnee, Okla., thought she *could* and that the N. I. A. *could*, too. She writes:

"I want you to rejoice with me. I have sold my first manuscript—a crime story—and the check is $180. It's the *real* thrill that comes once in a lifetime. All this I owe to N. I. A. training—and I consider myself a beginner of the rawest type. I got back far more than the N. I. A. tuition fee in my first sale."

You, too, can learn to write! How? By WRITING!

The Newspaper Institute of America offers an intimate course in practical writing—a course as free from academic "isms" and "ologies" as a newspaper office—a course as *modern* as the latest edition of this morning's paper.

Week by week, you receive actual assignments—just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style. You are learning to write by writing—acquiring the same experience to which nearly all well-known writers of short-stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing—acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy this test. Newspaper Institute of America, 1776 Broadway, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
1776 Broadway, New York

Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information about writing for profit as promised in Collier's, September 19th.

Mr.
Mrs. ....
Miss

Address ....

(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you.) 21I261

Why don't you write?

Pillars of Sport

Continued from page 52

sey defeated Mr. Willard. There was also, for instance, the sad event of M. Georges Carpentier's visit to the United States. None other than Curley persuaded Carpentier to invade America, and none other than Carpentier enrolled beneath the Rickard banner when he got here.

He essayed the spheres of higher art, dropping, for the time being, his interest in overfed athletes to sell the fame and talents of celebrities unknown to athletic renown, but sufficiently talked about in other fields. He had done this sort of thing before, with William Jennings Bryan, for example. Mr. Bryan had toured the Chautauquas until it hurt. He sought fresh, mass audiences and Mr. Curley believed he could supply them. The combination worked happily—for a while. Mr. Curley made his arrangement with Mr. Bryan out in Lincoln where Mr. Bryan, attired in bathrobe and slippers, agreed to terms in less time than it takes the average pugilist to begin to have his mind made up for him.

A Talent for Beefsteaks

"He was a grand old man," says Mr. Curley, of the great orator of the Platte. "Excepting he ate far too much. I'm a good trencherman myself but William Jennings Bryan—he was an artist. I have a weakness for steaks, Bryan had a positive talent for them. He could eat two pounds of beef at a sitting, and repeat the performance at the next sitting. Once I asked him why he ate so much red meat.

"'It gives me energy,' he said.

"It must have. I never saw him let a porter even so much as carry his bag."

The case was different when, still shy at continuing his life work of promoting sport, he cast about to cash in on non-bouncing notables. Mr. Bryan had retired from Curley management not so much because it lacked the dignity to which he was accustomed as because in every town he visited the Great Commoner found himself surrounded by uncommon visitors who wore spread ears as a badge of their art.

Rudolph Valentino was on the outs with Adolph Zukor and millions of fair hearts fluttered to learn what fate might bring the Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse. Mr. Valentino heard Mr. Curley argue that killings could be made by storming armories everywhere and making personal appearances with his wife, the lady Hudnut, who changed her family name to something that sounds like a Spanish Pullman—Natacha Rambova.

Too Much Temperament

The tour began triumphantly. In Philadelphia thousands turned out to do homage to the slick sheik of the screen. Curley displayed something his best friends and worst rivals had not suspected, a touch of social grace. Scanning the upper social register of each city—and this *crème de la crème*, to Mr. Curley, comprised everybody superior to the communal inconvenience of a party telephone wire—he arranged receptions for Valentino. A fine idea that would have stimulated trade if Mr. Valentino hadn't been so profoundly impressed with his own importance. Openly sneering at public receptions in palatial homes, he flecked the Curley soul with mild displeasure that ripened into robust disgust when, on a certain day when they were to proceed from St. Louis to the Far West, Mr. Valentino demanded conveyance in a private parlor car.

Curley obtained the car and Valentino went to the railroad yards to examine it. He passed through drawing-room, card-room, lounge-room and came to the bedroom.

"Where," he asked with two notes of interrogation, "is the bawth room?"

"There isn't any bawth room," said Mr. Curley with a fine Bond Street broad *a*.

"I shan't use this car," said Valentino.

"Okay by me," Curley exploded, suspending the Bond Street manner. "The last man who used this car was Woodrow Wilson."

"Oh," said Valentino—and used it.

In a huddle with New York *entrepreneurs*, Mr. Curley, completely fed up with the Valentino ego, sold him upstate and down river for $25,000.

The man who plans needs to be moderately ingenious and extremely patient, especially when the crusade he plans conflicts or, rather, is overshadowed by something monopolizing public interest. Apathy towards wrestling was deeper than even Curley judged. Also, the dominant figure of Jack Dempsey and the somber shadow of Harry Wills shut out popular vision of any maulers less exciting. Curley staged minor wrestling meets, generally consenting to the law's demand that he bill them as "exhibitions." Passionately he urged the boys to be honest and to take their tumbles with less grace; in brief, to train for their matches, not merely to rehearse.

He had a formidable array of aggressiveness on the hoof—Jim Londos, the Greek Apollo, and Wladek Zbyszko, younger brother of the omnivorous Stanislas. They bounced around in armories before sparse attendance—for Dempsey's personality held the public and stimulated enthusiasm for boxing. The wrestling title of the world changed biceps with bewildering frequency, so that Curley himself couldn't keep track of it, for organized wrestling had become disorganized. Strangler Lewis, who has never strangled anybody and, judged by his gentle off-mat demeanor, never will—and a new and formidable matman, Gus Sonnenberg of Dartmouth College, had set up an heretical camp.

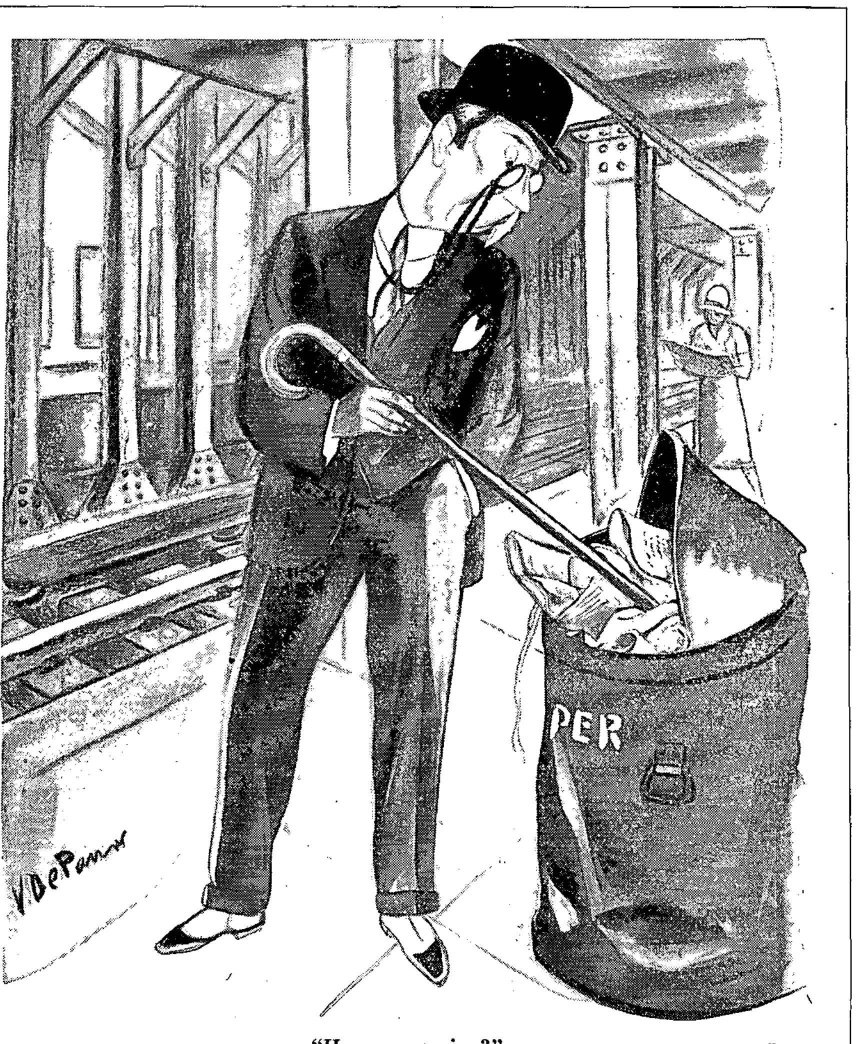
Lean Years for Wrestling

While Londos and his brethren beneath Curley's wing were winning and losing the title, Lewis and Sonnenberg, with minor concessions to McMillen and Munn, applied the same simple system of exchange being no robbery except of the customers. The Dempsey-Tunney saga was being enacted and the flop-and-fall boys were in comparative obscurity.

Lean years followed for Mr. Curley while boxing reigned supreme. In a rash moment he decided to challenge Tex Rickard's supremacy in ring promotion; but all the champions were under contract elsewhere. Furthermore, Curley realized that when he had handled only two dozen boxers all owed him money, whereas more than two thousand wrestlers who had nestled under his wing did so without making a single touch, so he decided to go down, if need be, with the mat flying and leave the leather-pushers severely alone.

For two more years after the eventful Dempsey come-back against Tunney

(*Continued on page 56*)



"Hm, no comics?" *V. De Pauw*

now *enjoy* driving!

BENDIX Clutch Control

PLUS FREE WHEELING

from $19.50 *up*

FULLY PATENTED
Basically protected by patents and patent applications in the U. S. and abroad; and exclusively licensed under Patent No. 1470272.

NOTHING has so completely revolutionized motoring as the latest great Bendix achievement—Bendix Clutch Control. Nothing enables you to get such *full* pleasure from your present car.

Bendix (vacuum) Clutch Control eliminates the most fatiguing driving operation... continual foot pressure on the clutch pedal. Your left foot need never leave the floor. Instead, the waste vacuum power created in the intake manifold, *and controlled by the accelerator, operates the clutch.*

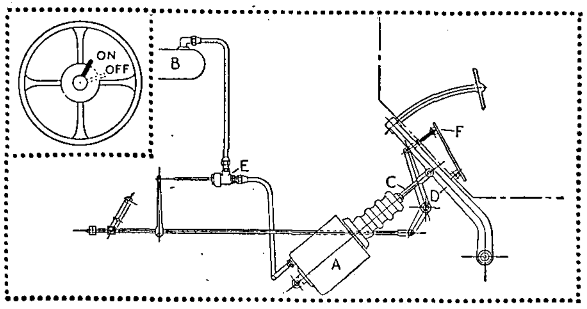
For instance, in traffic; the light flashes red—lift your right foot off the accelerator; *down* goes your clutch pedal automatically—and free wheeling you glide smoothly to a stop, braking as necessary.

The light changes—step on the accelerator, *up* comes the clutch pedal automatically, to a smooth, perfect clutch engagement and you're on your way; and all with only a soft, smooth, velvety touch on the accelerator. Shift gears as usual—without touching your clutch pedal. Here is ideal free wheeling with all its advantages, pleasures, comforts and thrills—*plus* many more besides.

Bendix Clutch Control operates in all gears—forward or reverse—at any speed and in an easy, perfectly natural way. It's entirely selective; you can return to conventional drive at a touch of the hand throttle—no movement of gear-shift lever is necessary. If your engine stalls while free wheeling, Bendix Clutch Control automatically engages and starts it.

Bendix Clutch Control will also take its place with other Bendix products as standard equipment by automobile manufacturers. You'll want one. Bendix Clutch Control can be easily, quickly and inexpensively installed on your present car. Nothing to get out of order—will last the life of your car. Go to your regular service station and have it done today. A folder tells all the facts in non-technical language. Mail the coupon for your copy. Bendix Aviation Corporation, Dept. B-K-2, South Bend, Indiana.

How it works: *Vacuum cylinder (A), operated by vacuum of intake manifold (B), actuates piston (C), which depresses and releases clutch pedal (D). Vacuum power is controlled by valve (E) which is operated by accelerator pedal (F). When accelerator is depressed, valve closes, and clutch engages. When accelerator pressure is removed, valve opens, vacuum draws piston and clutch pedal* down, *and clutch disengages. Valve is adjusted to open* only *at idling speed. To cut out clutch control, advance* hand throttle *a few degrees, as illustrated, out of idling speed range, and valve remains* closed.



B-K Brake Booster

The same service station that installs your Bendix Clutch Control can further modernize your car by putting on a B-K Vacuum Power Brake; gives you power operation of your present brakes — vitally necessary for safe driving in these high speed days.

BK VACUUM BRAKE BOOSTER A BENDIX PRODUCT

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION, Dept., B-K-2, South Bend, Ind.
☐ I drive a ____________ Model ____________. Please send me full information about Bendix Clutch Control and where I can get it. My dealer is____________
☐ I am interested in securing a dealer franchise for Bendix Clutch Control.
*Name*____________
*Address*____________
*City*____________ *State*____________

Pillars of Sport

Continued from page 54

in 1926, it looked as if Mr. Curley's crusade would be a protracted and profitless pain. But patience was about due to be rewarded. Dempsey fought Sharkey and there were cries of "foul." Dempsey fought Tunney again, lost again—and the public bellowed at a long count in which the referee anticipated the census takers. Sharkey fought Scott and there were roars of foul. Dozens of major and minor contests in the ring ended unsatisfactorily. Boxing withered in public esteem.

Gradually Curley found his customers returning. He hired armories and sent his whales in to wrestle catch-as-catch-can't style: that is, to introduce a new technique which took over the worst features of boxing, and combined them with the best practice in wrestling. The boys could bump, batter, clout, butt—do anything but use knives, clubs and blackjacks.

But waiting and watching paid dividends. Wrestling began to draw crowds away from Madison Square Garden and the other temples of fistiana, to quote Joe Humphreys.

Finally, Tex Rickard departed this life, and shortly thereafter the world's heavyweight championship was awarded to Schmeling on a foul. When the next big boxing card was held in Madison Square Garden, boxing had gone in mourning for Rickard, who had made $800,000 in his last year as a promoter and left little else for anybody else to make.

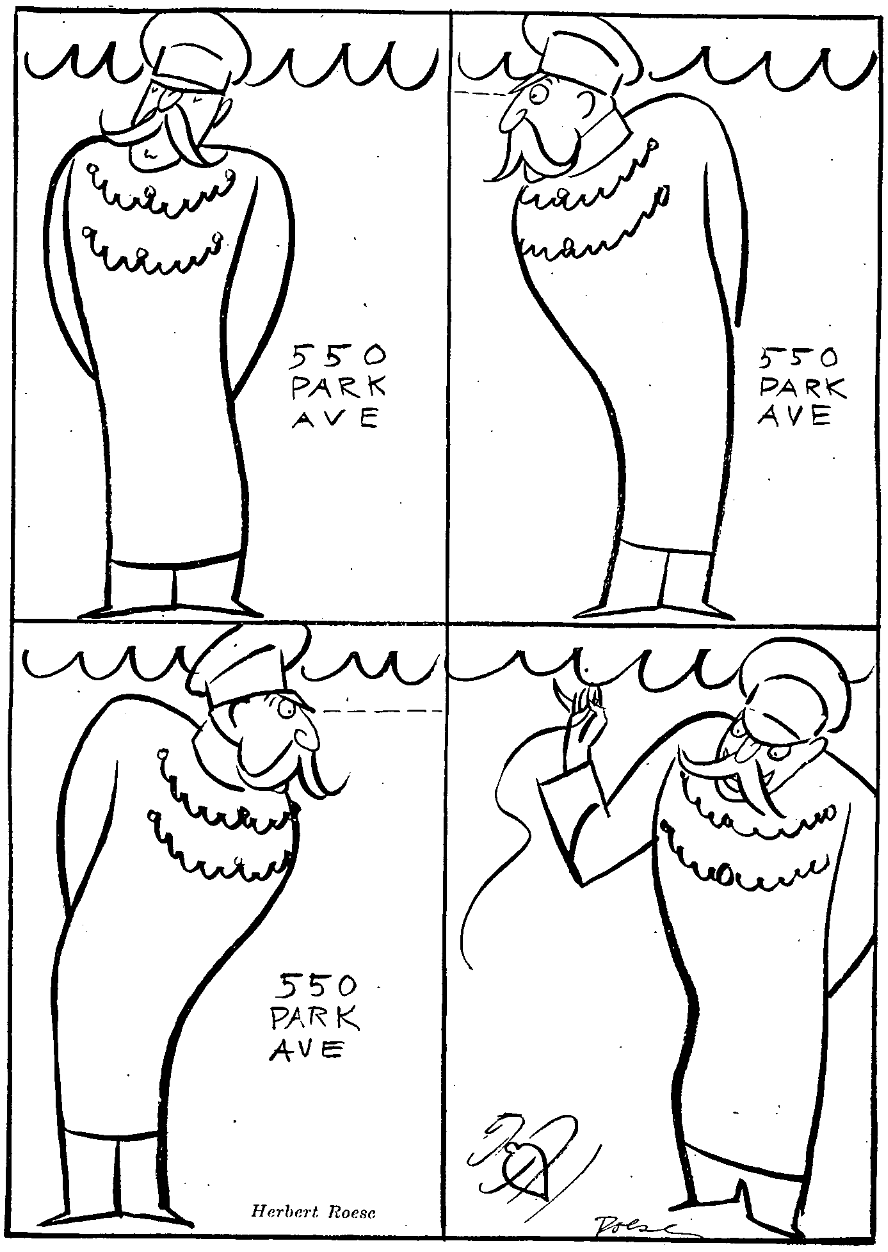
The moment of triumph arrived for Curley. The lords of boxing came to him and asked him to put his wrestlers in the Garden. He trotted out Holuban, the neckless hippo of Hungary, to oppose Jim Londos for the heavyweight title. Londos won with titanic strength and a fine exhibition of histrionics. But the outstanding picture that evening was not the dynamics on the mat, but the wreathed smile of Monsieur Curley as, tuxedo-clad, he held thousands of hungry mat fans at bay at the door while he personally took and tore their tickets. The lords of boxing gnashed their teeth to see the customers overflowing the Garden to see another hippodrome.

Wrestling restored, the pillar of sport looks ahead to other days. He knows that, sooner or later, wrestling will decline because the wrestlers will seek soft spots on the mat and will spare all the pains they can and still collect.

"I'm going to make tennis a popular pastime," says Curley. "I've signed Big Bill Tilden, and others will come. I see great things for tennis—as great as for boxing or for wrestling if the public can get as used to Mr. Tilden's high 'C' as I can."

The customers may not like it—but they will—give Mr. Curley time and they will.

The third article in the Pillars of Sport series will appear in an early issue of Collier's. The subject will be James Joy Johnston.



Collier's Radio Hour

6th SEASON STARTS SUNDAY NIGHT SEPT. 13th

Adventure—romance—mystery—music—guest speakers of compelling interest

If you wish to attend Collier's Radio Hour Broadcast at the New Amsterdam Roof write to Collier's Radio Hour, 250 Park Ave., N. Y. C.

TUNING TABLE

Note: Time shown in Daylight time. If your community is on Standard Time deduct one hour

East . . . . 8:15 P.M.	West	Pacific Coast
WHAM Rochester WJZ New York WLW Cincinnati WBZA Springfield, Mass. WBZ Boston WJR Detroit WBAL Baltimore KDKA Pittsburgh WGAR Cleveland	7:15 P. M. Central Time 6:15 P. M. Mountain Time WREN Kansas City, Kan. KYW Chicago KOA Denver KWK St. Louis KSL Salt Lake City	5:15 P. M. KHQ Spokane KFI Los Angeles KOMO Seattle KGW Portland KPO San Francisco

Stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company, Inc.

Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

From Coast-to-Coast

Sell INITIAL PLAYING CARDS

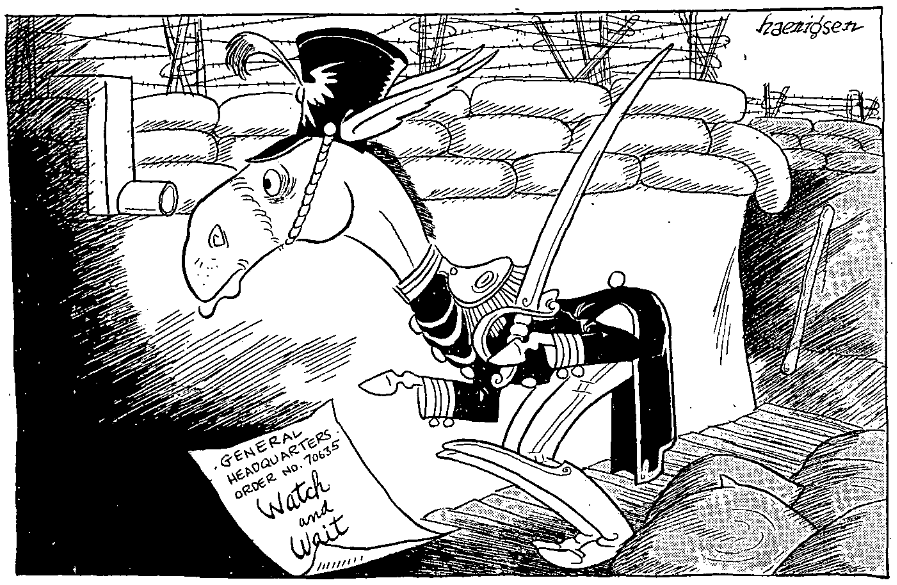
Earn money taking orders among your friends and others for the new Initial Playing Cards, and our complete line of smart Bridge and Pinochle decks. Unique, beautiful; popular low prices! **FREE Samples** Send to manufacturer for free sample outfit. You can start earning money at once. Thousands doing it now. No experience required. Send name and address for full information and samples — free.

General Card Co., 1201 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 106, Chicago, Ill.

ATHLETE'S FOOT

For "Athlete's Foot", "Golfer's Itch", "Gym Foot" and ringworm of feet and toes, use Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX—an unfailing remedy. Immediately relieves intense itching and soon heals the condition. Doctors recommend it. Try a jar! At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.

Dr Scholl's Solvex



Platform Steps

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

WHEN we think of President Hoover as a candidate for President in 1932 we are practically thinking of him against the field, the field being the whole list of reasonably available Democratic candidates.

Today a great many people seem determined to vote for a Democrat for President in 1932. There won't be so many of them when the Democratic candidate is chosen. If Governor Roosevelt is nominated, for example, the business men and the conservative element generally, who are now discontented with Mr. Hoover, will swing back into line for him.

If, on the other hand, the Democrats offer Owen D. Young to the country, a considerable number of Progressive Republicans who are now bitter against Mr. Hoover will remain in their party. If, again, Governor Smith should be nominated, he would alienate a certain rural element which now inclines against the Republican party.

Governor Smith, for example, would receive the enthusiastic support of the wets. Governor Roosevelt would attract only lukewarm support from the wets.

With each one of these candidates the issue would be somewhat different. With Governor Smith as a candidate prohibition would be likely to overtop every issue. With Mr. Young as a candidate the election would turn on his peculiar fitness to deal with the present economic situation, placing some emphasis upon its international aspects.

You Can't Please Everyone

With Governor Roosevelt as a candidate the question would be as to the wisdom of trusting a delicate economic situation to a President of somewhat radical tendencies.

No two of these candidates would divide the electorate with Mr. Hoover on exactly the same lines. Any one of them might win, but no one of them would attract the whole possible anti-Hoover vote.

Mr. Hoover's course as a candidate is being shaped by events, by his own instinctive conservatism and by the ingrained conservatism of his party. His recently successful moratorium efforts were the act of a conservative who believes that the way to alleviate economic conditions here is to support the capitalistic forces of the world. Its motive was to safeguard capitalism from the threat of a revolution in Germany.

The failure of the Farm Board policy to relieve the wheat farmers drives the President back to the conservative idea that the only cure for the wheat farmers' ills is the survival of the fittest or those who can raise wheat most cheaply. His position on unemployment is conservative; he wishes to keep the Federal government at any cost from assuming responsibility for the relief of distress.

Ready for Anything

"He kept us out of Communism," was announced at a recent Republican conference in Washington as the party slogan for the next campaign. The party will point to its candidate's efforts to head off Communism in Germany. If business conditions improve before the campaign begins, the wisdom of Mr. Hoover in resisting radical experiments will be stressed.

If they do not improve, then the danger of delaying recovery still further by introducing the uncertainties will be shrieked about by every Republican spellbinder.

Already the more radical line of attack upon Mr. Hoover is forming. Out on the farms of Kansas they say that Mr. Hoover's Farm Board bought wheat to save the bankers, not the farmers, the crop having mostly passed out of the hands of the farmers when the Farm Board began withdrawing part of it from the market. This year, the Kansans say, when the wheat is on the farms Mr. Hoover's Board refuses to buy wheat.

Similarly, of his coming to the relief of Germany, it is said that he did so at the behest of the bankers who wished to protect their investments in Germany. Both charges are doubtless untrue, but if the hoped-for improvement in business conditions does not come in time both charges will be made to sound convincing in the next campaign.

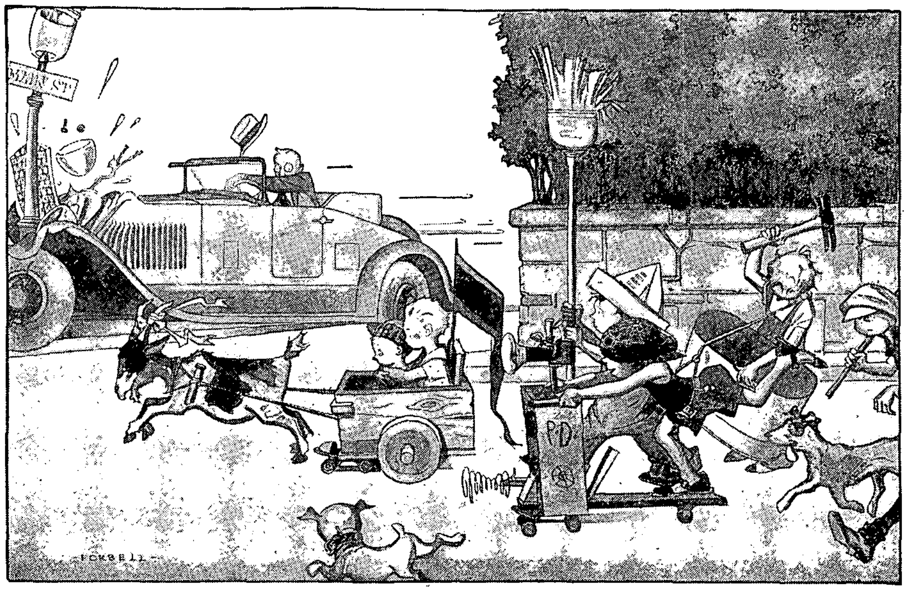
The Democratic party refrains from making either of these charges.

If business conditions improve, the Democratic party will bid for the conservative support as hard as the Republicans do, pinning most of its hopes on the chance that the country has gone aggressively wet.

If business conditions do not improve, then Mr. Hoover will probably be weaker even than they had expected him to be. A "yellow dog" may win, and the wet issue be less important.

It is at this time fatally easy for the Democrats to guess wrong. So, like Brer Rabbit, they will lie low for a while.

YOU NEVER KNOW
what's around the corner!



A QUICK yank at the wheel *may* make the best of a bad situation...and then again, it *may not!* Blind corners see plenty of accidents!

An Ætna Combination Automobile Policy may be written to cover *every* insurable motoring risk. Ætna's 25,000 representatives assure prompt, emergency service whether you're near home or clear across the continent. This Coast-to-Coast Service is one of the big advantages in being "Ætna-ized"

Nowadays, if you violate certain laws and cause an accident, many states may not even let you drive your car back home (if you still have a car!)—*unless* you can show *acceptable* evidence of your Financial Responsibility*—such as an Ætna Automobile Policy. See the Ætna-izer in your community. He is a man worth knowing.

*17 States and 3 Canadian Provinces now have Automobile Financial Responsibility Laws.

TOURING?

Then clip and mail the coupon below for a fascinating 48-page

Book of Motor Tours
"Seeing America with Ætna"

22 tours. Each illustrated with a large 2-color map. Each adaptable to the length of your vacation and the limits of your budget. A unique guide to America's most beautiful scenery and most interesting historic points! Your name and address on the coupon, plus 12¢, will bring your copy by return mail. (If you live in Canada send 22¢.)

PRESIDENTS TOUR

ÆTNA-IZE

The Ætna Casualty & Surety Co.
The Ætna Life Insurance Co.
The Automobile Insurance Co.
The Standard Fire Insurance Co.
of Hartford, Conn.

MAIL THIS TODAY

The Ætna Casualty & Surety Company, Hartford, Conn.

Gentlemen: Send me your 48-page Tour Book, "Seeing America with Ætna". I enclose 12¢. (If you live in Canada send 22¢.)

Name..............................

Address.............................. C-9

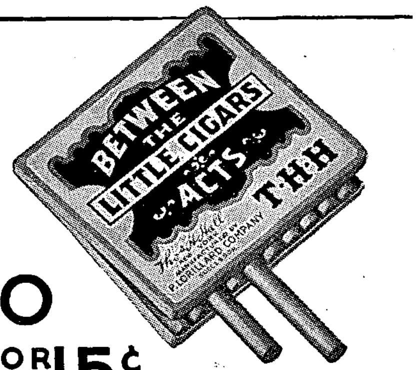
When time's too short

for a long cigar

it's time for . . .

BETWEEN THE ACTS

LITTLE CIGARS



10 FOR 15¢

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

Two minutes is all a "B. T. A." asks. They fit into any odd niche of time. They're just your favorite 15¢ cigar split into 10 little shares. Just as fragrant. Just as flavorful. But one-tenth as long. And one-tenth as wasteful. Try a tin of ten today.

If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th Street, New York. Cannot be mailed to addresses outside the U. S. A.

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 29

there's an office telephone been specially fitted up. If I have a visitor with me I ring twice, and you'll know not to come in. If I want you I speak through the telephone. The ringing of the bell simply means 'Keep clear.' While I think of it, lad, I'm going to drop the 'Moran.' It will slip out sometimes if we're not careful. 'Gordon Phayle' you are—'Gordon' you are to me. There's your name painted on the outside of the door."

"Right-o, Uncle Andy!" was the cheerful reply. "We'll bury Moran Chambers for a bit. Gordon Phayle's going to get busy. One word more. What about that highly intelligent-looking young woman of yours—Miss Withers?"

"I've had her since I started," Andrew answered. "She came to me with the highest references. Mr. Guinness has known her since she was a girl, and he speaks in the most flattering terms of her."

"Will she take down my letters?" Moran asked.

"I'm thinking that it's better she should do so," Andrew Pulwitter confided. "She's one of the few young women I ever met who is able to keep a still tongue in her head. We'll have to be giving her something of a hint."

"Capital!" Moran Chambers murmured. "I have a fancy we will be able to trust her."

REUBEN ARGELS, who had just finished reading his morning correspondence, tapped idly with his fingers upon the leather top of the beautiful rosewood desk at which he sat. His secretary, a capable, businesslike-looking woman in the early forties, was busy collecting the letters which bore his penciled notes.

"I'll dictate replies to those I've initialed for my own attention after luncheon, Miss Henderson," he said. "In the meantime, will you ask Mr. Gascoigne to come in for a minute?"

She took her departure, and Mr. Gascoigne made due appearance. He was a dark, clean-shaven little man, with a prominent nose, and sallow complexion. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and although his immediate forebears may have been English, his features seemed to indicate Jewish descent. In that young, but highly successful financial enterprise entitled the City Trust, he filled the post of secretary and manager.

"Gascoigne," his employer asked curiously, "you haven't heard anything about Andrew Pulwitter taking a partner in lately, I suppose?"

"Not a word, sir," the man replied. "A very secretive person, Mr. Pulwitter," he added, after a moment's pause. "I was trying to get a little information out of one of his clerks a minute or two ago, but it doesn't seem to me there's anyone in the place knows much of what goes on there, except Mr. Pulwitter himself and his young lady secretary. He keeps even his letter books and files locked up."

Argels remained silent for a moment or two, and reread a letter which he had kept back.

"Might I inquire whether you had any particular reason for asking, sir?" Gascoigne ventured. "Has Mr. Pulwitter been nibbling at our business again?"

"He has done more than nibble," was the dry response. "He has gobbled. Read that."

The communication was a typewritten one from some engineering works in the north of England. Gascoigne readjusted his spectacles, and read:

"Dear Mr. Argels:

"Our Mr. Smith regrets being unable to keep his appointment with you on Friday, as, after due consideration of your terms and proposals, we have decided to place the matter of the launching of our business in the hands of Messrs. Pulwitter & Co., with whom we have today signed an agreement.

"Faithfully yours,
"RAWSON & SMITH."

"That's bad, sir," Gascoigne remarked, as he handed back the letter.

"Sit down for a moment, Gascoigne," Argels invited. "It is more than bad. It is, in a sense, menacing. I know Andrew Pulwitter, inside out. I know his methods, his capital, the measure of his daring. There is a stronger hand than his behind this business, and has been for the last two or three months."

"May I ask you to continue, sir?" Gascoigne begged. "You have something on your mind. I should esteem your confidence."

"If Rawson and Smith had accepted our offers for the flotation of their business," Argels pointed out, "we should have made a profit of forty thousand pounds, and we should have filled the contract to their satisfaction. It would have been a fine and remunerative piece of work, but this is what I want to impress on you, Gascoigne: we should never have dared to make them so favorable an offer but for our private knowledge of those secrets of theirs, very cleverly concealed for a purpose which we shall not mention. Now, who else could have obtained that information? Who else would have known how to set about it? Not Andrew Pulwitter himself. And, without that information, would Andrew Pulwitter have dared to give terms better or equal to ours? Never in this world. Furthermore, I know pretty well to a thousand pounds how much capital Andrew Pulwitter can command, and we know how much cash Rawson and Smith demanded down. He has pulled this off only with outside capital, and outside brains."

"I'll put a friend of mine on to the matter at once, sir," Gascoigne promised. "I know every one of Pulwitter's connections, and none of them is concerned in this. He has somehow or other managed to get control of another half-million."

"Not only that, Gascoigne," Argels interrupted irritably, "but he has got a million-dollar brain working for him. Get your friend on to the job as quickly as you can, and let me have any report as it comes in."

THE secretary took his leave, but Argels seemed still disinclined to commence the morning's operations. He unlocked the drawer by his side and drew out the topmost of a little sheaf of cablegrams attached together by a silver clamp. The one he spread out before him bore the date of only three days previously:

INTERVIEWED 1790 TODAY WELL BUT SULKY STILL REFUSES VISITORS
WALKER

Argels studied every word with a smile upon his lips. "Well but sulky" gave him a peculiar, a diabolically malicious satisfaction. He replaced the cablegram and locked the drawer. Just as he had done so, the telephone at his elbow buzzed.

"Can I see you for a moment, sir?" Gascoigne asked.

"Come along," Argels invited.

Gascoigne made prompt reappearance.

"Rather a coincidence, sir," he began. "A young lady just called to ask if, by any chance, you were in need of a secretary. We did tell the office from which we get our girls that we might be wanting additional help presently."

"Well, what about it?" Argels asked impatiently. "I leave all that sort of thing to you, of course."

"Naturally, sir. This is the point, though. I was just sending the young lady away, because the only person we really want is a junior typist, when it occurred to me to ask her name."

"Well?" Argels intervened.

"Her name, she told me, is Miss Withers," Gascoigne confided. "She is engaged at Pulwitter's, but wishes to leave because they won't give her an increase of salary."

Secretary and employer exchanged shrewd glances. The same thought was in the minds of both.

"I think, perhaps, that you had better show the young lady up," Argels enjoined.

MISS WITHERS was presently announced, and Reuben Argels, who had been awaiting her arrival with assumed indifference, received something of a shock. She was very quietly dressed, but she wore her clothes with an elegance which Argels would have understood better if he had known their source. Her shoes were as well cut as her coat and skirt. She wore a small, dark hat of fashionable shape. She was more distinguished-looking than pretty, but her features had decided charm, her voice was low, clear and well modulated. Argels waved her to a chair.

"I understand that you are looking for a post as secretary, Miss—er—"

"Withers," she told him—"Miss Withers."

"Are you employed anywhere at present?"

"I am with Mr. Andrew Pulwitter of Morgan's Court. I have been there ever since Mr. Pulwitter started in business."

"And why do you want to leave?"

"Entirely for financial reasons," the young lady explained. "Mr. Pulwitter refuses to give me an increase of salary, and I think I am worth it."

Reuben Argels affected to consider the matter. He had, in fact, long ago made up his mind that, for more considerations than one, he would enter into negotiations with his caller.

"What are your qualifications?" he asked her.

"I can take down letters in shorthand without making mistakes, and I believe that my typing is very good," she said. "I can take care of any matters of office detail, and I know something about financial business."

Argels nodded and stroked his small, black mustache. He could scarcely keep his eyes from the girl.

"How much have you been getting from Mr. Pulwitter?" he inquired.

"Four pounds ten a week," she told him. "I suppose it is a fair amount in a way, but it is not enough for a confidential secretary."

"You call yourself that, do you?" he pursued meditatively. "Andrew Pulwitter's private and confidential secretary?"

"I certainly am," she assented. "I know all the details of the business."

It was a critical moment, this. Reuben Argels eyed his visitor closely, but failed to obtain any guidance from her expression.

"Andrew Pulwitter's private and confidential secretary," he repeated once

Treat that corn carefully

Don't hurry it; or worry it with knife or rapid-fire "corn cures." But don't let it spoil your fun and freedom when bright days beckon out of doors.

Blue-jay will end its pangs instantly, gently. A safe, mild, certain *treatment* for banishing corns. Blue-jay lifts the pressure and friction which cause them and keep them sore. Softens and destroys their structure, detaching them for easy, painless removal.

On or off in ten seconds, Blue-jay is handy, pleasant, bath-proof, dependable. Made by a house noted for surgical dressings. Used by millions through 31 years. At all drug-stores, 25 cents. (In Canada, 35 cents.)

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK
DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and *prevent* corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or *send 10c* for samples to Bauer & Black, 2544 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

more. "Then I suppose you know how he got hold of that engineering business up north—Rawson and Smith's—which I was handling?"

"Yes, I know that," she admitted.

"You wouldn't care to tell me, I suppose?" he suggested, taking the plunge, after a moment's pause.

"I am afraid that would not be possible," she decided. "You see, I am still in Mr. Pulwitter's employ."

"Supposing you were in mine?" he ventured insidiously.

She hesitated to consider the matter.

"I imagine, ethically speaking," she deliberated, "even if I left Mr. Pulwitter and came to you, I should tell you none of the details of his business. But I am afraid that life in the city has rather knocked that sort of thing out of me. I have become quite an egoist, and I should do what I thought best for my own interests."

Argels opened his mouth impulsively, and closed it again. Her last speech had filled him with new ideas. He studied her carefully.

"Look here," he said, "I can see that you are a thoroughly sensible young lady. I was just about to make you an offer a few seconds ago, but I think—yes, the matter needs reflection."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I had an idea that you were a man of quick decisions," she remarked.

"So I am," he replied. "I have come to one definite decision concerning you already. I should like to know you a little better, however, before I tell you exactly what I propose."

"Well," she pointed out, "I can't keep on coming here. If Pulwitter's knew that I had offered you my services, I should be sent away at once."

"There is no need for you to come here again," Argels assured her. "I will take your capacity for granted. You have the air of being able to do things. Five minutes ago, I was on the point of engaging you as my private secretary, at a much higher salary than you are getting now. Just as I was about to make the proposition, however, I had another idea."

"Well, what is it?" she inquired.

HE PAUSED, with his fingers upon his mustache. Even he, whose lack of sensibility was a firmly developed trait in his character, hesitated about putting his inspiration into words.

"I should like to see a little more of you first," he persisted.

"Is it my character you're thinking about?" she asked, in a puzzled fashion, "I can get references."

"Not that sort of character," he answered, a little impatiently. "I want to know whether you are ambitious, whether you would take slight risks to get on in the world, or whether you have any squeamish ideas which might cramp your utility."

"Well, how do you propose to find these things out?" she inquired. "Shall I go to a clairvoyant for you, or a palmist?"

"I think that will scarcely be necessary," he assured her with a smile. "I trust no one but myself in these matters. Would it be possible—I don't know what your domestic arrangements are—to see you after office hours this evening, and discuss the matter?"

"My domestic affairs," she explained, "mean that I have a tiny two-room flat of my own in a respectable neighborhood, that I have no relatives in London, and that I am not married, if that is what you are thinking about. If I were, I shouldn't be looking about for a post."

"Then will you dine with me at eight o'clock, in a quiet place—say Kettner's, in Soho?"

"Certainly," she assented. "Try to make up your mind by then if you can."

"My mind will be made up," Argels told her, touching a buzzer on his desk, "after we have had half an hour's conversation."

"At eight o'clock at Kettner's."

He sat for several moments at his desk after her departure, playing with his new idea. The more he thought of it, the more it pleased him. Then he rang for Gascoigne and plunged into the day's affairs.

AT FIVE o'clock that afternoon, Reuben Argels, after a strenuous day's work, stepped out of his handsome but rather too showily appointed car, rang the bell of a maisonette in Curzon Street, and was admitted by Francis.

"Is Madame at home?" he inquired.

"Madame received your telephone message, and will see you, sir."

The butler led the way into a small apartment at the rear of the house—half lounge, half boudoir. The walls were hung with orange-colored satin. There were yellow roses everywhere. The room was furnished in the best French style, stiffly, with a few Louis XVI chairs, a marvelous writing-table of the same period, and an upright, utterly correct divan. Ambouyna, who was writing at a table, turned round and waved her hand.

"One moment," she begged. "I am just finishing a letter. Sit down, will you?"

"Your type of furniture makes that something of an enterprise," Argels remarked, seating himself with caution upon the divan.

Ambouyna finished her letter, rang for a servant and handed it over before she replied.

"My house is furnished to please myself," she told him. "It suits me. Indeed, by many people, I believe, it is considered to be a gem. The day for frowzy easy-chairs and sloppy divans is gone by. They are hopelessly out of date. Besides, they are so bad for the figure. Tell me now, please, because I have to go down to the studio presently, why this unexpected visit?"

He bit his lip for a moment. No woman in his life had ever treated him in such a fashion. His visits were received with reluctance. He was never invited. He had heard of a dinner-party only a few nights before at which there had been people whom he would very much have liked to meet. He himself was never asked to the house.

"I came to see you as much as anything, Ambouyna," he said boldly.

She half closed her eyes, a habit of hers when she was irritated. He knew quite well what it was—that she hated his use of her Christian name.

"Well, you have seen me," she pointed out. "If that is all—"

"I wanted also to know," he interrupted, "if you had heard anything directly, or indirectly, from New York—to be more exact, from the prison."

She raised her eyebrows.

"I do not know whether Moran is allowed to write or not," she confessed. "At any rate, he does not write to me. Andrew Pulwitter heard from him or of him a few days ago. He seems to have turned recluse and is refusing visitors."

"Do you see much of Andrew Pulwitter?" he asked abruptly.

"Very little. I have much respect for his honesty and friendship, but we have not a great deal in common. I would like to know why you come here to ask me these questions. I am busy, and it wastes my time."

Argels hesitated. This woman remained now, as she had always been, the enigma of his life, the one unsolved problem among her sex. He had long ago accepted his own defeat at her hands, yet he clung to the memory of that one passionate half hour when success had seemed within his grasp. With a woman

(*Continued on page 60*)

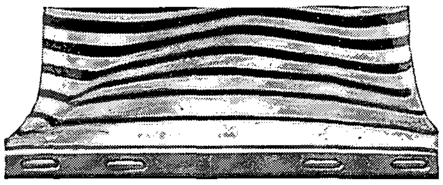
A NEW FACE VALUE
with the
Analgetic Shave

"it lulls the skin"
SHAVING CREAM
Crême de Savon pour la Barbe
COTY

No matter how your face looks now, it'll look better — and man, it certainly will *feel* better — after you try the "analgetic" shave!

Because Coty Shaving Cream contains a mild, balm-like ingredient which *lulls* the skin, preventing smarting and after-burn, 500,000 pace-makers have taken the "analgetic" shave to their hearts, and faces!

Coty Shaving Cream in a huge tube is just 50c. To *try* before you *buy*, clip the coupon below for a trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream. Discover the joys of the "analgetic" shave . . . the new-day, new-way shave!



COTY
SHAVING CREAM
Other Coty "analgetic" preparations for the man:
After Shaving Lotion Talc Hair Lotion Hair Dressing

COTY, Dept. X,
714 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
I want to test the "analgetic" shave. Please send me my free trial tube of Coty Shaving Cream (Postpaid).
Name..........
Address..........

MALLORY HATS

"CRAVENETTE"

ESTABLISHED 1823
Cravenette
MALLORY
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

SAY "MALLORY"; PAY $5 AND UP

Great manufacturing resources bring the price of Mallory Hats down to $5 to $10—formerly, $6.50 to $12. Same choice quality. Same fashionable elegance. Same distinctive grace of pitch and poise. And—the moisture-proof "Cravenette" Process (exclusive) means *life extension* to your hat. On sale now at America's outstanding stores. Look for the Mallory label.

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY, 392 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands more are needed. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge or experience unnecessary. Training given by C. P. A.'s. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession That Pays," and learn about opportunities in this growing, profitable field.

Lasalle Extension University, Dept. 940-HA, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

You can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
270 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

LEARN Drafting $100 a Week Paid Experts

Our Big Free Book tells all about unlimited opportunities and easy College-Training-at-Home Plan. Creative draftsmen and designers command $5,000 a year, up. Architectural, mechanical, electrical, structural. Low cost; easy terms. All instruments, draftsman's table, etc., furnished free of extra cost. Founded 1904. Write today for facts and success records of graduates.

Chicago Technical College, Dept. M-234, 118 E. 26th St., Chicago

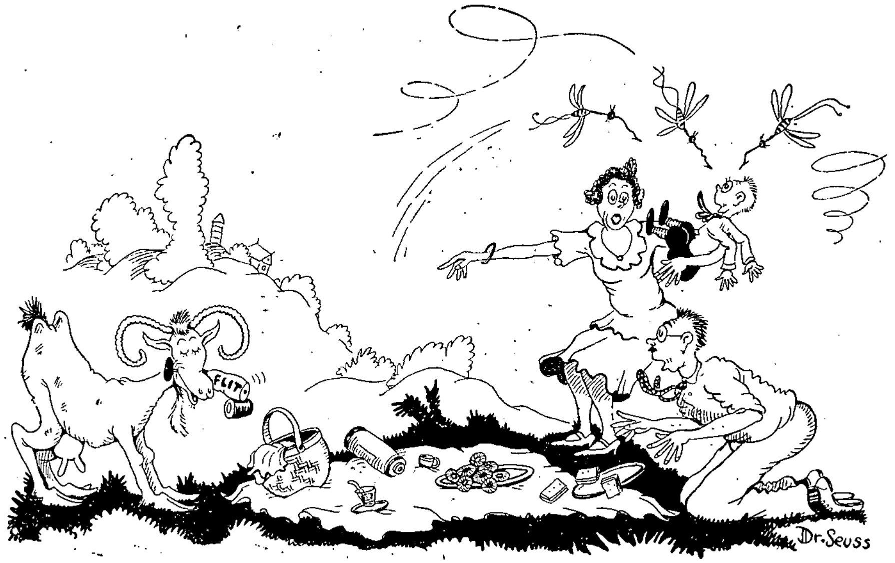
PATENTS. Write for Free Guide Book, "HOW TO OBTAIN A PATENT" and Record of Invention Blank. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Free Opinion whether it comes within Patent Office Rules. *Prompt, Efficient Service. Easy Payments.*

Victor J. Evans & Co., 631 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

ALERT MEN—WANTED

50 year old firm will help start you in a fascinating, dignified business. Tested. Very profitable. A great popular confection specialty. Dealers prosper everywhere. All material and equipment furnished. No experience needed. Small investment. Terms. Write for "Book of Facts."

LONG-EAKINS COMPANY, 982 High Street, Springfield, Ohio



"Quick, Henry! The Flit!"

(Advertisement)

© 1931 Dr. Seuss

(Continued from page 59)

of such amazing temperament, he told himself, anything might yet happen.

"Andrew Pulwitter has put one over on me," he confided. "He has taken away from my firm a transaction which would have yielded us a small fortune."

"Clever Andrew!" she laughed.

"You might have a little more sympathy," he remonstrated.

"But tell me why?" she demanded. "In my mind and estimation, there is no comparison between you two. I would wish success to Andrew every time. If you came here for sympathy you came on a foolish errand."

"I REALIZED long ago how little I had to hope from you in that direction," he lamented. "To tell you the truth, I came because I was completely puzzled. I did not give Andrew Pulwitter credit for the brains to put this thing through, nor did I think that he had command of sufficient capital, yet he seems suddenly to have become possessed of both. I even found myself wondering whether it was possible that Moran Chambers was allowed to communicate with him from New York. The deal was just such a one as he might have indulged in."

"Your suggestion seems to me to be absolutely and entirely ridiculous," she declared.

"You say that you see Andrew Pulwitter now and then," he went on. "Have you seen him lately?"

"I do not remember," she replied indifferently, "and what business is it of yours?"

"Only that on my last visit about a month ago," he reminded her, "I happened to allude to the name of the people—Rawson and Smith—with whom this deal was concerned. I was wondering whether, by any chance, you might have mentioned it to Pulwitter."

"Do not be absurd," she begged. "When you speak to me of your business, it sometimes amuses me for a moment, so I have perhaps encouraged you to talk, but names never linger in my memory, neither would a Scotchman like Andrew Pulwitter dream of discussing business affairs with a woman. He probably does what you all used to do in New York—makes use of a system of espionage."

She glanced at the clock.

"Only a very few minutes more," she warned him. "As they told you over the telephone, I have to go to the studio this evening."

"Very well," he promised, "I shall not detain you. I came to find out from you, in plain words, if you cared to tell me whether, to your knowledge, communications had been passing between Andrew Pulwitter and Moran?"

She helped herself to a cigarette from an open box upon the table. He accepted her gestured invitation, and also lit one.

"If you do not take care, my friend," she told him, "you will find that Moran Chambers is working out some of the judgment of that terrible smile of his when he left the stand. He is getting on your nerves. I can see by looking at you that you are losing your poise. If you were not, you would scarcely come here to ask me such stupid questions. Moran Chambers, as you know very well, and as I know, is in prison, and with no sort of privilege which would enable him to advise Andrew Pulwitter about a strange business. The whole idea is absurd. Can you fancy poor Moran with a telephone in his cell directing long-distance Stock Exchange operations in London, or dictating cables to a confidential clerk through the bars?"

"I suppose I am a fool," he admitted.

"You are," she agreed dryly. "Do you still get your cables?"

"Yes," he acknowledged, "I had one three days ago."

"Well, aren't they enough for you?"

"They should be enough for any man with common sense," he confessed. She rose to her feet.

"I am sorry," she announced, "I have to leave you now."

"Is the film going well?" he inquired, reluctantly following her example.

SHE looked at him as though in surprise. "It is my film," she reminded him. "It is already booked in every country in the world. My people tell me that there will be a profit of millions."

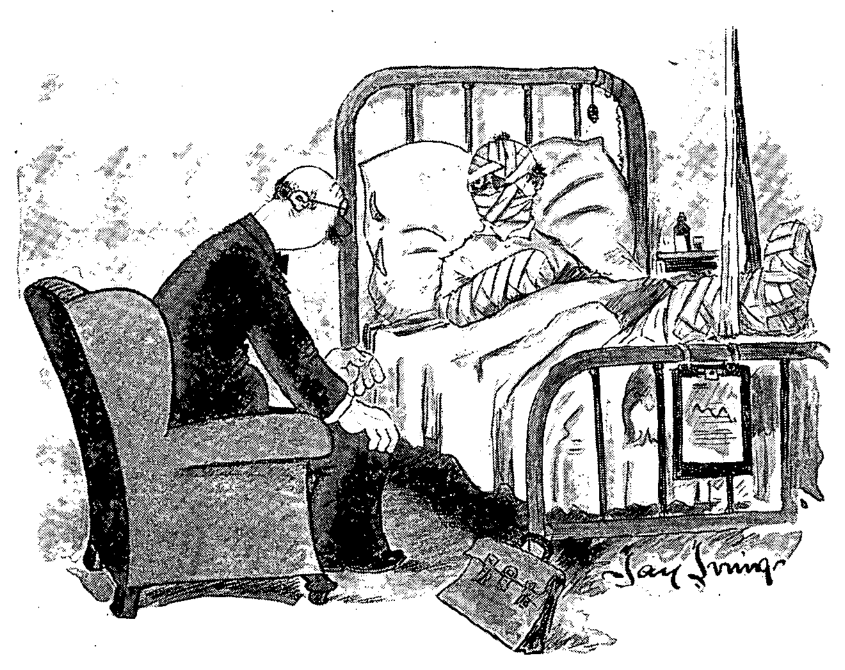
His eyes glittered.

"I can't see," he grumbled, "why you don't let me in on one of your pictures. I know that some of the money for the last one was raised in the city."

"Why should I?" she rejoined coldly. "I am not in the least interested in helping you to make more money."

"You are very difficult," he muttered.

He had sworn to himself before he came that there was one question he would not ask her, yet, in his state of irritation he found it impossible to resist the temptation. She was so beautiful, so seductive, even in her aloofness.



Insurance Adjuster: "But, my dear man, the fact that her father came home unexpectedly doesn't make it an accident"

Jay Irving

"Did you enjoy your trip to Hungary?" he asked.

"I am always happy to visit my old home," she answered. "Why do you ask me that?"

There was that evil, suspicious look in his face—a sort of smothered leer that revolted her.

"Oh, I don't know."

"You do," she contradicted him. "You mean, because I took a lover there? Since when, do you imagine, has it been forbidden to a cinema actress to entertain a lover? I had a very happy time, thank you, Mr. Argels."

She touched the bell.

"There are things," she continued, "which are perfectly well known to everyone they concern, but which are not alluded to amongst people of a certain order in life. Francis," she directed, as the man opened the door, "show Mr. Argels to his car, and then come back for me."

"You will permit me," he begged, "to apologize if I was indiscreet." She was standing with her back to him, and it appeared that she was afflicted with a sudden deafness.

REUBEN ARGELS decided, as he submitted himself to his valet's ministrations that night, and changed for dinner, that he had made a fool of himself twice over that afternoon. To gratify that smoldering flame of jealousy, which sometimes was almost a torture to the man, he had served up to Ambouyna a noxious item from the stale gossip of clubland. He had realized the imbecility of it as soon as the sneering question had left his lips. What she chose to do! How she chose to live! These were for her own decision. Less than anyone in the world had he the right to comment upon her actions.

His whole visit—especially its main object—had been ridiculous. Presentiments and suspicions were all very well in their way, but common sense was the business man's beacon, and common sense spoke with no uncertain voice against the possibility of Moran Chambers having been associated, even in the slightest degree, with his recent defeat. Almost from habit, when he found himself in his car, on his way to his evening rendezvous, he opened his pocketbook, and read the latest dispatch, now three days old:

INTERVIEWED 1790 TODAY WELL
BUT SULKY STILL REFUSES VISITORS
WALKER

Argels folded up the slip, and replaced it in his pocketbook.

He found Miss Withers, not in the lounge where he had first looked for her, but already established at a corner table in the small but very attractive restaurant—a place of silence and repose, with its heavy hangings, its rose-shaded table lamps, and its soft carpets over which the feet of the waiters sped noiselessly. He smiled to himself, as he divined her reason. She had anticipated his arrival with the idea that he might have suggested a private room. He smiled all the more confidently because at present that had not been his idea with regard to Miss Withers. He approached to greet her with a beaming face.

"How nice of you to arrive early," he said. "I had already ordered the opposite corner table, over there, but this one will do just as well. You are hungry, I hope," he added, taking up the menu.

"I am always hungry in the evening," she confided, "because I never take any lunch."

"Isn't that rather unwise—unhygienic, as they call it nowadays?"

"I don't know. Mr. Pulwitter gives us three quarters of an hour off at one o'clock. Every place is always crammed full at that time. I prefer to fast rather than to be fussed. Sometimes I take a sandwich, or a few biscuits with me."

"In that case," Argels announced, pulling out a heavy gold pencil and writing on the back of the menu, "I shall add a course to the dinner I had proposed. A cocktail? Yes? . . . Excellent. Pol Roger '21. There you are!"

With that somewhat flamboyant air of magnificence, heritage from his oriental ancestry, against which he always struggled, but which he frequently failed to avoid, Argels handed the card to the *maître d'hôtel.*

"This is the dinner I desire," he pointed out, "and the wines. Serve us with double dry martinis at once—dry, but not too dry, mind. Just a dash of Italian. That suits you, Miss Withers?"

"Perfectly," she assented. "You are evidently an epicure."

"I try to be," he admitted, leaning gallantly across the table towards her. "It seems to me sometimes foolish that we respect our eyes by giving them beautiful things to look at, and our brains by giving them interesting studies to digest, and neglect our more material organs. Artistically, I think it is gross to eat bad food, or to drink bad wine, or kiss an ugly woman."

"What an amusing person you are!" she remarked.

Argels was a little startled. He looked at her in a puzzled fashion. Dimly, he began to understand that this was no ordinary young girl typist whom he was entertaining. She was dressed with almost absurd simplicity, and yet he had an uneasy feeling that he had seen many ladies of great consequence who had affected the same indefinite means towards the unassailable. She seemed entirely at her ease.

"You find me amusing, even before we start to converse?" he queried.

"You are amusing in what you do, and what you are," she explained. "Don't be annoyed. I rather like you. I think I shall get on much better with you than with Mr. Pulwitter. I don't fancy, somehow, that if Mr. Pulwitter asked me to dine, he would order caviar."

"I wonder where Andrew Pulwitter does dine?" he speculated. "I crossed with him from America not long ago, and he complained all the time that he found the food too rich."

"I know nothing about his habits," she acknowledged. "I have never been more than a cipher to him—a person whom he rather objects to, I think, because I take four pounds ten a week away from the firm."

"He treats you with a certain amount of confidence, I suppose?" he ventured.

"He has to dictate his letters and talk to someone in the office," she replied. "All the same I am tired of him—tired of his stuffy office, tired of his stingy salary and meanness about the petty cash. It's all very well to feel that you're safe because he's a dour old Scotchman, but I'd really rather run my risks—which wouldn't exist for me—and earn a decent salary. That's why I've made up my mind to leave."

ARGELS waited for the service of the next course, and until both the wine waiter and the *maître d'hôtel* were well out of hearing. Then he leaned a little towards her.

"I am hoping," he confided, "to be able to persuade you to do nothing of the sort."

For the moment she was genuinely surprised, and betrayed the fact.

"Not leave him?" she repeated. "I rather thought that you wanted me—why did you ask me to dinner tonight?"

"To persuade you to stay with Mr. Pulwitter," he answered, "at an increased salary."

(To be continued next week)

WRIGLEY'S

SUGAR COATED PEPPERMINT
CHEWING GUM

PYROIL-IZE Your Car! PYROIL

A few ounces of PYROIL LIQUEFIED GRAPHITE—the new lubricating sensation—added to your gas and oil, stops wear, ends carbon and overheating. Reduces noise, increases *power and mileage, increases life of* oil. 100% GUARANTEED. Write for "THE STORY OF PYROIL."

W. V. Kidder, Pres.
THE PYROIL COMPANY
20 LaFollette Av. La Crosse, Wis.

UNIVERSITY of CHICAGO

HOME-STUDY COURSES

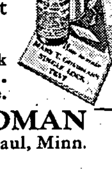
Continue your high-school, college or personal program of education. Teachers, Religious and Social Workers, Men and Women in many vocations are using the 450 courses in 45 different subjects to obtain guidance by experts for cultural and for practical purposes. The courses yield credit. Ask for free booklet.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
617 ELLIS HALL CHICAGO, ILL.

Safe, sensible test proves you can end

GRAY HAIR

You take no risk Mary T. Goldman's way. Make test first on single lock snipped from your hair. Comb colorless liquid through graying strands. See how desired color comes—black, brown, auburn or blonde. Hair stays soft—easy to curl or wave. Nothing to rub off or stain clothing. Safe. Easy. Sensible. Why not try it? You risk nothing.



FREE Famous Single Lock Test Package . . .
Convince yourself at our expense.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
117-B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name ....
Street ....
City .... State ......
Color of your hair? ....

Hope I meet that—Bull-dog!

SERGEANT'S Condition Pills keep your dog feeling fit, and help him to resist disease. If your dog is irritable, restless, off his feed, give him Sergeant's Condition Pills for a week. They'll keep him on his toes!

Try feeding your dog Sergeant's Dog Food, the complete ration that contains plenty of freshly cooked beef. It builds health and stamina. We guarantee he will like it.

A Famous Dog Book Free . . .

For complete information on how to care for your dog, diagnose and treat his ailments, feed and rear him properly . . . write for your free copy of Sergeant's Dog Book. 48 pages of information that every dog owner needs. Contains "Symptom Chart" and many pictures. Get your copy. It may save your dog's life. *It's Free.*

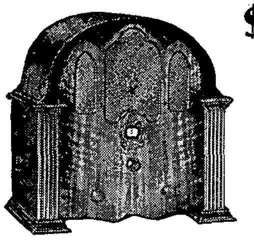
Our veterinarian will give you *free* advice about your dog's health. Write him fully.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORP.
1409 W. Broad Street
Richmond, Va.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A MEDICINE FOR EVERY DOG AILMENT"

Sole Canadian Agents: Fred J. Whitlow & Co., *Toronto*

CROSLEY
NEW
8 Tube Push-Pull Pentode Output SUPERHETERODYNE

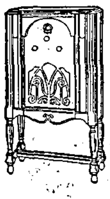


$49.75 Complete With Tubes

The Crosley PLAYBOY

AN exquisitely designed all wood table or mantle model, 17 inches high, housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode output, Variable Mu, Superheterodyne chassis with latest type Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. Incorporates all the new Crosley features. Never before so much superlative radio performance at so low a price.

All of the beautiful new Crosley cabinets shown here incorporate the entirely new Crosley Superheterodyne radio receiver which embodies sensational new features, many of them exclusively Crosley. Two five-element Pentode output tubes connected in push-pull; two Variable Mu tubes; continuous (stepless) variable static and tone control; illuminated hairline shadow dial with vernier drive; combined volume control and on-off switch; full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. Features such as these have never before been offered in radio receivers at anything like the low prices shown here. See your Crosley dealer today—hear the wonderful performance of these outstanding sets—know the rare values they represent.



The Crosley CHEERIO

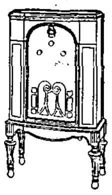
A forty-inch console of unusually attractive design housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu, Superheterodyne chassis and newest Crosley full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. Every new Crosley feature is incorporated.

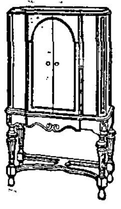
$65.00 Complete With Tubes

The Crosley MERRYMAKER

A truly magnificent cabinet of rare beauty, forty inches high, housing the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu, Superheterodyne chassis *plus* the new Crosley *Auditorium size* full floating moving coil dynamic speaker.

$75.00 Complete With Tubes





The Crosley ANNOUNCER

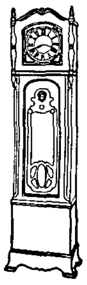
One of the most beautiful of all door console models. Stands forty-two inches high. Incorporates the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu, Superheterodyne chassis *plus* the new type Crosley *Auditorium size* full floating moving coil dynamic speaker.

$85.00 Complete With Tubes

The Crosley PLAYTIME

Here it is! A dream come true! A grandfather type A. C. electric hall clock incorporating the new Crosley 8-tube push-pull Pentode, Variable Mu, Superheterodyne radio receiver and Crosley *Auditorium size* full floating moving coil dynamic speaker. One connection to the house current operates both clock and radio. *Western prices slightly higher.*

$95.00 Complete With Tubes



Send postal for booklet K-9

The Crosley Radio Corporation
POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., *President*
Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW
CINCINNATI

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY
CROSLEY RADIO

New INVENTION Needed by 20 MILLION SHAVERS

MEN! Here's a new, easy way to make Big Money! Astounding new invention gives velvety smooth shaves, like a feather's touch, the best of a man's life. So keen you scarcely feel the razor—no pulling, scratchy, burning sensation. Toughest whiskers seem to just melt away. And no more blades to buy! A million already in use. No selling necessary. Just place on Free Trial. Once used, shavers can't give it up. R. VanDerhof made $54 one day. Hundreds cleaning up. Guaranteed sales offer—no risk. Hurry while territory is open. Sent on 30 days' trial.

AGENTS MAKE UP TO $150 A WEEK!

I. L. Rhodes, 1418 Pendleton Ave., Dept. M-406, St. Louis, Mo.

Irish Eyes

Continued from page 24

"But I don't love Peter!" she stammered.

Mrs. McCann interposed in a soothing tone, as if she were speaking to a small, refractory child:

"But Peter loves you very much, Sheila, and he never would permit—and his father and I never could approve—of your going on, after all this, with such a stain on your name. There'd be no blessing in that for him, or for us. It may not seem so serious to you now, but the time will come when it would be serious—believe me, dear. And the judge thinks so, too. The world would think very hardly of you, Sheila. They wouldn't know if you were married or weren't married—"

"I wouldn't care what the world thought!" Sheila asserted.

"No, you wouldn't now. But the time might come when you'd want to marry someone else, and then there'd always be that shadow. Judge McCann and I wouldn't want Peter to be responsible for it, and Peter wouldn't, either—"

"Why, but Peter knows perfectly well what happened!" Sheila persisted, indignantly. "He knows that we were both as innocent as babies through the whole thing!"

PETER, who appeared to be exquisitely uncomfortable, cleared his throat.

"Well, I hate to give up my law work," he said, courageously. "But—as Mother says—I've never seen my uncle's foundry—"

"You have to think of the appearance of things, Sheila," Mrs. McCann persisted gently. "The appearance of evil, you know how much we hear of that!"

"And you mean to say, Peter—" Sheila began bewildered, and stopped. Peter, at twenty-one, was only a little boy after all, a little boy who would be delighted to stop his difficult law studies and be off to a strange city and a new job. She laughed suddenly, mirthlessly.

"This seems very funny to me!" she said.

"Sheila, dear," Mrs. McCann said, in remonstrance and distress, "you mustn't think we're trying to corner you, dear, or to trap you! Judge McCann and I talked this over all day yesterday, almost all night last night. We want to do what's fair to *you*. This seemed to us the fairest thing, the thing you'd want to do! Surely—*surely* if you and Peter are fond enough of each other to have remembered each other all these months, to have made an engagement with each other only a few days before he was to have been married, surely then it was natural that we should think that this plan would please you both."

"And admit that we were lying!" Sheila exclaimed, angrily.

"Aw, Sheila, pull yourself together!" Joe said, unsympathetically.

"Dear child, we were only thinking of you," Mrs. McCann protested, in a hurt voice.

"I thank you all!" Sheila said, in a loud, hard voice. "But it isn't necessary to—to sacrifice your son on my account!"

Suddenly she was shaking with rage such as she had not known since very small, schoolgirl days. She walked out of the room, with her head up, and out of the house. No one attempted to stop her; or, if anyone did, she was too blind, too deaf, to know it.

Down the brownstone steps, that were being gently powdered with snow, she went quickly. The cool, pure air of the silent holiday noontime smote her hot cheeks refreshingly. Timid little flakes fell all about her, her footsteps were softened in the thin covering of the snow.

At the corner she turned back, looked at the street. She was not being followed; there was not a human being in sight.

Instinctively she had turned toward the subway, and home. But on the way she passed, on Lexington Avenue, a shabby, sign-cluttered doorway. Almost every obscure activity known to the business world was housed in this old building; a passport photographer, a stuffer of dead animals, a dressmaker whose ambitious sign of "Modes" had been crossed by a humbler notice, "Children's school uniforms at cost." A dancing teacher had the top floor; a mender of broken china was somewhere upstairs. The second floor was given over to "Mrs. O'Connor's Famous Employment Bureau."

And against her particular sign Mrs. O'Connor had tucked cards. "Four boxworkers wanted. Girls, good money!" and "Child's nurse wanted, lovely family right near city."

Sheila stood reading these cards, her breast smoldering. They were all against her, the McCanns, and Joe, and Ma. Everyone. Even Frank had smiled as he handed her over to Peter—to Peter, who had departed from Sheila's dreams forever, who was less to her now than that casual clerk "fr'm the office," who had been waiting for "Misther Frank," in the McCanns' hallway.

"It wouldn't be open on a holiday," Sheila reflected, looking up the dank, uninviting stairway that lurched toward "Mrs. O'Connor's Famous Employment Bureau."

"Here's what'll decide it," she said aloud. "If it's open, I'll try it! And if I don't want to do it, I can back out. And anyway, I'd have to go home for my clothes, and probably Ma and Joe'd be home, and they'd not let me go. But if I get away this time, it's for good!"

SHE mounted the crazy stairway and laid her hand on the knob of the glass-paneled doorway that indicated O'Connor's. The knob turned, the door opened, and Sheila found herself alone in a shabby, spacious office, with a kindly-looking woman of fifty, whose face instantly told her that if this was not Mrs. O'Connor, at least it might be.

"I want a job!" Sheila said, going in.

Mrs. O'Connor proved to be an affectionate and encouraging person.

"Now, I'll tell you, dear," she said to Sheila. "What did you say your name was?"

"Mary Moore."

"I'll tell you, Mary. I don't often keep open on holidays, but I've a rush order I couldn't do nothing with yesterday, and I've had to put it into today. There's a federation of business clubs meeting at Atlantic City this week, and every place down there is full. You've got a reference, dearie, from someone that knows you, your teacher, or the parish priest?"

"I can get it."

"Get it, then. And take the four-o'clock to Atlantic City—you'll get your fare and your lunch money back. Go to the Pendergast Inn. It's not on the boardwalk, it's a block back, but it's finer than many of the waterfront places. Go there and ask for Mrs. Kearney; she's the housekeeper. She's a lovely woman. I've sent her help these twenty years.

"It's only fourteen dollars," Mrs. O'Connor continued hardily. "What of it? It's something, these times, isn't it, with everything found. Everything found. Everything found, think of it. Now you owe me six dollars . . . pay me when you like. Some of the girls pay half this week and half the next. There's another convention going down soon. She told me there was a month in it, surely. And then it'll be almost May, what do you know about that? You could easy stay on, right into the season. The season's getting earlier every year."

She was making entries with a fat soft hand, in a big book. Sheila said she would pay half.

"That's entirely satisfactory to me," Mrs. O'Connor told her, amiably. "They want nice, quiet-looking girls, and they'll like you. I suppose you haven't a sister or a cousin who'd like to go with you? It's quite a lark, the girls say."

"No, I haven't," Sheila said. And to herself she added, when she was in the quiet, snowy street again, "I very likely won't go myself!"

SHE went home, and found the three dreary rooms of the Bronx apartment empty and dark. Angela had gone away with Neely and Lizzie. The sight of the place reminded Sheila of the day's desolating adventures, of Ma's unkindness, of Joe's doubts, of the McCann family, who were so ready to believe that she would run away with their precious son and be married by a justice of the peace!

Joe had an old imitation leather suitcase. Sheila dragged it out from under the big bed and began to pack it, crying hard as she did so. She prayed that they would come in and find her at it; they would be a long time persuading her not to go!

To be sure, she had given Mrs. O'Connor three dollars, but then what were three dollars in a crisis like this? The thought of the money reminded Sheila of her precious fifty dollars, and she took it out of the drawer of the kitchen table, to look at it lovingly. She put two bills back again, crying harder than ever. Ma should have them, Ma hadn't had forty dollars very often in her life.

Less than an hour later, turning into their street, and supporting his emotionally exhausted mother with a firm arm, Joe Carscadden said suddenly:

"Did you see that girl across the street, Ma?"

"I saw nobody."

"I guess I'm seeing Sheila everywhere!" Joe said. "It looked like her."

"Now I tell you," said his mother, "they have that child all wrong, them McCanns."

Joe all but stopped short in his slow pacing, to give his mother an astounded glance.

"Why shud she marry 'im if she doesn't want to!" Mrs. Carscadden pursued valiantly. "There's as good fish in the say as that one iver wud be!"

"Well, honest, Ma—" Joe began.

Snowflakes were lightly powdering the shabby old widow's veil that Mrs. Carscadden had worn for almost eighteen years; she stopped in the street, and faced her son.

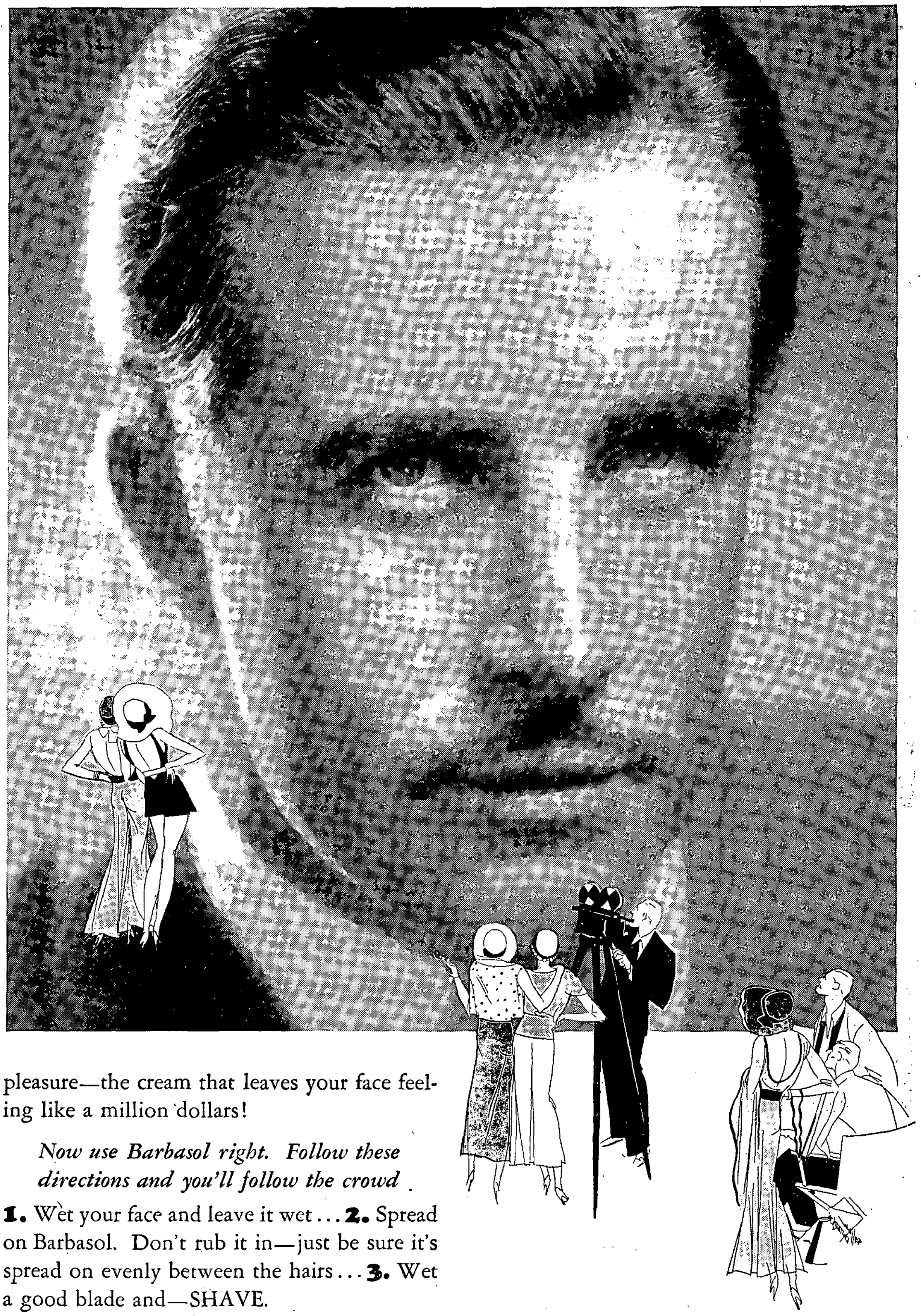
"I don't know what they think she done," pursued the mother, "but there isn't a bad bone in her!"

"But, Ma, the way you *talked*—" Joe began.

"Joe, you'd never belave that of Sheila!"

(*To be continued next week*)

Popular faces are *shaved with* Barbasol



***Barbasol gives a soft and smooth shave. It keeps my face in splendid condition.**

—JOHN BOLES

John Boles, popular Universal star of "Seed"—the big picture success based on the Charles G. Norris novel

**Barbasol testimonials are not paid for*

SOME men always look well groomed—like they'd just had a shave. How do they do it? They probably use Barbasol, the modern shave. Barbasol is so easy on the face that two shaves a day won't hurt the tenderest skin, overgrown with the world's wiriest whiskers.

That's because Barbasol's a cream, not a soap. Ask your wife if a cream isn't easier on the skin than a soap. It keeps your face soft and smooth—refreshed—because it leaves the natural oil in the skin. Protects it from wind and sunburn, too.

More than that—this magic cream holds the whiskers firmly upright so the razor can slice 'em off clean and quick—no pull, no scrape. And Barbasol has taken all the work out of shaving! No brush. No lather. No rub-in. Just Barbasol—the cream that's so quick and easy to use it's made shaving a pleasure—the cream that leaves your face feeling like a million dollars!

Now use Barbasol right. Follow these directions and you'll follow the crowd.

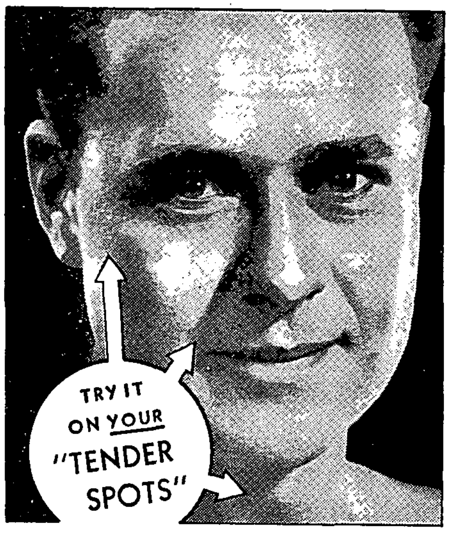
1. Wet your face and leave it wet... **2.** Spread on Barbasol. Don't rub it in—just be sure it's spread on evenly between the hairs... **3.** Wet a good blade and—SHAVE.

That's all you have to do to get the finest shave in the world. It's simple, easy, quick. Try it today. Generous tubes at all druggists', 35¢ and 65¢, will quickly make YOU a Barbasol Believer, too.

FREE A refillable Tefra Toothbrush, value 75¢, with your first name or initial on handle. Finest quality. Mail entire empty Barbasol carton (35¢ or 65¢ size, or jar) with your name and address. We will mail toothbrush absolutely free. The Barbasol Company, Department 48, Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol
Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
Antiseptic Beard Softener
Barbasol
No Brush No Lather No Rub-in

Listen to the Barbasol Program—Songs you can't forget—the happiest entertainment on the air. Tune IN, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening at 8:15, Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Columbia Network: Stations WABC, WMAQ, WCAU, WXYZ, KMOX, WHK, WJAS, WNAC, WCAO, WKBW, WISN, KMBC, WCCO, WKRC, WFBM, WMAL, WEAN, WSPD, KOIL, WADC, WFBL, WDRC, WOKO


TRY IT ON YOUR "TENDER SPOTS"

New lather soothes

. . soaks beards soft

NOW you can knock the tender spots out of shaving. For this new lather sops up water like a sponge—stays moist—soaks the stiffest beard soft—and gives the fastest, best-feeling shave ever.

Give your face a shaving surprise

Lather up with Lifebuoy Shaving Cream. Shave as you always do. See what short work your razor makes of the water-soaked whiskers—how it sneaks over tender spots unnoticed—how it soothes the skin and leaves your face cool, smooth, fresh as a baby's. Get the big red tube of Lifebuoy Shaving Cream at your druggist's today. Or send for a free sample to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. E-9, Cambridge, Mass.

LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Look at your nails . . .

Others do . . . and your stock goes up in their estimation when nails are trim and tidy. Keep them that way with Gem Clipper in the handy, compact pocket size—at drug and cutlery stores. Gem 50¢, Gem Jr. 35¢ (as illustrated).

The H. C. COOK CO., 2 Beaver St. Ansonia, Conn.

Gem NAIL Clippers

FREE!

this guide to new record-keeping efficiency

MOORES MODERN METHODS

HERE'S a book that will help you systematize your business—cut operating costs and increase profits now when greater record-keeping efficiency is important. Contains life-size Bookkeeping forms, completely filled in, illustrating uses. Shows simplest methods being used by 300,000 leading firms. Practical for office, factory, business or profession. Write on your business stationery and receive your FREE copy by return mail. No obligation.

JOHN C. MOORE CORP., Est. 1839
6126 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Fill in Coupon, Attach to Letterhead, and 140-page Book Will be Sent you FREE

Name__________

Business__________

City__________ State__________

Shadowy Ways

Continued from page 11

"Theory of equations—here." From his pocket, Holden produced a square gold watch key. It wasn't hanging on a chain, either. On the back it said, "Willis Bartley Holden" and his college and class, and it proclaimed his membership in a scholarship fraternity before which Ralph Waldo Emerson once lectured, whatever that may prove.

"Um. . . . Yes. It's not your brains I'm worrying about."

"Let's get this straight. I'm not apologizing for my record. It stands. I'm not coming here saying, 'I'm sorry, and I've reformed.' I'm not quite that inferior. As far as my character is concerned, it's much as it ever was. Except that . . . well."

"See here. Do you think I'd waste my time talking to you if I thought you were a cheap thief? Get it out of your head. I don't know whether I can hire you or not. Whether I can or not, I don't want you going into the next office with the attitude in which you came here. You're thirty-four years old. It's all very well to despair, and to show bravado, when you're twenty-five. At thirty-four—t'ch! Forget it—look here. You come back here in a week. You ask for me. How much salary do you want?"

"Twenty dollars a week."

"Just want to get a figure. All right. . . . You—uh—pardon me—you have any resources?"

"Resources?"

"You got any money? I would be very glad to lend you twenty dollars. As a sort of option on your time—understand, I don't promise to hire you. Got to make some investigation. . . ."

"Certainly—no, sir, I have plenty of money. I am—I am—"

"That's all right. Not at all. Next week. Send the next man in, will you?"

The following Tuesday, Holden became a clerk in the actuarial department of the Pyramid at twenty dollars a week. He stayed there almost twenty-five years, and was eventually getting a salary of eighty-five dollars. And he was regarded with indifference or dislike by everyone except his superiors, or by those who had work for him to do. He was considered a grouchy person. It wasn't long before most of his associates knew his story, and long after it had been so diluted by gossip as to be thought apocryphal by newcomers in his department, he kept himself aloof. Time gave him a hard shell for his sensitiveness, but it dried him up and withered him, too.

Or maybe he kept all his emotions for his son. Certainly, he wasted few of them upon himself, or his dull job, or his troubles.

IMMEDIATELY after he went to work for the Pyramid, he took a little flat on Eighty-seventh Street. He and Bartley got their own breakfast; they went to restaurants for lunch and dinner. It wasn't a good arrangement, or a cheap one, but Holden's own expenses had become almost nothing. He didn't drink, he smoked cheap cigars, and he relapsed into his original drab shabbiness of dress. He was never out at night. They'd come home after dinner and Holden would sit there in a golden-oak rocker, smoking his yellowish cigar, while Bartley did his home work.

Once the kid said, "Gee, Pop, I—I like this better than Phillie."

Holden nodded, blew a cloud of smoke and nodded again.

After about two months, Holden hired a housekeeper, a middle-aged woman who confided to friends that she couldn't stand that Mr. Holden, but the boy was a lovely young gentleman. She stayed with them eleven years.

Some six months after his disbarment, Holden joined the Mercantile Library. He'd bring home a novel or two, yawn over it or swear, and throw it aside. Soon he was bringing home books in a satchel, and reading them after Bartley went to bed. But once Bartley got up to get a drink and caught him reading them. After that, he made no further efforts at concealment.

They were law books.

They weren't insurance law books, either, except casually and incidentally. They'd be volumes of the Atlantic Reporter, or the Pacific Reporter, Texas Criminal, United States Supreme Court, New York Appellate Division Decisions. They were case books and treatises on contracts and torts and agency and civil procedure. They were philosophical works concerning the nature of law and its origins, and its development among the nations.

WHEN Bartley was being graduated from public school, Holden asked him whether he had any idea what he wanted to do.

"Yes. I'm gonna be a lawyer, Pop," said Bartley, and looked at him queerly.

Holden's fingers extended themselves, and he closed them. "Yes, I see. How long you had this idea, Bartley?"

"Oh, for quite a while. Ever since I saw you reading all those books."

That was another thing that Holden had for his later meditations. How true it may have been, he never knew.

"You . . . you know that . . . I'm . . . not in the law business any more?"

"Yes," said Bartley, loudly. "Yes. I know that."

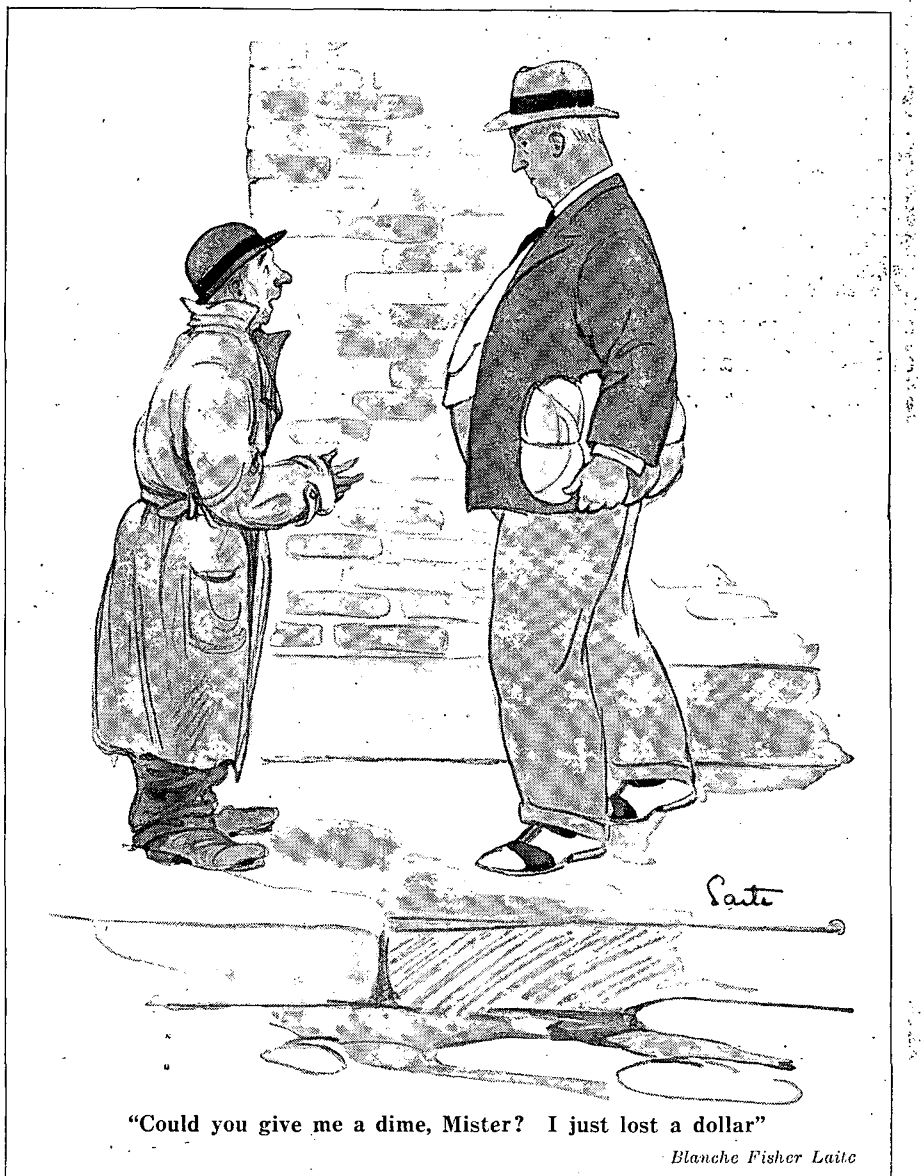
Holden nodded, not looking at his son.

"Yes. Well. Well, I tell you, Bartley. The practice of law can be—is sometimes—the rottenest business in the world. It's also the most beautiful. . . . It's divorced from human considerations. . . . It's just—it's just a beautiful thing—it's a search for truth, for logic. . . . I—this is a funny line for me to take, Bartley. Well. I tell you, you can't know too many things, in the law business. Mathematics, history, literature—why, I tell you, Bartley, I could show you a whole course in literature, just out of the decisions.

"This fellow Holmes in Massachusetts, and Rapallo in New York, and that man in Chicago. . . . It's not only their logic, or their exactness, it's their language, the way they pick and choose words, like a jeweler mending a watch. . . . Funny stories never make me laugh, or very seldom, but the way these people can use an adjective or an adverb, that's wit—listen. Here's a decision in a damage case. 'This rule of Sedgwick's presupposes a sort of supernal prescience.' Hah! What words! Here's what I ran into, in an insurance case, of all places. 'So there must be a break in this chain, else we must go back to that eternal fire which is our essence.' Where would you find that, except in a judge's writings, an old gray judge that the world thinks is doddering in his senility? 'Eternal fire!'"

He stole a look at his son and hesi-

(*Continued on page 66*)



"Could you give me a dime, Mister? I just lost a dollar"

Blanche Fisher Laite

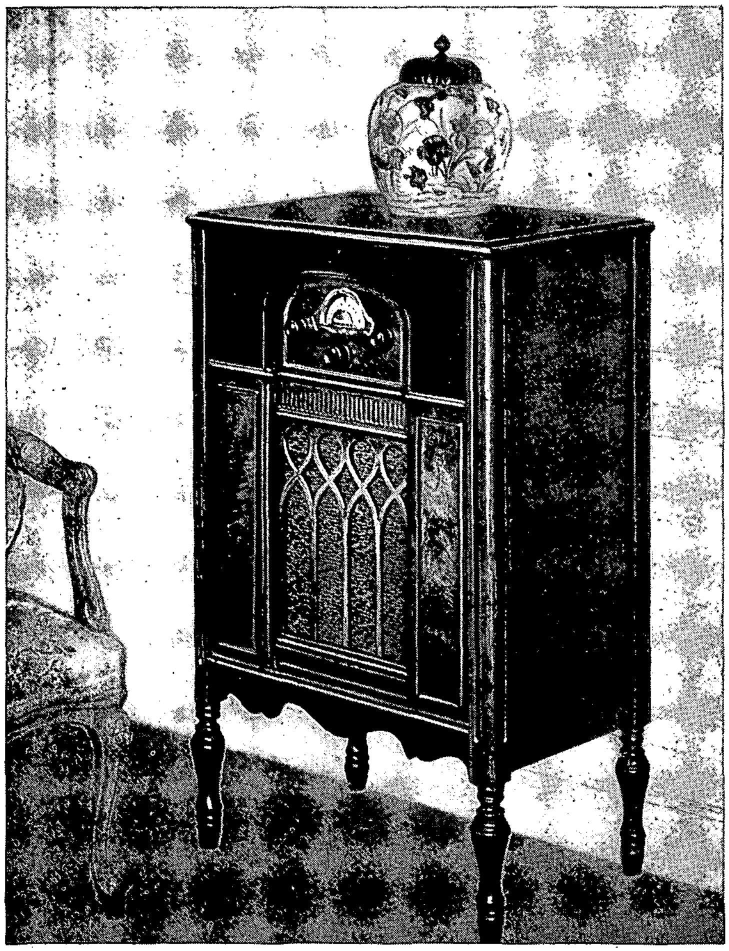
ATWATER KENT RADIO

"Your new ATWATER KENT eclipses them all"

HERE'S the kind of testimonial that *means something*—the free-will tribute of the satisfied owner—the kind that come to Atwater Kent by thousands:

> "I have had every radio of any prominence made in the past five years, but your new Atwater Kent eclipses them all when it comes to drawing in stations of great distance clearly and in good volume."
>
> *From Mr. S. R.—West End Avenue, New York*

(ANOTHER UNSOLICITED, SPONTANEOUS TESTIMONIAL)



CONSOLE MODEL 85—*Exquisite American walnut low-boy with matched butt walnut front panels.*

NINE NEW GOLDEN VALUES MODELS

(*Three are pictured on this page*)

Every one a Super-heterodyne—tone control and static reducer . . . automatic volume control if you want it, to counteract "fading". . . variable-mu and pentode tubes . . . screen-grid . . . 10-kilocycle selectivity . . . adjuster for any length of antenna . . . quick-vision dial . . . velvet-action station selector—the smoothest, easiest control in the world . . . volume control and on-and-off switch combined . . . Golden Voice electro-dynamic speaker . . . special Atwater Kent single-spot circuit, eliminating interference . . . weight-saving armored chassis . . . cabinets of grace, beauty and good taste—a further refinement of the characteristic Atwater Kent design, approved by famous interior decorators as the kind of radio one likes to live with . . . every model complete with tubes.

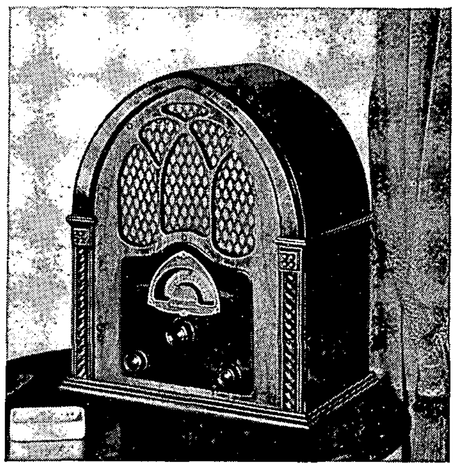
WHAT you get in the new 1932 Atwater Kent Radio is the greatest value that Atwater Kent has ever produced. The price is low, but much more important to you is what you get for the price.

Here's the radio with every up-to-the-minute feature—not just one or two, but *every one!* Look at the list beneath the large photograph. Check it against your own ideas of everything that is desirable in a modern radio. You'll find nothing missing from the new Atwater Kent. It's everything you have wanted in your radio.

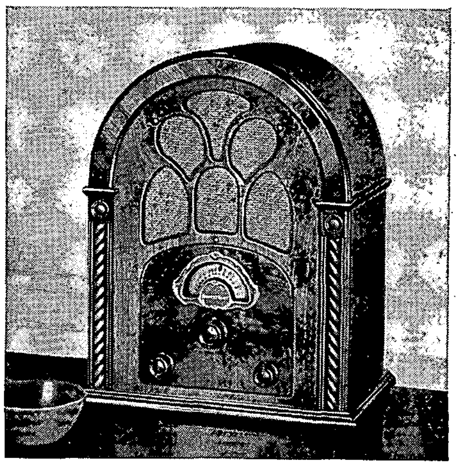
And nothing is cheapened for the sake of price. Every new model—Console or Compact—has the famous, dependable Atwater Kent workmanship that makes millions of radio listeners say, "I'm glad I bought an Atwater Kent."

Look for Value this year as never before. Look *behind* the price tags. Buy for satisfaction now and in the years ahead. Value is what you want and what you pay for. Get it! At any Atwater Kent dealer's—on convenient terms—NOW!

ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING CO.
A. Atwater Kent, President
4700 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.



COMPACT MODEL 82—*Automatic volume control and other big-set features. Gothic arch of zebra wood.*



COMPACT MODEL 80—*New standard of small-set values . . . amazing example of Atwater Kent workmanship.*

GOLDEN VALUES

WITH THE GOLDEN VOICE

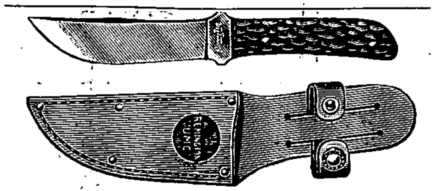
Most Little Pigs go to Market—But the Best Little Pigs go to Jones

JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGE

WILL BE READY ABOUT SEPT. 17

You may place your standing order with the JONES DEALER NOW

JONES DAIRY FARM, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
In Wisconsin's great dairy center—owned and operated by the Jones Family since 1834.



This Remington Sheath Knife

is just what you need for hunting, fishing or camping trips. It has a 4¼-inch forged blade with strong durable, keen-cutting edge, Bone Stag handle and leather sheath. We will send you this knife

FREE

on receipt of only $1 for a two-year subscription to Hunting & Fishing, a 52-page monthly magazine full of hunting, fishing, camping, trapping stories and pictures valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, game laws, best places to get fish and game, etc

Clip this adv. and mail today with $1.00 bill to

HUNTING & FISHING
139 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass.

HUNTING AND FISHING 5¢

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
140 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN $1

200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address,** sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.

AMERICAN STATIONERY CO. 100 Park Ave. PERU, Ind.

SALESMEN Sell the livest line of advertising specialties on the market. New hot Christmas number just out. Quick sales. Big commissions. Write for details.

Oak Specialty Co., 5711 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

KEEP YOUR DOG AND CAT HEALTHY

Protect their health and comfort with Glover's Remedies—particularly those for the ills and discomfort that come with hot weather.

For Worms—Monthly treatments are best.
Glover's Round Worm Vermifuge
Glover's Round Worm Capsules
Glover's Tetrachlorethylene Capsules (for Hook Worms)

Fleas are promptly killed and quick relief assured using
Glover's Kennel and Flea Soap
Glover's Flea and Insect Powder

Disinfect and deodorize kennels with Government Approved **Glover's Cresol Disinfectant.** Use in the DOG'S bath to kill fleas.

NEW Book Free—Contains complete up-to-date information.
Learn about Distemper—Write
119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL DOG MEDICINES

Shadowy Ways

Continued from page 64

tated; his lip twitched in the sneer that he kept for himself most of all.

"You have me a little upset, Bartley. I don't usually froth at the mouth like this."

"Yeah. I know, Pop. Excuse me—I want to get a drink of water."

And while he was gone, Holden considered a new matter. His son was upset, too. Like his mother—too soft. A sentimentalist in the law business. They'd ruin him, too, as they'd ruined his father, but for a different reason. And yet—his son, in his business, carrying on to triumph, where he had failed. . . .

FOR a sentimentalist, Bartley Holden did well enough. He was a big boy, and a handsome one, and not stupid, though his school record was only fair. But then he played football, both at high school and the university, and made a good fraternity, though not his father's. And at law school he stood in the first third of his class.

He wouldn't have taken so high a rank without Holden's help. Holden coached him, read his courses, supplemented notes on cases out of his own information which, if desultory, was at times encyclopedic.

Holden was at this time forty-six years old; his son was twenty-five. They were an odd couple. Bartley weighed over two hundred pounds, his skin was clear and pink; he had a rumbling, persuasive low voice and considerable assurance of manner. Holden never weighed over a hundred and fifty; he was as gray as a rat, and had the lined face of an ascetic. They were prosperous, as those things go. That is, Bartley was making seven dollars a week, as the youngest member of a good firm, and Holden was paying his bills, buying his clothes and pressing pocket money upon him. It was nothing to Bartley's discredit that he accepted it; his father was only too happy to give it to him. Just as he was only too happy to pore over Bartley's little unimportant cases and routine work, to help him, to give him wise saws and useful hints how to get on in the world.

Bartley was a good pupil. At twenty-six he married a Miss Florence Casey. Florence was pretty and her father was an alderman, and her Uncle Joe was in the state senate, and her cousin Michael Cronin, who kept the saloon over in the Red Hook in Brooklyn, was a power on his side of the bridge. The marriage was successful in every sense. Holden had a grandson in ten months and Bartley's wife's relations yanked him speedily out of his seven-dollar job into a partnership. One partner was Thomas J. Sullivan, who got the business. Another was Sydney Levine, who prepared the cases. Bartley was very shortly doing the courtroom work.

That is, Sullivan got whatever business didn't come through the allied Caseys, Ahearns, Cronins, *et al.* And also, Levine wrote the briefs, but a certain disbarred lawyer of ability went over them point by point with his son Bartley before they were presented.

Like most fathers, Holden was astounded and somewhat disappointed at the way his son had developed. He had never thought of Bartley as a courtroom lawyer. He could see his own passion for words, his own love of an exact and resounding phrase, in Bartley's flowing periods. The cold, dispassionate temperament was not Bartley's—he was a partisan, eager and vehement. That helped to win his cases—he'd go at a hostile witness as he had used to go at a halfback. He won fewer cases by subtlety than by energy. Of course, the subtlety was there, behind him, in the form of Sydney Levine's briefs, with marginal notes by one who had no business to make them.

"I've got a mouthpiece again," said Holden to himself. Once he caught Levine looking at his son very much as he had used to look at Heany, and angry blood beat in his temples.

So, when Holden was fifty-eight years old and the possessor of two grandsons and a granddaughter who would never have told the world that he was a cross old man, his son came to him one day, panting in his eagerness.

"Pop—been talking to the senator—you know what? Going to put me on the city court bench—unexpired term."

"The bench," said Holden, and once more his fingers opened and shut, opened and shut. "The bench."

"Yes. He can do it, if he says he will."

"Oh, yes. It's as good as done."

"I came right from him, Pop. Haven't even called Florrie yet."

"Yes."

"Well, how's that, Pop? How's that?"

"It's wonderful," said Holden, slowly.

That night, Holden sat in his lonely little apartment and did some thinking.

His son on the bench. . . . It would be his mocking, vulgar gesture to the world he hated. It would be his crown of success, if not his vindication. It would be his reward for nearly twenty-five years as a clerk in a dull business, years of abstemiousness, for his renunciation of evil courses. Even his disgrace would be a jewel for his son to wear. "Judge Holden—father was disbarred. . . . Yes, a crook—but he thinks the world of the old man just the same—always see them together. . . ."

But his son didn't belong on the bench. Didn't have the sort of mind. A pleader. Belonged on the floor, fighting, battling, using his courage and enthusiasm and his great voice. Bullying, flattering, begging, crushing—pleading. A judge should not be flamboyant, beautiful, insidious, persuasive, whispering and roaring and smashing his way. No! A judge should be gray and old, with his illusions gone, and no passion left except the passion for the truth. Eternal fire, that fire which is our essence. It wasn't Bartley's fire the old judge was considering. . . .

AND his son, his eager, passionate son, who would never be old, never make old bones. His son, with his love for his friends, and his gift for making them and adhering to them. Cronin, the saloon keeper, Harkey, the prize-fight referee, the senator, the president of the Albemarle Bank . . . his clients, who swore by him as a good doctor's patients do. . . . And they'd be after him, after him with this and with that, till they filched his integrity away. Why did the senator want his boy on the bench? Because he knew he could handle him, handle him without giving him a cent, handle him through his affections and his loyalties.

Impeachment—impeachment. "Why, sure, look at him, his own father was disbarred." That's what they'd say.

"Judge Holden," whispered old Willis B. to himself, looking as a mother does who has chanced upon the toy of a child grown up or far away.

Then, his lips twisted again, painfully and rigorously, in the sneer that had become his bulwark against everything.

"If it's the last thing I do, I'll tell him not to do it. I'll—I'll forbid him to do it."

He reached for his old derby hat, and then stopped. What if his son would be offended, hurt by his doubts and fears? Expostulate, quarrel with him, in a torrent of angry words?

"I can't help that," he said. "I'll give him that, too."

So he stuck his hat on, and went shambling down the street. He jostled somebody as he went. "Look out where you're going," he said.

"Nice feller, ain't you?" said the man he had bumped, and shook his head disgustedly after him.

Holden overheard him and was irritated, but he had no time for further animosities. He went rapidly down the street, turning his exordium over and over in his mind. "Bartley, about this judgeship—Bartley, I've got to tell you—Bartley, I never spoke of my disbarment to you." Miserable and trembling in his anxiety and his eagerness to do his best for his son, he scurried along, darting in and out of traffic, heedless of his throbbing temples and his tired old body.

Suddenly he felt faint and giddy. "I'd better stop a second," said Counselor Holden to himself.

The brownstone steps of a speakeasy were opportunely before him. He did not mount them; he sat down heavily upon the lowest step.

AS HE was sitting there, a woman, beautiful and young, stood before him smiling.

"Hello, Willis," she said.

He looked at her without surprise. "Hello, Claire. What kept you?"

"Has it been long? You're rested now. Come on."

"In a minute, Claire. It's Bartley. It's Bartley, Claire, I've got to tell him something. I'm confused, a little—I can't seem to remember what it was—I—"

She smiled again. "Don't worry about Bartley, Willis. We'll see him by and by. He's all right. He'll take care of himself."

"You've seen him?"

"Oh, yes, of course. I've seen him right straight along. He's—he's beautiful, Willis."

"Your son would have to be beautiful, Claire. . . . You're sure it's all right, then?"

"Yes, dear, it's all right."

"Claire—I—I was friendly with some pretty cheap women after you left. You know about that?"

"Yes," she said, and still smiled. "That's all right with me, Willis."

"You're sure it's all right?"

"Anything you do is all right with me. That's the way it's been, hasn't it? Think I'm going to change now?"

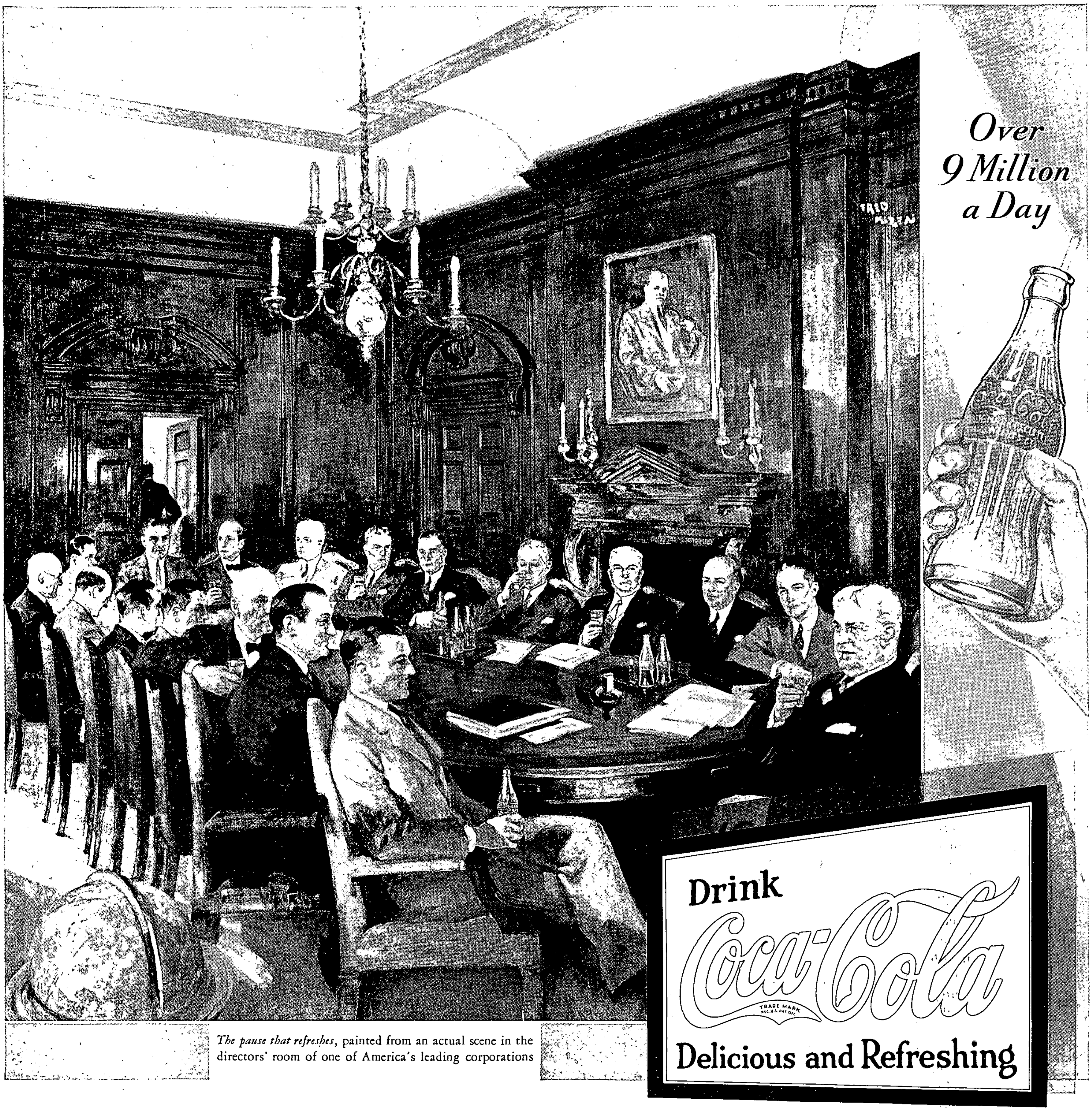
"I guess—I guess I was born lucky, Claire. . . . You're prettier than ever. It's an awfully long time since I saw you."

"There! That's what you used to say when you came in from the office every night. . . . Come on, Willis—there's a big brief case full of stuff, just came for you, not ten minutes ago."

"A brief case? A brief case? I've been disbarred, Claire. I—"

"That's all right. You've been readmitted."

It seemed to Counselor Holden that he went away with the beautiful woman, to live happily with her forever afterward. But it seemed to the crowd that pushed and jostled, gaping at him, that he was still sitting on the steps, slouched against the railing, and his derby hat askew.



The pause that refreshes, painted from an actual scene in the directors' room of one of America's leading corporations

THE NATION'S BUSINESS WELCOMES *the pause that refreshes*

All baseball fans know the seventh-inning stretch. Golfers relax at the refreshment stand on the fairway. Offices and workshops have a little minute that's long enough for a big rest. And ice-cold Coca-Cola makes all these *the pause that refreshes*. ‹ ‹ ‹ As naturally as night follows day, this national custom has reached thousands of executive offices. "Time-out" for ice-cold Coca-Cola relieves tenseness—of mind or muscle. After that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, you come up smiling for a fresh start. You find whatever you're doing is better done after *the pause that refreshes*. Treat yourself right. Try it! The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

○

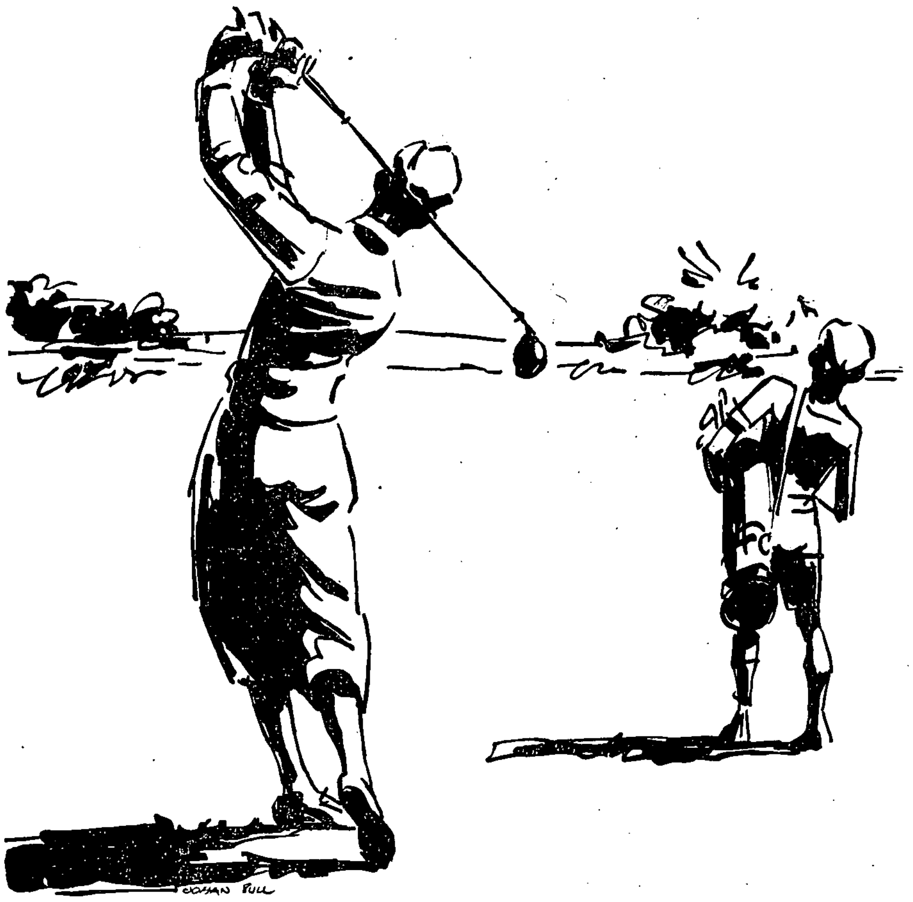
LISTEN IN

Grantland Rice—Famous Sports Champions — Coca-Cola Orchestra
Wed. 10:30 p. m. Eastern Daylight Saving Time — Coast-to-Coast NBC Network.

○

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

235 with a brassie



won't help a bit about "Pink tooth brush"

MAYBE you shoot in the seventies . . . maybe you're so healthy from months on the course that you don't know what it is to have an ache or a pain. But you're just as likely a candidate for "pink tooth brush" as though you'd never heard of a green.

Your *muscles* get plenty of exercise—but your gums get next to none. Modern foods are soft foods. Lacking proper stimulation, your gums are growing flabbier, lazier, more tender with every day of your life. Sooner or later—"pink tooth brush."

And while a first tinge of "pink" on your brush needn't upset you, gums which continue to yield a trace of red are willing victims to various gum troubles such as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even to the less frequent but dreaded pyorrhea. And "pink tooth brush" may eventually lead to infection at the roots of some of your soundest teeth . . . which means, of course, you run the risk of losing the teeth!

Stop "pink tooth brush" even before it starts! In this simple, effective way. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste in the regular way. Then—put some additional Ipana on your brush and *lightly massage it into those flabby gums of yours.*

Within a few days your teeth will be cleaner, more sparkling, than they've been for years. And because there's ziratol in Ipana—the same ziratol used by the modern dentist to tone and stimulate the gums—within thirty days your gums will be firmer, healthier, harder. Keep on using Ipana with massage — and "pink tooth brush" won't get anywhere.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. L-91, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of mailing and packing.
Name__________ Street__________
City__________ State__________

"It looks as though we might get someone in for bridge tonight!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

	North	*West*	*East*	*South* (*Dealer*)
S.	K-J-10-7-2	9-4	Q-8-6-5	A-3
H.	K-9-2	10-6-3	8-7-5-4	A-Q-J
D.	10-9	A-Q-6-5-4-3	8-7	K-J-2
C.	A-7-6	K-8	Q-10-5	J-9-4-3-2

WITH the above hand, which was published in last week's Collier's, the Auction Bridge bidding would be: South one No Trump, North two Spades, and South two No Trumps (West and East passing). Having only two Spades, and North having announced No Trump assistance, especially in Spades, South would consider that the nine-trick route to game was more promising than the longer route at a trump declaration.

I saw the hand played in a game of Contract by four players all in the expert class. South started with one No Trump. He was within one point of a two No Trump call, but it is not wise to take liberties with the No Trump count. After West's pass, North unhesitatingly bid three Spades. He could well afford to make the forcing jump-shift because his hand counted 13 for No Trump and was well qualified to play at Spades. Consequently, whichever selection South made—three No Trumps or four Spades—would be equally satisfactory to North. South, with a 16-count and only two Spades, naturally decided in favor of No Trump.

West's opening lead was the Five of Diamonds. Dummy played the Nine, East the Seven and South the Deuce. The Declarer then knew that West had led from a six-card suit headed by the Ace-Queen and that East had one more card of the suit. He could easily deduce that, because West's Five had shown three cards higher and those three must be the Ace, Queen and Six. East is marked with the Eight remaining; and unless he also has both the Four and the Trey and has started a signal by playing the Seven (a most unlikely division), he has the Eight solus. So it was clear to Declarer that he must keep East from obtaining the lead. If East won a trick, five Diamond tricks probably would be run off the reel against the Declarer.

Consequently to trick 2 Declarer led the Jack of Spades from dummy and after East played small, played the Trey from his own hand. East did not cover with the Queen because closed hand might have the Nine, and if so it would make up the suit for Declarer. To trick 3 the Deuce of Spades was led from dummy and won with the Ace in the South hand. Following that, dummy was put in with a Heart to lead the King of Spades in the vain hope that the adverse Spades had been evenly divided in spite of West's play of the Nine on the second round. When West discarded a Heart, East of course was marked with the Queen of Spades; and it was apparent that permitting it to make in order to establish a thirteenth Spade in dummy would be a fatal play.

Declarer could now count three Spade tricks, three Hearts, one Diamond and one Club—one short of game; but so as to be sure to make all that was possible, he next led two more rounds of Hearts and on the latter West discarded the Trey of Diamonds. Declarer now led a Club from his closed hand. He hoped to win this trick in dummy and continue the suit; in that way the lead might be forced into the West hand and West be obliged to lead a Diamond up to South, in which case game would be secured. But West had other ideas on that subject. He appreciated that should he play small on this trick he would receive the lead on the next trick and Declarer would make game; so he sacrificed his King of Clubs by playing it in the face of dummy's Ace, knowing that it would cost a trick if closed hand had the Queen, but being obliged to take that chance. Declarer, hoping the play was from King-Queen alone, won with the Ace and returned a Club, but East won and led a Diamond, and Declarer was beaten by one trick.

Had Declarer permitted West to win with his King of Clubs, West would have led his small Club immediately and thereby checkmated Declarer's effort to force the Diamond lead up to his hand. It was a case in which West's exit play was bound to succeed.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

	North	*East*	*West*	*South* (*Dealer*)
S.	A-Q-10	9-6-3-2	8-5-4	K-J-7
H.	9	J-6-4-3	2	A-K-Q-10-8-7-5
D.	A-K-Q-10-9-8-2	6	J-7-4-3	5
C.	A-2	Q-J-9-3	10-8-7-6-5	K-4

The Ends of Fashion

Continued from page 17

thing, even more important, I'd like to mention.

"Vital as it is that two or more accessories should repeat the same color note, it's by no means so vital as that they should be of the same degree of formality. There are any number of degrees of formality between active sports clothes and full evening dress. Once it's decided just how formal the costume is to be, all the items in it must express the same degree of formality. A lot of women think that if they wear green suède pumps with a gray and green tweed suit, they're doing the right thing. Not at all. The suède is far too formal for tweed. Tan calf oxfords would be much smarter.

Things You Shouldn't Do

"Just the tilt of a brim may make all the difference between a morning and an afternoon hat. One of the new 1860 hats may appear with a tiny wing for afternoon and without it for semi-sports. One wears a more blocked shape for tailored clothes than for sports; that is, the sports hat is more careless, while the strictly tailored hat has a certain crisp, stiff air. One wouldn't wear a wound crêpe turban in the morning. One wouldn't wear pumps with sports clothes, nor kid slippers with tailored clothes, nor calfskin oxfords with an afternoon dress. It is really distressing to see how many fairly well-dressed women will wear dark shoes with a light summer costume that has no other dark note in it, or sports shoes with a flowered chiffon dress.

"Oh, hello, Louis. Say, Louis, do you think you could so far sacrifice your feelings as to gouge out a few dozen of these girlish ringlets? I *want* to see this floor simply littered with shorn locks. . . . You know I'm to wear one of these rakish, down-over-one-eye little hats in this picture and so the head must be smaller and sleeker than ever. This hat is a variation of the one Maria Guy made for Mme. LeLong, with a tiny, wavery brim and a narrow ribbon band. . . . Part the hair low on the side, Louis, and brush it up and back to join the back hair. Show the ear and give the hair that lovely upward line that the hat has in profile. . . . You know, sometimes I think I must be crazy to go through this sort of thing—spend three hours preparing for a two-minute test. Do you know that a whole day's work at this studio, with some four hundred people working full tilt, boils down to three minutes on the screen? . . .

"Carefully planned accessories can transform a mere dress into a costume," she continued. "It makes no difference which accessories echo the note which ties the whole thing together. It may be the shoes and gloves that match—as, for example, with a red evening gown, one may wear black slippers and gloves; or with a green street costume, brown suède shoes and gloves. Or shoes, bag and belt may match—with a gray suit, these may be green or brown. Or shoes and coat—a beige dress, a brown coat and shoes. Or shoes and hat—navy blue kid shoes and blue felt hat. Or shoes, gloves and furs—a dark green ensemble trimmed with black or brown fur with shoes and gloves to match is an excellent tie-up.

"Heaven is my witness that this matching up is torture, yet I continue to struggle. If only the manufacturers of accessories would have a little Geneva Peace Conference of their own! I don't ask—I don't want—a slavish copying of the design of one accessory by another. The repetition of the same design in shoes and purse is a bit nauseating. All I ask is that purse and shoes should be in the same leather and the same shade of the same color—but try to get it! Try even to get a plain pump and purse in the same shade of brown suède.

"Of course, too much matching is boring. Nothing could be more plaintive than half a dozen matching spots of color. I love to see a woman sure enough of herself to say in her costume, '*That* for all you timid matchers!' I saw one the other night at the theater. She wore a black dress, a green chiffon scarf—with a scarlet evening bag! And was she smart!

"There's no limit to the variations one may play on color themes. Or, if one is lacking in ingenuity oneself, one may buy someone else's. The French dressmakers have a passion for making up little 'sets' of things. . . . You're doing a wonderful job, Louis, but do you need to rest your thumb on my eyeball?—just as I was trying to see my guest, too. . . .

"One can learn a new trick every day. The larger one's repertoire, the more exciting one's costumes. I have a friend who specializes in prints and what can be done to brighten them up or tone them down. She told me one day that when she wears a print with a bold design in white on a black background, she tones it down with a black hat and black shoes; but if she wears a flowered chiffon evening gown in which the dark color prevails, say dark green on a yellow ground, she will lighten it up by using yellow slippers, a yellow scarf, or perhaps amber jewelry.

"Nothing is too small to consider if one wishes to be absolutely correct, even the type of heels on one's shoes. For example, heels made of leather lifts are more correct for sports and tailored shoes than leather-covered heels, which are the right thing for more formal shoes. Tweed is an ideal fabric for sports hat or purse but hardly for even informal afternoon wear. Felt, of course, has muscled its way into every possible social situation. I saw a perfectly adorable, very formal afternoon hat the other day—which was a felt derby, brown, with a long, bluish-gray ostrich feather tossed over one shoulder.

Special Preferences

" . . . Thank heaven, *that's* done—and there's enough hair for a Melisande wig on the floor! Hand me that hat, will you, Louis? There, so—no, farther down over the left eye, like a thug. Ask Jeanne to bring me the dress, will you, Louis?

"Shall I tell you some of the things I specially like?

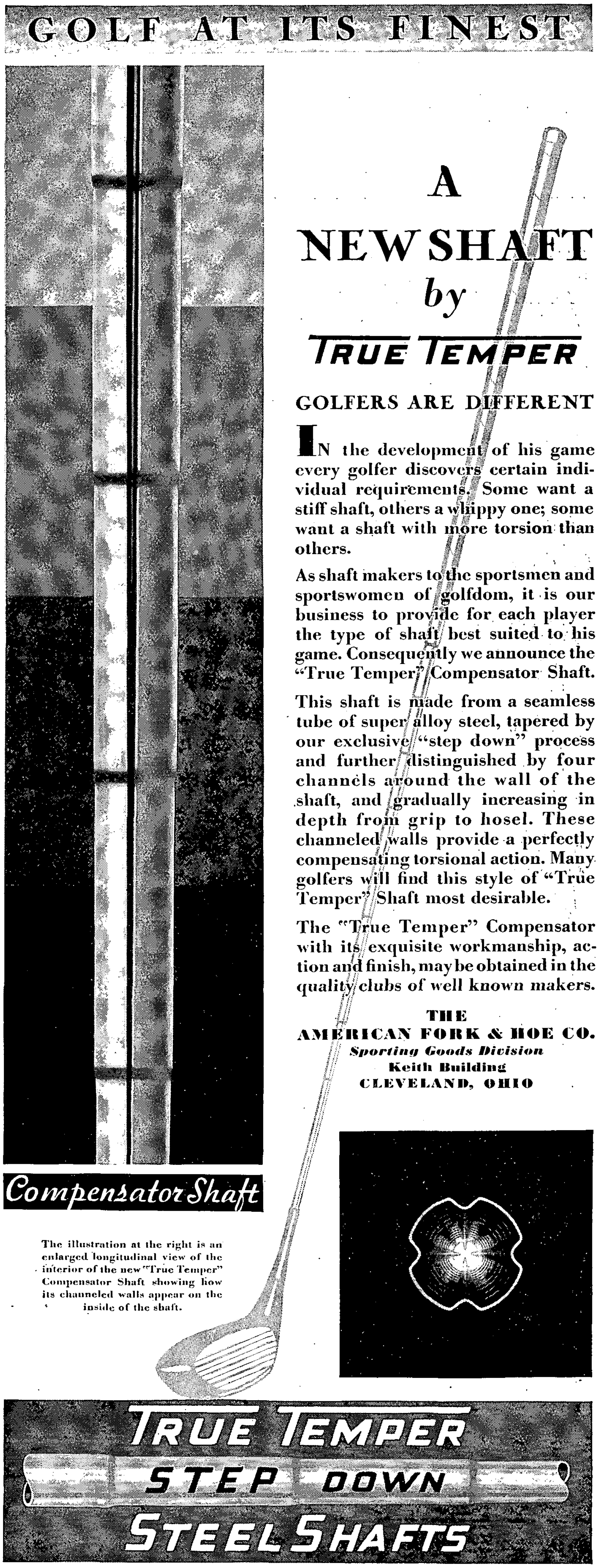
"I love clocks in my stockings.

"I adore belts. I have them even on nightgowns.

"I like only the classic models in shoes—oxfords, ties, pumps, slippers and sandals, all absolutely plain, without any appliqués or contrasting pipings.

"I like plain gloves, slip-ons and gauntlets in beige, brown, black and white. No perforations, no picoting. Sometimes hand stitching.

" . . . Where's that Jeanne? I'm being late. Oh, there you are. No, I won't take off this hat. If the dress won't go on over my feet, it jolly well doesn't go on at all! There! Now the belt. . . . You see, it matches the little wing in the hat. Clothes are getting almost picturesque, aren't they? With a hat like this, I feel an ostrich feather coming on. How am I? All right? . . . Camera!"


GOLF AT ITS FINEST

A NEW SHAFT by TRUE TEMPER

GOLFERS ARE DIFFERENT

IN the development of his game every golfer discovers certain individual requirements. Some want a stiff shaft, others a whippy one; some want a shaft with more torsion than others.

As shaft makers to the sportsmen and sportswomen of golfdom, it is our business to provide for each player the type of shaft best suited to his game. Consequently we announce the "True Temper" Compensator Shaft.

This shaft is made from a seamless tube of super alloy steel, tapered by our exclusive "step down" process and further distinguished by four channels around the wall of the shaft, and gradually increasing in depth from grip to hosel. These channeled walls provide a perfectly compensating torsional action. Many golfers will find this style of "True Temper" Shaft most desirable.

The "True Temper" Compensator with its exquisite workmanship, action and finish, may be obtained in the quality clubs of well known makers.

THE
AMERICAN FORK & HOE CO.
Sporting Goods Division
Keith Building
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Compensator Shaft

The illustration at the right is an enlarged longitudinal view of the interior of the new "True Temper" Compensator Shaft showing how its channeled walls appear on the inside of the shaft.

TRUE TEMPER STEP DOWN STEEL SHAFTS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director
WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

When Winter Comes

WITH bulging surpluses of wheat, cotton and other raw materials, no man, woman or child should be allowed to go hungry, unclad or without shelter when winter comes.

Unemployment always exists. It is the inevitable by-product of an industrial system of restless change. In a very fundamental way it is the price which industrial progress exacts. As a nation we want change and progress. What was good enough yesterday will not be good enough tomorrow. This is our American belief and our American policy.

The men, women and children who are deprived of their customary sources of support by reason of industrial changes must not be allowed to suffer because for the moment the job does not need the worker. We are not threatened by scarcity, which in other times and places resulted in famine. On the contrary, we are embarrassed by surpluses. Our difficulty lies only in distributing for consumption what we have produced.

President Hoover has taken a sober view of the unemployment prospects of the next few months. Efforts are being made to reconstitute the committees which extended priceless relief to hundreds of thousands last winter.

These committees ought to be well organized. Arrangements must be made to provide for those who may not be employed. If prosperity returns rapidly no harm will be done by these preparations. If recovery is slow vital relief will be administered.

It is absurd, however, to go on year after year, in good times and bad times, doing nothing constructive about unemployment. It will be cheaper and wiser in the long run to deal honestly with the facts.

On the whole, progressive industry creates more jobs than it destroys. But in the changing process many are displaced.

No industrial leader, however wise, generous and compassionate he may be, can escape this necessity.

Who is to support the workers who are involuntarily unemployed? Who is to support their dependents? Is emergency charity the only policy we dare consider? Obviously not.

When Congress and the legislatures next meet we shall hear much about various unemployment-relief plans. Politicians who are thinking chiefly of retaining their own jobs by doing something for the unemployed will come in with sundry fat-headed suggestions for spending public money. Some of these schemes will be adopted. Political expediency will compel action.

We have had two grand examples of such political relief in the last two years. The government "loaned" the veterans a billion dollars and provided another half-billion for the farmers. Neither measure was carefully considered. Neither relieved the condition it was designed to remedy.

What we need to do is to devise an intelligent and practicable system of unemployment insurance. So far the subject has been obscured by unnecessary prejudice.

We hear terrified talk about "the dole." Well, Congress gave the veterans a billion-dollar "dole" and we had to like it. What are these funds raised for unemployment relief?

The Emergency Employment Committee of New York raised eight and a half million dollars last winter. More than 200,000 corporation employees contributed. This provided temporary employment for the working members of 26,000 families. Chicago, Detroit and numerous other cities did likewise. A dole, a magnificent dole, was provided. We don't have to get panicky over the use of that word. If a dole is needed to feed the hungry, then we shall have a dole. In this day of plenty, people won't starve.

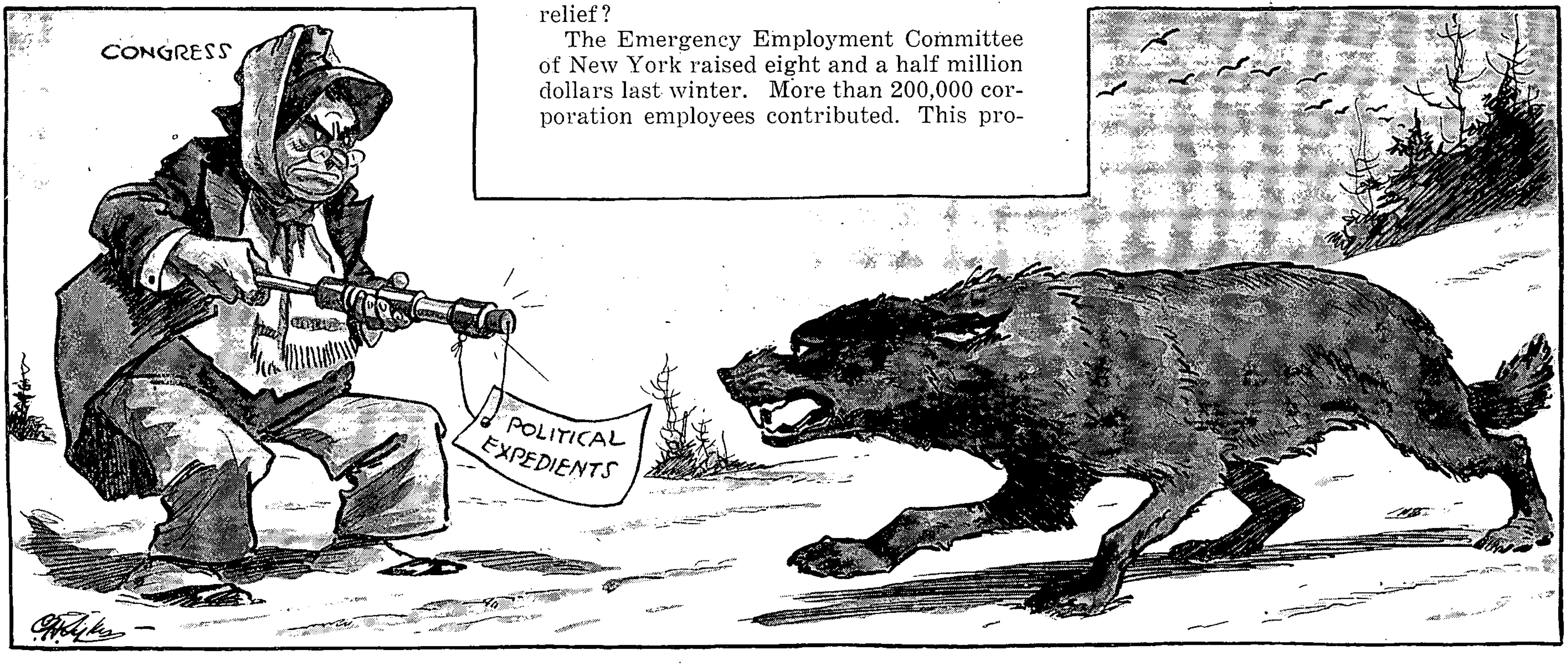
Unemployment is a measurable risk. Insurance is the customary protection against measurable risks. We insure against lightning, against fire, against motor accidents, against factory hazards. Why not against unemployment?

If we adopt insurance the cost will be proportionate to the risk. A relatively stable industry will pay small premiums; one subject to violent fluctuations will pay more.

The workmen's compensation laws, insuring against industrial accidents, point the way. Twenty years ago compensation insurance, now a conservative commonplace, was fought as wild, socialistic doctrine.

Few who have thought about the subject want the Federal government to establish a great system of national insurance. No more does anyone want the states to create blanket insurance systems. What is indicated is a carefully conceived system of insurance by industries under the stimulus of state and Federal compulsion.

Mr. Hoover has a magnificent opportunity to lead the country in this matter. Public opinion is sympathetic and the necessity is great. If out of the present emergency an adequate plan for dealing with unemployment is produced, 1931 will go down as one of the great years in American history.



Account No. 859
The First National Bank
Savings Department
PAID
No. 2
Budget
Days
Shelter
Fuel
Light
Gas
Telephone
Clothing
Car
Insurance
School
Dill's Best
Smoking Tobacco
Rubbed
J. G. Dill Co. Richmo
193
The First National
Amounts Drawn
7 53
4 55
12 79
24 87
Farms Co.
Company
Total Checks Drawn

Any way you figure it . . .

SINCE 1848

Dill's Best is America's Best

J. G. DILL COMPANY, RICHMOND, VA.

Nature, *not parching* makes CAMELS mild

HARSH tobaccos require harsh measures — like parching—to make them tolerable to the throat.

But the choice Turkish and mellow Domestic tobaccos of which Camels are blended are *naturally* mild and gentle. Parching would only ruin their exquisite flavor and aroma.

No matter where you buy Camels you will find them always in factory-fresh condition. Their rare flavor together with their natural moisture is air-sealed-in by moisture-proof Cellophane. We call it the Humidor Pack. This protective wrapping is dust-proof, germ-proof and weather-proof. A great boon to the smoker.

No stinging particles of peppery dust to irritate the throat; no brackish smoke from stale tobacco; no burnt tongue from the hot smoke of dried-out cigarettes.

Just the cool, mild fragrance of choice tobaccos expertly blended and properly conditioned.

If you haven't tried Camels lately, switch over for just one day. Then leave them—if you can.

Smoke a FRESH cigarette
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CAMEL 20'S
CHOICE QUALITY
Smoke a fresh cigarette
HUMIDOR PACK

Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. It delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

CAMELS

NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.